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THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D: D. S. P. D.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY

J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

AND OTHERS.

In EIGHTEEN VOLUMES.

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DEAN SWIFT'S

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAN SWIFT's

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER LXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS JOHNSON.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the poſt-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the nobleſt letters I ever read; it was from ——, three ſides and a half in folio on a large ſheet of paper; the two firſt pages made up of ſatire upon London, and crowds and hurry, ſtolen from ſome of his own ſchool-boy's exerciſes: The ſide and a half remaining is ſpent in deſiring me to recommend Mrs South, your commiſſioner's widow, to my Lord Treaſurer for a penſion. He is the prettieſt, diſcreeteſt fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipt pen into ink. I know not what to ſay to him. A pox on him, I have too many ſuch cuſtomers on this ſide al-

ready. I think I will ſend him word that I never ſaw my Lord Treaſurer in my life: I am ſure I induſtriouſly avoided the name of any great perſon when I ſaw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation muſt be a ſecret too, for fear the Duke of Bolton ſhould know it, and think it was too mean. I never read ſo d—'d a letter in my life: A little would make me ſend it over to you.—I muſt ſend you a pattern, the firſt place I caſt my eyes on, I will not pick and chuſe. [In this place (meaning the Exchange in London) which is the compendium of old Troynovant, as that is of the whole buſy world, I got ſuch a ſurfeit, that I grew ſick of mankind, and reſolved, for ever after, to bury myſelf in the ſhady retreat of ——,] You muſt know that London has been called by ſome Troynovant, or New-Troy.--Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, becauſe ſhe'll be fond of it. [This wondrous Theatre (meaning London) was no more to me than a deſart, and I ſhould leſs complain of ſolitude in a Connaught ſhipwreck, or even the great Bog of Allen.] A little ſcrap for Mrs Marget *, and then I have done. [Their royal Fanum, wherein the Idol Pecunia is daily worſhipped, ſeemed to me to be juſt like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares.) Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: So now Mrs Marget will underſtand her part. One more paragraph, and I—Well, come,

* Stella's maid.

come, don't be in ſuch a rage, you ſhall have no more. Pray, Stella, be ſatisfied; 'tis very pretty: And that I muſt be acquainted with ſuch a dog as this!——Our Peace goes on faſt. Prior was with the ſecretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will ſoon be diſpatched again to France; and will put ſomebody to write an account of his ſecond journey: I hope you have ſeen the other. This letter has taken up my time with ſtorming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me theſe two days; yeſterday I ſent for him to let him know, that Dr Arbuthnott is putting in ſtrongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnott's brother is but an enſign; but the doctor has great power with the Queen: Yet he told me, he would not do any thing hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the ſecretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me, very melancholy, that the other had written from Windſor (where he went to ſolicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of the ſpleen. I made the ſecretary write yeſterday a letter to the colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr Arbuthnott to Windſor, not to inſiſt on doing ſuch a hardſhip. I dined in the city at Pontack's with Stratford; it coſt me ſeven ſhillings: He would have treated; but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank

to another fund. I desire Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can; for I will put it in the funds; and in the mean time borrow so much of Mr Secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, sirrahs.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon at Lord Treasurer's, where I dined, my brother George Granville, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suspence, told me, that Dr Arbuthnott had waved the business, because he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging; and the soldier's coffee-house, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a-day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel; but it is very cheap: His colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands.—I left the company early to-night at Lord Treasurer's; but the secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to W——. Mr Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windsor, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr Arbuthnott, to tell me, he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in favour of Bernage this very morning;

ing; that the Queen had ſpoken to Mr Granville, to make the company eaſy in the other's having the captainſhip. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I muſt own it ſo. He ſays, he this very morning begged her Majeſty to give Mr Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleaſed to have ſucceeded ſo well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windſor, 28. I came here a day ſooner than ordinary, at Mr Secretary's deſire, and ſupped with him and Prior, and two private miniſters from France, and a French prieſt. I know not the two miniſters names; but they are come about the peace. The names the ſecretary called them, I ſuppoſe, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already ſettled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England; and the Queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty ſecret; the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The Earl of Stratford is to go ſoon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing: And then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them ſwallow it with a pox. The French miniſters ſtaid with us till one, and the ſecretary and I ſat up talking till two; ſo you will own 'tis late, ſirrahs, and time for your little ſaucy Preſto to go to bed and ſleep adazy; and God bleſs poor little MD: I hope they are now faſt aſleep, and dreaming of Preſto.

29. Lord Treaſurer came to-night, as uſual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am

weary of chiding him; ſo I commended him for obſerving his friends advice, and coming ſo early, &c. I was two hours with Lady Oglethorp to-night, and then ſupped with Lord Treaſurer, after dining at the green-cloth: I ſtaid till two, this is the effect of Lord Treaſurer's being here; I muſt ſup with him, and he keeps curſed hours. Lord Keeper and the Secretary were abſent; they cannot ſit up with him. This long ſitting up makes the periods in my letters ſo ſhort. I deſign to ſtay here all the next week, to be at leiſure by myſelf, to finiſh ſomething of weight I have upon my hands, and which muſt ſoon be done. I ſhall then think of returning to Ireland, if theſe people will let me; and I know nothing elſe they have for me to do. I gave Dr Arbuthnott my thanks for his kindneſs to Bernage, whoſe commiſſion is now ſigned. Methinks I long to know ſomething of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The Queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: She has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Maſham and a moderate company, and would not go to Lord Treaſurer's till after ſupper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had miſtaken the hour; ſo I ate nothing: And a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and ſecretary refuſing to ſtay; ſo I ſaved this night's debauch. Prior went away yeſterday with his Frenchmen, and a thouſand reports are raiſed in

in this town. Some ſaid, they knew one to be the Abbé de Polignac, others ſwore it was the Abbé du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politicks, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are ſtark naught; they ſtrike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fiſh for a manilio.

Oct. 1. Sir John Walters, an honeſt drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green-cloth to-day, that he might not be behind hand with Colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the Mayor's feaſt with Mr Maſham; but waiting to take leave of Lord Treaſurer, I came too late, and ſo returned ſneaking to the green-cloth, and did not ſee my Lord Treaſurer neither; but was reſolved not to loſe two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and ſolicitor Lord Rivers, who is commanded by the Queen to ſet out for Hanover on Thurſday. The ſecretary does not go to town till to-morrow: He and I, and two friends more, drank a ſober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by ſeven to-morrow morning, ſo I ſhall not ſee him. I have power over his cellar in his abſence, and make little uſe of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis ſtay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Maſham has promiſed to provide for me: I ſquired his lady out

of

of her chaiſe to-day, and muſt viſit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the fineſt weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no buſineſs to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over-much eating, and great tables, dined with honeſt Jemmy Eckerſhall, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I beſpoke my dinner: But the cur had your acquaintance Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company: Lovet, towards the end of dinner, after twenty wriglings, ſaid he had the honour to ſee me formerly at Moor-park, and thought he remembered my face: I ſaid, I thought I remembered him, and was glad to ſee him, &c. and I eſcaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelve-penny picquet with Lewis: I won ſeven ſhillings, which is the only money I won this year; I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windſor: Cards are very dear, there is a duty on them of ſix-pence a pack, which ſpoils ſmall gameſters.

3. Mr Maſham ſent this morning to deſire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine: I was very buſy, and ſent my excuſes: But deſired he would provide me a dinner: I dined with him, his lady, and her ſiſter Mrs Hill, who invites us to-morrow to

dine

dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I ſat with Lady Oglethorp till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the houſe; ſhe told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloiſters till nine, then went into the muſick-meeting, where I had been often deſired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine ſtuff*, and ſtole out ſo privately that every body ſaw me; and cooled my heels in the cloiſters again till after ten: Then came in Patrick. I went up, ſhut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three ſwinging cuffs on the ear, and I have ſtrained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the fineſt day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The Dutcheſs of Shrewſbury in her own chaiſe with one horſe, and Miſs Touchet with her; Mrs Maſham, and Mrs Scarborow one of the dreſſers, in one of the Queen's chaiſes; Miſs Foreſter and Miſs Scarborow, two maids of honour, and Mrs Hill, on horſeback. The Duke of Shrewſbury, Mr Maſham, George Fielding, Arbuthnott and I, on horſeback too. Mrs Hill's horſe was hired for Miſs Scarborow; but ſhe took it in civility, her own horſe was galled and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: The hired horſe

* Swift, like ſome others, rather hated, than loved muſick.

horſe was not worth eighteen-pence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horſe; and in ſhort we had all the difficulties, and more than we uſed to have, in making a party from Trim to * Longfield's. My coat was light camblet, faced with red velvet, and ſilver buttons. We rode in the great park and the foreſt about a dozen miles, and the Ducheſs and I had much converſation; we got home by two, and Mr Maſham, his lady, Arbuthnott and I, dined with Mrs Hill. Arbuthnott made us all melancholy, by ſome ſymptons of bloody ur—e: He expects a cruel fit of the ſtone in twelve hours; he ſays he is never miſtaken, and he appeared like a man that was to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be ſo bad; he is a perfectly honeſt man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorp ſent to ſpeak to me, and it was to let me know that Lady Rocheſter deſires ſhe and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with Lady Rocheſter: They ſhame me out of her, becauſe ſhe is old. Arbuthnott ſays, he hopes my ſtrained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people ſo miſtaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it juſt after beating Patrick, and now it is better; ſo I believe he is miſtaken.

5. The Ducheſs of Shrewſbury ſent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad laſt night when her

* Mr Longfield lived at Kilbride, about four miles from Trim.

her ſervant came; and this morning I ſent my excuſes, becauſe I was engaged, which I was ſorry for. Mrs Foreſter taxed me yeſterday about the hiſtory of the maids of honour; but I told her fairly it was no jeſt of mine; for I found they did not reliſh it altogether well! and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute Sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever ſince I dined with him; that I abuſed the Queen's meat and drink, and ſaid, nothing at the table was good, and all a d—d lie; for, after dinner, commending the wine, I ſaid, I thought it was ſomething ſmall. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be ſuch a jeſt for the keeper, treaſurer, and ſecretary.—I dined with honeſt Colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to ſtudy: But it grows bloody cold, and I have no waiſtcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gaſtrel, and the Dean of Rocheſter, had often invited me, and I happened to be diſengaged: It is the worſt provided table at court. We are on pewter: Every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate; and ſo they have got a little, ſome of it very old. One who was made dean of Peterborrow (a ſmall deanry) ſaid, he would give no plate; he was only dean of Peterborrow. The news of Mr Hill's miſcarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to viſit Mrs Maſham and Mrs Hill, his two ſiſters,

ſters, to condole with them. I adviſed them by all means to go to the muſic-meeting to-night, to ſhew they were not caſt down, &c. and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr Hill and his admiral made wrong ſteps; however, we lay it all to a ſtorm, &c. I ſat with the ſecretary at ſupper; then we both went to Lord Treaſurer's ſupper, and ſat till twelve. The ſecretary is much mortified about Hill; becauſe this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but Lord Treaſurer was juſt merry as uſual, and old laughing at Sir John Walters and me falling out. I ſaid, Nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps preſume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, tho' I governed men. They promiſe to be as obedient as ever, and ſo we laughed;—and ſo I go to bed; for it is colder ſtill, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs Maſham and Mrs Hill, and my brother Maſham. I ſaw Lord Halifax at Court, and we joined, and talked; and the Ducheſs of Shrewſbury came up, and reproached me for not dining with her. I ſaid, That was not ſo ſoon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, eſpecially Ducheſſes: She promiſed to comply with any demands I pleaſed; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too ſoon, as I believe I ſhall before dinner. Lady

Oglethorp brought me and the Ducheſs of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her ſome encouragement, but not much. Every body has been teazing Walters. He told Lord Treaſurer, that he took his company from him that were to dine with him; my Lord ſaid, I will ſend you Dr Swift: Lord Keeper bid him take care what he did; for, ſaid he, Dr Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor. The old company ſupped with Lord Treaſurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I ſhall go no more to Windſor; for we expect the Queen will come in ten days to Hampton-Court. It was froſt laſt night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the Ducheſs; for I left Windſor half an hour after one with Lord Treaſurer, and we called at Kenſington, where Mrs Maſham was got to ſee her children for two days. I dined, or rather ſupped with Lord Treaſurer, and ſtaid till after ten. Tiſdall and his family are gone from hence, upon ſome wrangle with the family. Yeſterday I had two letters brought me to Mr Maſham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, N. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, becauſe I would not. I won't anſwer it till the next, becauſe I have ſlipt two days by being at Windſor, which I muſt recover here. Well, ſirrahs, I muſt go to ſleep. The roads were as dry as at Midſummer to-day. This letter ſhall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning; I ſuppoſe our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waiſtcoat to-day: Shall I? Well, I will then, to pleaſe MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland, to tell them what we have done here towards a peace. We ſhall ſoon hear what the Dutch ſay, and how they take it. My humble ſervice to Mrs Walls, Mrs Stoyte, and Catharine. —Morrow, deareſt ſirrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty bleſs MD, poor little, dear MD, for ſo I mean, and Preſto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewell, &c.

This little bit belongs to MD; we muſt always write on the margin *: You are ſaucy rogues.

LETTER LXIX.

London, Oct. 9. 1711.

I WAS forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's ſleep: I ſlept till after two, and then ſent for a bit of mutton and a pot of ale from the next cook's ſhop, and had no ſtomach. I went out at four, and called to ſee Biddy

* This happens to be the only ſingle line written upon the margin of any of his journals. By ſome accident there was a margin about as broad as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this uſe of it.

Biddy Floyd, which I had not done theſe three months; ſhe is ſomething marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I ſat the evening with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewiſe took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill ſmell, and other circumſtances. I lodge, or ſhall lodge, by Leiceſter-Fields, and pay ten ſhilling a-week; that won't hold out long, faith. I ſhall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I ſhall lie here two nights, till Thurſday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a Lieutenant-Colonel, and a coxcomb; and ſhe keeps her chamber in form, and the ſervants ſay, ſhe receives no meſſages.—Anſwer MD's letter, Preſto, d'ye hear? No, ſays Preſto, I won't yet, I'm buſy: You're a ſaucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It coſt me two ſhillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have ſent, and cauſed to be ſent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm, and whenever any thing of theirs makes a noiſe, it ſhall have an anſwer. I have inſtructed an under-ſpur-leather to write ſo, that is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a news-paper called The proteſtant Poſt-boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the ſecretary has taken him up, and he ſhall have a ſqueeze extraordinary. He ſays,

that an ambitious Tantivy, miſſing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his ſpleen on the late miniſtry, &c. I'll Tantivy him with a vengeance. I ſat the evening at home, and am very buſy, and can hardly find time to write, unleſs it were to MD. I am in furious haſte.

11. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer. Thurſdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville ſent his excuſes upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord Treaſurer calls Prior nothing but Monſieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his journey to Paris. They pretend to ſuſpect me; ſo I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord Treaſurer calls me now Dr Martin, becauſe Martin * is a ſort of a ſwallow, and ſo is a Swift. When he and I came laſt Monday from Windſor, we were reading all the ſigns † on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the Biſhop of Clogher ſo. I made him make two lines inverſe for the Bell and Dragon, and they were rare

* From this pleaſantry of my Lord Oxford, the appellative Martinus Scriblerus took its riſe.

† Vide Swift's Imitations of Horace, Lib. II. Sat. 6. where he gives an account of what ſort of tattle entertained my Lord Oxford and him upon the road to Windſor; and, among other whims, how, as the chariot paſſed along,

They gravely tri'd to read the lines
Writ underneath the country ſigns.

rare bad ones. I ſuppoſe Dilly is with you by this time: What could his reaſon be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy filly. I believe his natural inconſtancy made him weary; I think he is the king of inconſtancy. I ſtayed with Lord Treaſurer till ten; we had five Lords and three Commoners. Go to ombre, ſirrahs.

12. Mrs Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found ſhe had got with a bawd, and removed: I dined with her to-day; for tho' ſhe boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much ſmaller here than with you. In the afternoon I viſited an old Major-General, and eat ſix oyſters; then ſat an hour with Mrs Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with Thompſon's wife, a magiſtrate. There was the famous Mrs Floyd of Cheſter, who, I think, is the handſomeſt woman (except MD) that ever I ſaw. She told me that twenty people had ſent her the verſes upon Biddy, as meant to her: And indeed, in point of handſomeneſs, ſhe deſerves them much better. I will not go to Windſor to-morrow, and ſo I told the ſecretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday ſuppers with Lord Treaſurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windſor: I have not yet ſeen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war,

and therein it was determined to come back. But they ſay, a General ſhould not do that, becauſe the officers will always give their opinion for returning, ſince the blame will not lie upon them, but the General: I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commiſſion to-day.

13. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I truſted the box. Lord Treaſurer has refuſed Sterne's buſineſs; and I doubt he is a rake: Jemmy Leigh ſtays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am ſo buſy now, I have hardly time to ſpare to write to our little MD; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be buſy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr Cockburn; but Sir Andrew Fountaine met me, and carried me to Mrs Van's, where I drank the laſt bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the miniſtry. I muſt pick up time to anſwer this letter of MD's, I'll do it in a day or two for certain.——I am glad I am not at Windſor, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to ſtop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk laſt night; but did not come to me, elſe I ſhould have given him t'other cuff. I ſat this evening with Mrs Barton; it is the firſt day of her ſeeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours diſputing upon Whig and Tory.

Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a ſad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no nummings left? no darkneſs in your eyes? do you walk and exerciſe? Your exerciſe is ombre.—People are coming up to town; the Queen will be at Hampton-Court in a week. Lady Betty Germain, I hear, is come, and Lord Pembroke is coming: His new wife is as big with child as ſhe can tumble.

15. I ſat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then viſited Will. Congreve an hour or two, and ſupped with Lord Treaſurer, who came from Windſor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The Queen has thanked Prior for his good ſervice in France, and promiſed to make him a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms. Several of that commiſſion are to be out; among the reſt, my friend Sir Matthew Dudley; I can do nothing for him, he is ſo hated by the miniſtry. Lord Treaſurer kept me till twelve, ſo I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr Secretary at Dr Coteſworth's, where he now lodges till his houſe be got ready in Golden-Square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abuſed me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a meſſenger's hands: The Secretary promiſes me to ſwinge him. Lord Treaſurer told me laſt night, that he had the honour to be abuſed with me in a pamphlet. I muſt make that rogue an example for warning to others. I was to ſee Jack Hill this morning, who made

made that unfortunate expedition: And there is ſtill more misfortune; for that ſhip, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and careleſſneſs of ſome rogue, who was going, as they think, to ſteal ſome gunpowder: Five hundred men are loſt; we don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by ſeven, and I am going to be buſy, and you are going to play and ſupper; you live ten times happier than I: But I ſhould live ten times happier than you, if I were with MD. I ſaw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the ſtreet, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once theſe three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courſes; he ſtays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to enquire about the box when he comes to Cheſter, which he promiſes.

17. The Secretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier Britton, a great friend of his. The Lady of the houſe is very *galante*, about thirty-five; ſhe is ſaid to have a great deal of wit; but I ſee nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope ſaved. My Lord Treaſurer is much out of order; he has a ſore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breaſt where the wound was: Pray God preſerve him. The Queen comes to Hampton-court on Tueſday next; people are coming faſt to town, and I muſt anſwer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the great-

eſt

eſt part of the day. Lady Betty Germain and I were diſputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and ſhe is, I think, very much ſpoiled with the ſmall-pox.

18. Lord Treaſurer is ſtill out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often ſubject to a ſore throat; and ſome time or other it will kill him, unleſs he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was ſaid about the town, that poor Lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is ſomething better, and the Queen is ſending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him; he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and ſettled ſome things with a printer. I will anſwer your letter on Saturday, if poſſible, and then ſend away this; ſo to fetch up the odd days I loſt at Windſor, and keep conſtant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on, and we ſhall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Steytes, and the Dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls! no body knows MD's good qualities.——'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz.——Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from MD. Faith I was angry, that is with myſelf, and I was afraid too to ſee MD's hand ſo ſoon, for fear of ſomething, I don't know what: At laſt I opened

ed it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a ſad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-firſt anſwered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs Van, with ſome company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: You muſt know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plaineſt ordinary meat at table; I love it beſt, and believe it wholeſomeſt. You love rarities; yes, you do: I wiſh you had all that I ever ſee where I go. I was coming home early, and met the Secretary in his chair, who perſuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he ſaid, he had been all day at buſineſs, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time paſt ſo, that we ſtaid till two, ſo you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by ſitting up ſo late laſt night. Lord Treaſurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windſor. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and took occaſion to hint to him that he would loſe his employment, for which I am very ſorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept ſo long at a friend's this evening, that I cannot ſend this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow aſked me where lodged Dr Swift? I told him I was the perſon: He gave me a letter he brought from the Secretary's office, and I gave him a ſhilling: When I came up, I ſaw Dingley's hand: Faith I was afraid, I do not

not know what. At laſt it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer buſineſs. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and ſettle it with Tooke. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the firſt, N. 21. Let's ſee; come out, little letter.——I never had the letter from the biſhop that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwell, to deſire the Duke of Ormond to ſpeak to his Reverence, that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the Archbiſhop here? you have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the Archbiſhop of Dublin.———Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in ſerving them? I remit them their Firſt-Fruits of ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This Lord Treaſurer defers writing his letter to them, or elſe they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For he deſigns to give the merit of it wholly to the Queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the Duke of Ormond was Lord Lieutenant. You viſit, you dine abroad, you ſee friends, you pilgarlick; you walk from Finglaſs, you a cat's foot. O Lord—Lady Gore hung her child by the waiſt; what is that waiſt *? I don't underſtand

* With great reſpect to the Doctor's judgment, perhaps Stella's orthography might be defended againſt the tyranny of her inſtructor; at leaſt ſhe has all the moderns on her ſide: However indeed, *waſt*, as well as *waiſt*, is to be met with in Littleton's dictionary.

ſtand the word; he muſt hang on till you explain or ſpell it.—I dont believe he was pretty, that's a liiii.—Piſh; burn your Firſt-Fruits; again at it. Stella has made twenty falſe ſpellings in her writing; I'll ſend them to you all back again on the other ſide of this letter, to mend them; I won't miſs one. Why; I think there were ſeventeen biſhops names to the letter Lord Oxford received.—I will ſend you ſome pamphlets by Leigh: Put me in mind of it on Monday, for I ſhall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miſcellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deſerve it by any uſage of him here, having ſeen him but twice, and once *en paſſant*. Mrs Manly forſworn ombre! What; and no blazing ſtar appear? no monſters born? no whale thrown up? Have you not found out ſome evaſion for her? She had no ſuch regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, Madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promiſe.—Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatning or ſo.———You talk of my reconciling ſome great folks. I tell you what: The Secretary told me laſt night, that he had found the reaſon why the Queen was cold to him for ſome months paſt; that a friend had told it him yeſterday; and it was, that they ſuſpected he was at the bottom with the Duke of Marlborough. Then he ſaid, he had reflected upon all I had ſpoken to him long ago; but he thought

it

it had been only my ſuſpicion, and my zeal and kindneſs for him. I ſaid I had reaſon to take that very ill, to imagine I knew ſo little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great miniſter; that I had gone between him and Lord Treaſurer often, and told each of them what I had ſaid to the other, and that I had informed him ſo before: He ſaid all that you may imagine, to excuſe himſelf, and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along, that this proceeding of mine was the ſureſt way to ſend me back to my willows in Ireland; but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom ſervice in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told Lord Treaſurer, Lord Keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to ſee them love one another; and I had told them all ſingly, that I had not ſaid this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus ſuſpected; ſwears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not ſee how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of ſettling this matter. I act an honeſt part; that will bring me neither profit nor praiſe. MD muſt think the better of me for it: Nobody elſe ſhall ever know it. Here's politicks enough for once; but madam D. D. gave me occaſion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't ſmell ill—O Lord! the ſpectacles: Well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes againſt

me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkſhaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five ſhillings and two-pence? How do I know by this how my account ſtands? Can't you write five or ſix lines to caſt it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from Hawkſhaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray ſet it right, and let me know; you had beſt.——————And ſo now I have anſwered N. 21, and 'tis late; and I will anſwer N. 22. in my next: This cannot go to-night, but ſhall on Tueſday: And ſo go to your play, and loſe your money with your two eggs a penny; ſilly jade; you witty? very pretty!

21. Mrs Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and ſo I did, though Lady Mountjoy has ſent two or three times to have me ſee and dine with her; and ſhe is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings theſe three or four days, but is not of that giddy ſort, ſo I do not much value it. I was to ſee Lord Harley to-day, but Lord Treaſurer took phyſick, and I could not ſee him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on Tueſday to ſee the Queen at Hampton-Court; I wiſh he may be able. I never ſaw ſo fine a ſummer day as this was: How is it with you pray? and can't you remember naughty packs. I han't ſeen Lord Pembroke yet. He will be ſorry to miſs Dilly: I wonder you ſay nothing of Dilly's being got

got to Ireland; if he be not there ſoon, I ſhall have ſome certain odd thoughts; gueſs them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr Friend, at one of my printers; I enquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what ſort of apron you want. I muſt rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have beſpoken the ſpectacles; got a ſet of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the beſt, which is the vindication of the Duke of Marlborough, and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis. I have ſettled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and underſtands it. I have beſpoken a Miſcellany: What would you have me do more? It coſt me a ſhilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did ſo in the morning. Lord Treaſurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does buſineſs in his chamber now he is ill, the man is bewitched; he deſires to ſee me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a ruſh. ——I am half weary of them all. I often burſt out into theſe thoughts, and will certainly ſteal away as ſoon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the laſt are more conſtant in their nature. I have no ſhuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumſtances, if you can be eaſy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the laſt time: I will not

hunt for dinners there, nor converſe with more than a very few.

23. Morning. This goes to-day, and ſhall be ſealed by and by. Lord Treaſurer takes phyſick again to-day: I believe I ſhall dine with Lord Dupplin. Mr Tooke brought me a letter, directed for me at Morphew's the bookſeller. I ſuppoſe, by the poſtage, it came from Ireland; it is a woman's hand, and ſeems falſe ſpelt on purpoſe: It is in ſuch ſort of verſe as Harris's petition; rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the ſubject of the archbiſhop's laſt letter, as I told you. Can you gueſs whom it came from? It is not ill written; pray find it out: There is a Latin verſe at the end of it all rightly ſpelt; yet the Engliſh, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places.—— My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from Judge Coote, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man of war. He is the ſon of one Echlin, who was miniſter of Belfaſt before Tiſdall, and I have got ſome other new cuſtomers; but I ſhall trouble my friends as little as poſſible. Saucy Stella uſed to jeer me for meddling with other folks affairs: But now I am puniſhed for it.—— Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell, &c. &c.

Here's a full and true account of Stella's new ſpelling.

Plaguely,

Plaguely, - -	Plaguily *.
Dineing, - -	Dining.
Straingers, - -	Strangers.
Chais, - -	Chaſe †.
Waiſt, - -	Waſt.
Houer, - -	Hour.
Immagin, - -	Imagine.
A bout, - -	About.
Intellegence, -	Intelligence.
Aboundance, -	Abundance.
Merrit, - -	Merit.
Secreet, - -	Secret.
Phamphlets, -	Pamphlets.
Buſſineſs, - -	Buſineſs.

Tell me truly, ſirrah, how many of theſe are miſtakes of the pen, how many are you to anſwer for as real ill ſpelling? There are but fourteen; I ſaid twenty by gueſs. You muſt not be angry, for I will have you ſpell right, let the world go how it will; though, after all, there is but a miſtake of one letter in any of theſe words. I allow you henceforth but ſix falſe ſpellings in every letter you ſend me.

* This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand.

† Yet here is one word ſtill falſe ſpelt.

LETTER LXX.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with Lord Dupplin, as I told you I would, and put my thirty-ſecond into the poſt-office my own ſelf; and I believe there has not been one moment ſince we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD *. If the Queen knew it, ſhe would give us a penſion; for it is we bring good luck to their poſt-boys and the pacquets, elſe they would break their necks and ſink. But, an old ſaying and a true one; Be it ſnow or ſtorm or hail, PMD's letters never fail: Croſs winds may ſometimes make them tarry; but PMD's letters can't miſcarry.—— Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to ſave me twelve-pence coming home. Lord Treaſurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is ſo confoundedly careleſs. I won't anſwer your letter yet, ſo be ſatisfied.

24. I called at Lord Treaſurer's to-day at noon; he was eating ſome broth in his bed-chamber, undreſſed, with a thouſand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-ſhot; yet he dreſſed himſelf, and went out to the treaſury. He told me, he has a letter from a lady, with a complaint againſt

* That is Preſto and MD.

againſt me; it was from Mrs Cutts, a ſiſter of Lord Cutts, who writ to him, that I had abuſed her brother: You remember the Salamander; it is printed in the Miſcellany. I told my Lord, that I would never regard complaints; and that I expected, whenever he received any againſt me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them, elſe I ſhould have no quiet. ——I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not laſt above a moment, yet being of the true ſort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the firſt I have had this half year. I ſhall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at Lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and went to ſee Lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.—The Whig party are furious againſt a peace; and every day ſome ballad comes out, reflecting on the miniſtry on that account. The ſecretary St John has ſeized on a dozen bookſellers and publiſhers, into his meſſengers hands. Some of the foreign miniſters have publiſhed the preliminaries agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them, as inſufficient to treat a peace upon; but the ſecret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our miniſters have not communicated; and the people, who think they know all, are diſcontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the ſecretary; but we could contrive no way to fence againſt it. So there's politicks for you.

25. The

25. The Queen is at Hampton-Court; ſhe went on Tueſday in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to diſpatch ſome buſineſs we had. I ſent this morning and evening to Lord Treaſurer, and he is much worſe by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has ſent for Dr Radcliff, pray God preſerve him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer ſhewed me to-day a ballad, in manuſcript, againſt Lord Treaſurer and his South-Sea project; it is very ſharply written: If it be not printed, I will ſend it to you. If it be, it ſhall go in your pacquet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the apron; and have ordered to be bought, a cheap, green ſilk work apron; I have it by heart. I ſat this evening with Mrs Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too, juſt at that time that Preſto was.——This paper does not coſt me a farthing, I have it from the ſecretary's office. I long till to-morrow, to know how my Lord Treaſurer ſleeps this night, and to hear he mends: We are all undone without him; ſo pray for him, ſirrahs,—and don't ſtay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs Van; for the weather is ſo bad, and I am ſo buſy, that I can't dine with great folks: And beſides, I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord Treaſurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger.

We

We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are ſo violent againſt a peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very ſoon. I have not heard from the biſhop of Clogher, whether he has got his ſtatues. I writ to him ſix weeks ago; he's ſo buſy with his parliament. I won't anſwer your letter yet, ſay what you will, ſaucy girls!

27. I forgot to go about ſome buſineſs this morning, which coſt me double the time; and I was forced to be at the ſecretary's office till four, and loſe my dinner; ſo I went to Mrs Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light vittals: Beſides, I was to have ſupped at Lady Aſhburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as ſhe promiſed,—but ſent for us, and ſo I ſent my excuſes. It has been a terrible rainy day; but ſo flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the park. Leigh ſays he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; ſo I will ſend him the things for MD, and I have deſired him to enquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his careleſſneſs about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis, upon buſineſs of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about ſeven, and thought I would amuſe myſelf a little after the pains I had taken. I ſaw a volume of Congreve's Plays in my room, that Patrick had taken

ken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: If ever I do ſo again; never ſaw the like. Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, you will hear is in diſgrace with us: The Queen has ordered her miniſters to have no more commerce with him; the reaſon is, the fool writ a rude letter to Lord Dartmouth, ſecretary of ſtate, complaining of our proceedings about a peace; and he is always in cloſe confidence with Lord Wharton, and Sunderland, and others of the late miniſtry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace; the Whigs here are ſure it cannot be, and ſtocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unleſs France plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance, that we ſhall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, ſirrah.——I let ſlip telling you yeſterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yeſterday at Harry Coote's, with Lord Hatton, Mr Finch, a ſon of Lord Nottingham, and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them ſoon; but hear they ſtaid till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and ſo good night for laſt night, and good night for to-night. You blundering gooſe-cap, an't you aſhamed to blunder to young ladies? I ſhall have a fire in three or four days now, oh, ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting ſome things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all

all day busy with Mr Secretary about the same. I won't tell you now; but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: So let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give goody Stoyte and Catharine my humble service; I love goody Stoyte better than goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but faith I'm plaguy poor at present.

31. The devil's in this secretary; when I went this morning he had people with him; but, says he, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon. At two Prior sends word, he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with Brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see Lady Jersey; we part,

and

and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the preſent miniſters, teazing me to death for my aſſiſtance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet ſlipping opportunities. Lord Treaſurer mends every day, though ſlowly: I hope he will take care of himſelf. Pray, will you ſend to Parviſol to ſend me a bill of twenty pounds as ſoon as he can, for I want money. I muſt have money; I will have money, ſirrahs.

Nov. 1. I went to-day into the city to ſettle ſome buſineſs with Stratford, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was ſo angry I would not dine with him, or any other merchant; but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did buſineſs of miſchief with him, and I ſhall have the ſpectacles and Miſcellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can ſpare time, becauſe it is exerciſe; and that does me more good than any thing. I have heard nothing ſince of my head, but a little, I don't know how, ſometimes: But I am very temperate, eſpecially now the treaſurer is ill, and the miniſters often at Hampton-Court, and the ſecretary not yet fixed in his houſe, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow diſcovered going out of the Eaſt-India houſe with ſixteen thouſand pounds in money and bills; he would have eſcaped, if he had not been ſo uneaſy with thirſt, that he ſtole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wiſh we

had the money, provided the Eaſt-India company was never the worſe; you know we muſt not covet, &c. Our weather, for this fortnight paſt, is chequered, a fair and rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; wiſh MD would do ſo, lazy ſluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a continuendo, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made ſhift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few viſits, and keep but very little company; I read no news-papers. I am ſorry I ſent you the Examiner; for the printer is going to print them in a ſmall volume: It ſeems the author is too proud to have them printed by ſubſcription, tho' his friends offered, they ſay, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewiſe printing in a larger and a ſmaller volume: So I believe they are going to leave them off; and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to ſend you now towards the end of my letter. The Queen has the gout a little; I hoped the Lord Treaſurer would have had it too; but Radcliff told me yeſterday, it was the rheumatiſm in his knee and foot; however he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a ſhort time. I am told they deſign giving away ſeveral employments before the Parliament ſits, which will be the thirteenth inſtant. I either do not like, or not underſtand this policy; and if Lord Treaſurer does

not mend ſoon, they muſt give them juſt before the ſeſſions. But he is the greateſt procraſtinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal; I ſtufft the ſecretary's pockets with papers, which he muſt read and ſettle at Hampton-Court, where he went to-day, and ſtays ſome time. They have no lodgings for me there, ſo I can't go; for the town is ſmall, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord Treaſurer had a very ill night laſt night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is eaſier to-day.——And ſo I went to viſit Prior about ſome buſineſs, and ſo he was not within, and ſo Sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs Van, and I came home ſoon, remembering this muſt go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to anſwer. O Lord, where is it? Let me ſee; ſo, ſo, here it is. You grudge writing ſo ſoon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it; now I have it; I am like the unprofitable ſteward in the Goſpel: *I laid it up in a napkin; there thou haſt what is thine own*, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun: A fiſhmonger owed a man two crowns; ſo he ſent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then ſaid he was paid: How is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: Which of you finds it out?) Well, but as I was ſaying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to

to Ireland before Chriſtmas, or ſoon after. I'm ſorry you did not go on with your ſtory about *Pray God you be John*; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.——Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible, to think what to ſay when you writ that. Yes, that ſtory of the ſecretary's making me an example, is true. "Never "heard it before!" why, how could you hear it? Is it poſſible to tell you the hundredth part of what paſſes in our companies here? The ſecretary is as eaſy with me, as Mr Addiſon was. I have often thought what a ſplutter Sir William Temple makes about being ſecretary of ſtate; I think Mr St John the greateſt young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickneſs of apprehenſion, good learning, and an excellent taſte; the beſt orator in the Houſe of Commons, admirable converſation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a deſpiſer of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of buſineſs, which looks a little like affectation: And he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleaſure, with the man of buſineſs. What truth and ſincerity he may have, I know not: He is now but thirty-two, and has been ſecretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? How he ſtands with the Queen and Lord Treaſurer, I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, Biſhop of Cloyne and

of Clogher together, five weeks ago, from Windſor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his.—Fig for your phyſician and his advice, Madam Dingley! If I grow worſe, I will; otherwiſe I will truſt to temperance and exerciſe: Your fall of the leaf! what care I when the leaves fall? I am ſorry to ſee them fall with all my heart; but why ſhould I take phyſic becauſe leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horſe, muſt I take phyſic for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reaſon, not to be diſproved. I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; uſe exerciſe and walk, ſpend pattens, and ſpare potions; wear out clogs, and waſte claret. Have you found out my pun of the fiſhmonger? Don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handſome again, you ſay? and is ſhe fat? I have ſent to Leigh the ſet of Examiners: The firſt thirteen were written by ſeveral hands, ſome good, ſome bad; the next three-and-thirty, were all by one hand, that makes forty-ſix *; then the author, whoever he

* Here the Doctor's memory failed him a little: He ſhould have ſaid, The firſt twelve were written by ſeveral hands (for Swift's Examiners commenced with No. 13.) and the next thirty-two were by one hand, in all forty-four. Vid. his letter to Stella, dated June 7. 1711. If the reader has any doubt of this matter ſtill remaining, let him conſult the two laſt paragraphs of the forty-fourth Examiner; and for curioſity, if he pleaſes, read the firſt paragraph of the forty-fifth Number, where he will

he was, laid it down on purpose to confound gueſſers; and the laſt ſix were written by a woman. Then there is an account of Guiſcard by the ſame woman, but the facts ſent by Preſto. Then, An Anſwer to the Letter to the Lords about Greg, by Preſto; Prior's Journey, by Preſto; Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough, entirely by the ſame woman; Comment on Hare's Sermon, by the ſame woman, only hints to the printer from Preſto to give her. Then there's the Miſcellany, and apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate without ſugar for Stella, a fine ſnuff-raſp of ivory, given me by Mrs St John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which ſhe muſt hide or cut ſhorter out of modeſty, and four pair of ſpectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come ſafe. Oh, Mrs Maſham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon buſineſs; I believe I told you ſo before: Pray pardon my forgetfulneſs in theſe caſes; poor Preſto can't help it. MD ſhall have the money as ſoon

will find the Examiner intends to proceed on a plan quite different from Swift's courſe of politics. However, in ſix or eight weeks after Swift became ſilent, the Examiner was laid down, although revived again the December following, and continued to be a lively and ſpirited paper for two or three months, the writers of it being ſupplied with hints from Mr Secretary St John and Dr Swift. But the miniſtry having them obtained their ends in parliament, and the peace being in great forwardneſs, they inſtructed the Examiner to ſink again into obſcurity and darkneſs.

as Tooke gets it. And ſo I think I have anſwered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetcht up my week, and will ſend you another this day fortnight.——Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling*: You are ſo dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER LXXI.

London, Nov. 3, 1711.

MY thirty-third lies now before me juſt finiſhed, and I am going to ſeal and ſend it, ſo let me know whether you would have me add any thing; I gave you my journal of this day, and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be buſy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's houſe to day, where I was invited, juſt when dinner was ſetting on; and pretended I was engaged, becauſe I ſaw ſome fellows I did not know, and went to Sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the ſame inconvenience; but he would not let me go, otherwiſe I would have gone home and ſent for a ſlice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with perſons unknown, as bad, for ought I know, as your deans, parſons, and curates. Bad ſlabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at eaſe, when I have no letter of MD's to anſwer. But I miſtook, and have got the large paper. The

Queen

Queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton-Court; ſhe is now ſeldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find, I have leſs twitchings about my toes ſince theſe miniſters are ſick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light eaſy gout, to be perfectly well in my head.——Pray walk when the froſt comes, young ladies, go a froſt-biting. It comes into my head, that from the very time you firſt went to Ireland, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of faſhion to walk, and many of them have got ſwingeing ſtrong ſhoes on purpoſe; it has got as far as ſeveral young Lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out: She rails at me, and I have left viſiting her.

5. MD was very troubleſome to me laſt night in my ſleep; I was adreamed; methought, that Stella was here: I aſked her after Dingley; and ſhe ſaid, ſhe had left her in Ireland, becauſe ſhe deſigned her ſtay to be ſhort, and ſuch ſtuff. ——Monſieur Pontachartrain, the ſecretary of ſtate in France, and Monſieur Fontenelle, the ſecretary of the Royal Academy there, (who writ the Dialogues des morts, &c.) have ſent letters to Lord Pembroke, that the Academy have, with the King's conſent, choſen him one of their members, in the room of one who is lately dead. But the cautious gentleman has given me the

letters

letters to ſhew my Lord Dartmouth and Mr St John, our two ſecretaries, and let them ſee there is no treaſon in them; which I will do on Wedneſday, when they come from Hampton-Court. The letters are very handſome, and it is a great mark of honour and diſtinction to Lord Pembroke. I hear the two French miniſters are come over again about the peace; but I have ſeen nobody of conſequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance who was ſick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my beſpeaking. We begin now to have cheſnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had proceſſions in carts of the Pope and the Devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers; you know this is the fifth of November, popery and gun-powder.

6. Since I am uſed to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above ſeven lines, in all half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldſby is going over, and they ſay here, he is to be made a Lord. ——Here was I ſtaying in my room till two this afternoon, for that puppy Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with him into the city, and never came; and if I had not ſhot a dinner flying, with one Mr Murray, I might have faſted, or gone to an ale-houſe.—You never ſaid one word

of

of goody Stoyte in your letter; but I ſuppoſe theſe winter nights we ſhall hear more of her.—Does the Provoſt laugh as much as he uſed to do? we reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow.—I deſign to write to your dean one of theſe days, but I can never find time, nor what to ſay. I will think of ſomething: But if DD * were not in Ireland, I believe ſeriouſly I ſhould not think of the place twice a-year. Nothing there, ever makes the ſubject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on buſineſs; but ſtopt at a printer's, and ſtaid there; it was a moſt delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I ſuppoſe, either becauſe the Queen has the gout, or that Lord Treaſurer is not well, or that they would do ſomething more towards a peace. I called at Lord Treaſurer's at noon, and ſat a while with Lord Harley, but his father was aſleep. A book-ſeller has reprinted, or new-titled, A Sermon of Tom Swift's printed laſt year; and publiſhes an advertiſement calling it Dr Swift's Sermon. Some friend of Lord Galway has, by his directions, publiſhed a four-ſhilling book, about his conduct in Spain; to defend him: I have but juſt ſeen it. But what care you for books, except Preſto's Miſcellanies? Leigh promiſed to call and ſee me, but has not yet: I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Cheſter box. A mur-

rain

* Theſe two initial letters include both Stella and Dingley.

rain take that box! every thing is ſpoiled that is in it. How does the ſtrong box do? You ſay nothing of Raymond: Is his wife brought to bed again? or how has he finiſhed his houſe, paid his debts, and put out the reſt of the money to uſe? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I ſuppoſe Trim is now reduced to ſlavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great raſcals as the gentlemen. But I muſt go to bed, ſirrahs; the ſecretary is ſtill at Hampton-Court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the ſecretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did buſineſs this afternoon till about eight, and I muſt alter and undo, and a clutter: I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I ſtaid with Prior till eleven; the ſecretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of thoſe employed to make the peace, when a congreſs is opened. Lord Aſhburnham told to-day at the coffee-houſe, that Lord Harley was yeſterday morning married to the Duke of Newcaſtle's daughter the great heireſs, and it is got about all the town. But I ſaw Lord Harley yeſterday at noon in his night-gown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; ſo it is not true: But I hope it will be ſo; for I knew it has been privately managing this long time: The Lady will not have half her father's eſtate; for the Duke left Lord Pelham's ſon his heir; the widow

dow ducheſs will not ſtand to the will, and ſhe is now at law with Pelham. However, at worſt, the girl will have about ten thouſand pounds a-year, to ſupport the honour; for Lord Treaſurer will never ſave a groat for himſelf. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they ſay the girl is handſome, and has good ſenſe, but red hair.

9. I deſigned a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was diſappointed, ſo one always is in this life; and I could not ſee Lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had ſome buſineſs. Buſineſs and pleaſure both diſappointed. You can go to your dean, and, for want of him, goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet every where with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flaſk of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold; I have got ſome looſe bricks at the back of my grate, for good huſbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me, my caps are wearing out? I know not how to get others. I want a neceſſary woman ſtrangely; I am as helpleſs as an elephant.—I had three pacquets from the Archbiſhop of Dublin, coſt me four ſhillings, all about Higgins, printed ſtuff, and two long letters. His people forget to encloſe them to Lewis; and they were only directed to Doctor Swift, without naming London, or any thing elſe: I wonder how they reached me, unleſs the poſt-maſter directed them. I have read all the traſh, and am weary.

10. Why;

10. Why; if you muſt have it out, ſomething is to be publiſhed of great moment, and three or four great people are to ſee there are no miſtakes in point of fact: And 'tis ſo troubleſome to ſend it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, Lord Treaſurer's daughter, is brought to-bed of a ſon. Lord Treaſurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us: A man in this caſe ſhould leave no ſtone unturned. Lord Treaſurer's ſickneſs, the Queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occaſion putting off the Parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpoſe for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, becauſe that is only for walking ſake, and loſes time, ſo I mix it with buſineſs: I wiſh MD walked half as much as Preſto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and ſhould have maſks on, and be tuckt up like any thing; and Stella is naturally a ſtout walker, and carries herſelf firm, methinks I ſee her ſtrut and ſtep clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough, if her petticoats were pinned up; but ſhe is ſo embroiled, and ſo fearful, and then Stella ſcolds, and

Dingley ſtumbles, and is ſo daggled. Have you got the whale-bone petticoats amongſt you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pſhaw! what's all this I'm ſaying? methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is ſelling his eſtate at Pepperhara, and is ſculking about the town, nobody knows where; and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double ſquire of Farnham? I have put Mrs Maſham, the Queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great ſecret? and I have employed Lady Oglethorp to enquire about it. I was with Lady Oglethorp to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will ſee to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this preſent in ſome blind alley with ſome dirty wench. He has two ſons that muſt ſtarve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs Maſham buys the land, I will deſire her to get the Queen to give ſome penſion to the old fool, to keep him from abſolutely ſtarving. What do you meddle with other people's affairs for? ſays Stella. O! but Mr Maſham and his wife are very urgent with me, ſince I firſt put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will ſoon loſe his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do ſome buſineſs in the city. I

have not yet called to Patrick, to know whether it be fair. It has been paſt dropping theſe two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purſe. He tells me, 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark; woe be to my ſhillings: An old ſaying and a true; Few fillings, many ſhillings. If the day be dark, my purſe will be light. To my enemies be this curſe; A dark day, and a light purſe. And ſo I'll riſe, and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not ſhaving day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I ſuppoſe you have him with you. Stella is juſt now ſhewing a white leg, and putting it into the ſlipper.—Preſent my ſervice to her, and tell her I am engaged to the Dean; and deſire ſhe will come too: Or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning ſpeech I mean.—Morrow, ſirrahs, and let me riſe as well as you; but I promiſe you Walls can't dine with the Dean to day, for ſhe is to be at Mrs Proby's juſt after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the ſhops, to buy a yard of muſlin, and a ſilver lace for an under-petticoat. Morrow again, ſirrahs.—At night. I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finiſh my affairs with him; but now I have reſolved to buy five hundred pounds South-Sea ſtock, which will coſt me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make uſe of the bill of a hundred pounds you ſent me, and transfer Mrs Walls over

to

to Hawkſhaw; or, if ſhe diſlikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the ſecretary, and repay her. Three ſhillings coach-hire to-day. I have ſpoken to Frowde's brother, to get me the loweſt price of the eſtate, to tell Mrs Maſham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Laſt Saturday night I came home, and the drab had juſt waſhed my room, and my bed-chamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire: I was ſick on Sunday, and now have got a ſwingeing cold. I ſcolded like a dog at Patrick, altho' he was out with me: I deteſt waſhing of rooms: Can't they waſh them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I ſlept not a wink laſt night, for hawking and ſpitting: And now every body has colds. Here's a clutter: I'll go to bed, and ſleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy ſent to me two days ago; ſo I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to ſee Lord Treaſurer. I found Patrick had been juſt there with a how d'ye, and my Lord had returned anſwer that he deſired to ſee me. Mrs Maſham was with him when I came; and they are never diſturbed: 'Tis well ſhe is not very handſome; they ſit alone together, ſettling the nation. I ſat with Lady Oxford, and ſtopt Mrs Maſham as ſhe came out, and told her what progreſs I had made, &c. and then went to Lord Treaſurer: He is very well, only uneaſy at riſing or ſitting, with ſome rheumatick pain in

his thigh, and a foot weak. He ſhewed me a ſmall paper, ſent by an unknown hand to one Mr Cook, who ſent it to my Lord: It was written in plain large letters, thus:

"Though G———d's knife did not ſucceed;
"A F———n's yet may do the deed."

And a little below; "Burn this, Dog." My Lord has frequently ſuch letters as theſe: Once he ſhewed me one, which was a viſion deſcribing a certain man, his dreſs, his ſword, and his countenance, who was to murder my Lord. And he told me he ſaw a fellow in the chapel at Windſor, with a dreſs very like it. They often ſend him letters ſigned Your humble ſervant, The Devil, and ſuch ſtuff. I ſat with him 'till after ten, and have buſineſs to do.

15. The ſecretary came yeſterday to town from Hampton-Court, ſo I went to him early this morning; but he went back laſt night again: And coming home to-night, I found a letter from him, to tell me that he was juſt come from Hampton-Court, and juſt returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him! he ſtops all my buſineſs. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to ſee MD in Ireland, ſoon after Chriſtmas.—I'm weary of courts, and want my journies to Laracor; they did me more good, than all the miniſtries theſe twenty years. I dined to-day in the

the city, but did no buſineſs as I deſigned. Lady Mountjoy tells me, that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the archbiſhop of Dublin was the cauſe of his returning ſo ſoon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the Queen's abſence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the Duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing ſo bad in it in Winter, as your knots of Iriſh folks; but I go to no coffee-houſe, and ſo I ſeldom ſee them. This letter ſhall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myſelf.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a viſiter, when I had ordered to ſee nobody; ſo I was forced to hurry a hang-dog inſtrument of mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour.——I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will laſt me about ten days in all.——I ſhould have told you that in thoſe two verſes ſent to Lord Treaſurer, the G——d ſtands for Guiſcard; that is eaſy. But we differed about F——n; I thought it was for Frenchman, becauſe he hates them, and they him; and ſo it would be, that although Guiſcard's knife miſs'd its deſign, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it. My Lord thinks it ſtands for Felton, the name of him that ſtab-

bed the firſt Duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? juſt a month to-day ſince I had your N. 22. I'll ſtay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and ſo forth, as you pleaſe. The Whigs are ſtill crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in ſpite of them: The emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promiſes wonders to continue the war; but it is too late: Only I hope the fear of it will ſerve to ſpur on the French to be eaſy and ſincere. Night, ſirrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myſelf in the poſt-office. I had juſt now a long letter from the archbiſhop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your ſeſſions, how it ended in a ſtorm; which ſtorm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I wont hide. I often adviſed the diſſolution of that parliament, although I did not think the ſcoundrels had ſo much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by ſeveral things the archbiſhop ſays, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bleſs and preſerve deareſt little MD.—I ſuppoſe

your

your Lord Lieutenant is now ſetting out for England. I wonder the biſhop of Clogher does not write to me; or let me know of his ſtatues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as ſoon as I have leiſure. Farewell, deareſt MD, and love Preſto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My ſervice to Mrs Stoyte, and Catharine. I'm ſitting in my bed; but will riſe to ſeal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewell again, deareſt MD, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

London, Nov. 17. 1711.

I PUT my laſt this evening in the poſt-office. I dined with Dr Cockburn. This being Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, we have the d— and all to do among us. I juſt heard of the ſtir as my letter was ſealed this morning; and was ſo croſs I would not open it to tell you. I have been viſiting Lady Oglethorp and Lady Worſley; the latter is lately come to town for the Winter, and with child, and what care you? This is Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, uſually kept in this town by 'prentices, &c. but the Whigs deſigned a mighty proceſſion by mid-night, and had laid out a thouſand pounds to dreſs up the Pope, Devil, Cardinals, Sacheverell, &c. and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did

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it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were ſeized laſt night, by order from the ſecretary: You will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the ſtreets already. They had ſome very fooliſh and miſchievous deſigns; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon aſſaulting my Lord Treaſurer's houſe, and the ſecretary's; and other violences. The Militia was raiſed to prevent it, and now, I ſuppoſe, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the ſecretary's office at Whitehall. I deſign to ſee them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr Secretary, who juſt came from Hampton-Court. He was telling me more particulars about this buſineſs of burning the Pope. It coſt a great deal of money; and had it gone on, would have coſt three times as much: But the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub-ſtreet papers already. The ſecretary and I dined at Brigadier Britton's, but I left them at ſix, upon an appointment with ſome ſober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountaine's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then; twelve-penny weather; ſirrahs, why don't you play at ſhuttle-cock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith Preſto will come over after Chriſtmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read

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the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houſes. They ſay abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in ſmall volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I ſhall be out of my hurry in a week; and if Leigh be not gone over, I will ſend you by him what I am now finiſhing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not ſeen him this good while, though he promiſed to call: I ſhall ſend to him. The Queen comes to town on Thurſday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at Lord Dartmouth's office, and ſent out for him from the committee of council, about ſome buſineſs. I was aſking him more concerning this buſtle about the figures in wax-work, of the Pope and Devil, &c. He was not at leiſure, or he would have ſeen them. I hear the owners are ſo impudent, that they deſign to replevin them by law. I am aſſured that the figure of the devil is made as like Lord Treaſurer as they could. Why, I dined with a friend in St James's-ſtreet. Lord Treaſurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The Duke of Marlborough is come, and was yeſterday at Hampton-Court with the Queen; no, it was t'other day; no it was yeſterday; for to-day I remember Mr Secretary was going to ſee him, when I was there, not at the Duke of Marlborough's, but at the ſecretary's; the Duke is not ſo fond of me. What care I; I won ſeven ſhillings to-night at picquet; I play twice a-year or ſo.

20. I

20. I have been ſo teazed with Whiggiſh diſcourſe by Mrs Barton, and Lady Betty Germain, never ſaw the like. They turn all this affair of pope-burning into ridicule; and indeed they have made too great clutter about it, if they had no real reaſon to apprehend ſome tumults. I dined with Lady Betty. I hear Prior's commiſſion is paſſed, to be ambaſſador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace; my Lord Privy Seal, who you know is biſhop of Briſtol, is the other; and Lord Strafford, already ambaſſador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you, ignorant ſluts, who is who. I was punning ſcurvily with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Lord Pembroke this evening. Do you ever pun now? ſometimes with the Dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odſo, I muſt go ſee his Excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: But they could do no leſs, after ſending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth, on an equal character with him, I know not. And ſo I go to my buſineſs, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning buſy with my printer; I gave him the fifth ſheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct ſomething, and alter, &c. and I walked home in the duſk, and the rain overtook me: And I found a letter here from Mr Lewis; well, and ſo I opened it; and he ſays, The peace is paſt danger, &c. Well, and ſo there was another letter incloſed in his: Well;

Well; and ſo I looked on the outſide of this t'other letter. Well; and ſo who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well; and ſo I'll tell you, it was from little MD, N. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you ſo before *: But I juſt looked again to ſatisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four falſe ſpellings in all. Shall I ſend them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I will not anſwer your letter now, ſirrah ſaucy boxes, no, no; not yet; juſt a month and three days from the laſt, which is juſt five weeks; you ſee it comes juſt when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. Tooke has juſt brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for entering the letter of attorney: But I ſwore to ſtop that. I'll ſpend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear ſirrahs.———At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the Ducheſs of Grafton, dined with us: She wears a great high head-dreſs, ſuch as was in faſhion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad-woman in it; yet ſhe has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to ſee Lord Harley, and thought to have ſat with Lord Treaſurer; but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy,

* Nothing was ever more in Swift's ſtyle and manner of converſation, than theſe repetitions, and the words following.

envoy, and ſuch folks; and I would not ſtay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home, I expect to find ſome letter for me, and ſeldom miſs; and never any thing worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The Queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but theſe miniſters being at Hampton-Court, I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for ſome months paſt, than people I never ſaw, pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet ſpeak ill of me too; at leaſt ſome of them. An old crooked Scotch Counteſs, whom I never heard of in my life, told the Ducheſs of Hamilton t'other day, that I often viſited her. People of worth never do that; ſo that a man only gets the ſcandal of having ſcurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing againſt me ſome time ago, and ſaid they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of; and the third had only ſeen twice where I happened to viſit. A man who has once ſeen me in a coffee-houſe, will aſk me how I do, when he ſees me talking at Court with a miniſter of ſtate, who is ſure to aſk me, how I came acquainted with that ſcoundrel. But come, ſirrahs, this is all ſtuff to you, ſo I'll ſay no more on this ſide the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done

five times ſince I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one ſide of this paper is out, and I have a letter to anſwer of MD's into the bargain: Muſt I write on the third ſide? faith that will give you an ill habit. I ſaw Leigh laſt night: He gives a terrible account of Sterne: He reckons he is ſeduced by ſome wencher; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned ſeveral things. Leigh ſays he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has kept him theſe three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promiſes to call for the box at Cheſter; but I deſpair of it. Good night, ſirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finiſhed my pamphlet to-day, which has coſt me ſo much time and trouble; it will be publiſhed in three or four days, when the parliament begins ſitting. I ſuppoſe the Queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finiſhing and correcting with the printer. When I came home, I found letters on my table as uſual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you deſire your writings and a picture ſhould be ſent to me, to be ſent over to you. I have juſt anſwered her letter, and promiſed to take care of them if they be ſent to me. She is at Farnham: It is too late to ſend them by Leigh; beſides, I will wait your orders, Madam Stella. I am going to finiſh a letter to Lord Treaſurer,

about reforming our language; but firſt I muſt put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, ſirrahs; this is card ſeaſon.

25. I was early with the ſecretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the ſacrament; ſeveral rakes did the ſame; it was not for piety, but employments, according to act of parliament. I dined with Lady Mary Dudley; and paſt my time ſince inſipidly, only I was at Court at noon, and ſaw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: That is the advantage of a court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me, has entertained the town ever ſince; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days; for the Whigs are too ſtrong in the Houſe of Lords: Other reaſons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr Lewis and I dined with a friend of his; and unexpectedly there dined with us an Iriſh knight, one Sir John St Leger, who follows the law here, but at a great diſtance: He was ſo pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I ſaw to-day the Pope, and Devil, and the other figures of Cardinals, &c. fifteen in all, which have made ſuch a noiſe. I have put an underſtrapper upon writing a two-penny pamphlet, to give an account of the whole deſign. My large

pamphlet

pamphlet will be publiſhed to-morrow, copies are ſent to the great men this night. Domville is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not ſeen him yet; I deſign to preſent him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till ſix this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he ſet me down at Lord Treaſurer's, with whom I ſtaid about an hour, till Monſieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about buſineſs. My Lord Treaſurer is pretty well; but ſtiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatiſm. I am to bring Domville to my Lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtieſt rainy day that ever I ſaw. The pamphlet * is publiſhed; Lord Treaſurer had it by him on the table, and was aſking me about the mottos in the title-page; he gave me one of them himſelf. I muſt ſend you the pamphlet if I can.

28. Mrs Van ſent to me to dine with her to-day, becauſe ſome ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his viſit, and went to viſit Mrs Maſham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: It ſeems her huſband and ſon are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leiceſter-Fields. I preſented Mr Domville to Mr Lewis

* This pamphlet was, The Conduct of the Allies.

and Mr Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Soſias, in a Whig News-paper. Soſias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noiſe: I was aſked by ſeveral whether I had ſeen it, and they adviſed me to read it, for it was ſomething very extraordinary. I ſhall be ſuſpected; and it will have ſeveral paultry anſwers. It muſt take its fate, as Savage ſaid of his ſermon, that he preached at Farnham on Sir William Temple's death. Domville ſaw Savage in Italy, and ſays he is a coxcomb, and half mad: He goes in red, and with yellow waiſt-coats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the Pope on Palm-Sunday, which is much more than kiſſing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll anſwer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I muſt borrow from the other ſide.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he muſt immediately print a ſecond edition, and Lord Treaſurer made one or two ſmall additions: They muſt work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they ſold a thouſand in two days. Our ſociety met to-day, nine of us were preſent, we dined at our brother Bathurſt's: We made ſeveral regulations, and have choſen three new members, Lord Orrery, Jack Hill, (who is Mrs Maſham's brother, he that lately miſcarried in the expedition to Quebec) and one Colonel Diſney. We have taken a room in a houſe near St James's, to meet in.

I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to ſee my Lord Harley, and I did ſome buſineſs with Lord Treaſurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding ſomething to the ſecond edition. I dined with the printer; the pamphlet makes a world of noiſe, and will do a great deal of good: It tells abundance of moſt important facts which were not at all known. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow morning; or ſuppoſe I anſwer it juſt now, though it is pretty late. Come then—You ſay you are buſy with parliaments, &c.; that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none theſe two years. Lord Santry, &c. *, yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does not he thank me for ſhewing him the Court, and the great people's faces? He had his glaſs out at the Queen and the reſt. 'Tis right what

* Lord Santry was as violent a Whig as Dick Tighe [Vide Letter 59 in Dodſley's Collection, dated Feb. 10, 1711], and Dr Higgins, who is in this place hinted at by the &c. much ſuch another as Sacheverell; conſequently my Lord was an outrageous enemy and perſecutor of Higgins. However, it happened one day, that Lord Santry was looking out of the great window at Lucas's coffee-houſe, when Higgins was paſſing by; How do you do, Doctor? ſaid my Lord, in a ſneering contemptuous manner. Very well, I thank you, little maſter, ſaid Higgins. Let me out, let me out to him, cried Santry in a rage, pretending to leap out of the window; which was not far from the ground. Aye, do, ſaid Higgins, let him out, I'll ſoon pitch him into you again.

Dilly ſays; I depend upon nothing from my friends; but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace; or ſurely they'll give me the Dublin pariſh. Stella is in the right; the Biſhop of Oſſory is the ſillieſt, beſt-natured wretch breathing, of as little conſequence as an egg-ſhell.—Well, the ſpelling I have mentioned before; only the next time ſay at *leaſt*, and not at *leſt*. Pox on your Newbury! What can I do for him? I'll give his caſe (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord Treaſurer's lameneſs goes off daily. Pray God preſerve poor good Mrs Stoyte, ſhe would be a great loſs to us all; pray give her my ſervice, and tell her ſhe has my heartieſt prayers. I pity poor Mrs Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, conſidering how little proviſion it would have had. Poh! every pamphlet abuſes me, and for things that I never writ. Joe ſhould have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I muſt thank the Duke of Ormond, who I dare ſwear will ſay he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, thoſe ſeven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you: 7l. 17s. 8d. old blunderer, not 18 ſh. I have reckoned it 18 times. Hawkſhaw's eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be ſecure, it may lye where it is, unleſs they deſire to pay it: So Parviſol may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs Weſley's money into the

the bank, and will pay her with Hawkſhaw's.—I mean that Hawkſhaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good houſewives. Bernage never comes now to ſee me; he has no more to aſk; but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs South's affair! I can do nothing in it, but, by way of aſſiſting any body elſe that ſolicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for any body with my Lord Treaſurer, eſpecially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have ſpent all my diſcretion, and have no more to uſe.——And ſo I have anſwered your letter fully and plainly—And ſo I have got to the third ſide of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young woman. It goes to-morrow, To-nobody's ſorrow, You are ſilly, not I; I'm a poet. If I had but, &c.——Who's ſilly now? rogues and laſſes, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord! I am in a high vein of ſillineſs; methought I was ſpeaking to deareſt little MD face to face. There; ſo lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the black-guards. Good night, my delight, &c.

Dec. 1. Piſh! ſirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of the letter as well as the top, that I may know when you ſend it; your laſt is of Nov. 3, yet I had others at the ſame time written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, ſend me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an anſwer,

with

with a bill on Parviſol: Pray do this; for my head is full, and it will eaſe my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you ſome of ——'s letter, ſo you may imagine how witty the reſt was; for it was all of a bunch, as goodman Peeſley ſays. Pray let us have no more *Buſſineſs* but *Buſyneſs*: The Deuce take me if I know how to ſpell it; your wrong ſpelling, madam Stella, has put me out: It does not look right; let me ſee, *Buſſineſs*, *Buſyneſs*, *Buſineſs*, *Biſyneſs*, *Biſneſs*, *Byſneſs*: Faith, I know not which is right, I think the ſecond; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, ſure I muſt though; *Buſineſs*, *Buſyneſs*, *Biſyneſs*.—I have perplexed myſelf, and can't do it. Prithee aſk Walls. *Buſineſs*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh! now I ſee it as plain as can be; ſo your's is only an *ſ* too much. The parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the Houſe of Lords; no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that ſignifies nothing: It was feared there would be ſome peeviſh addreſs from the Lords againſt a peace. 'Tis ſaid about the town, that ſeveral of the allies begin to be content that a peace ſhould be treated. This is all the news I have. The Queen is pretty well; and ſo now I bid poor deareſt MD farewell, till to-night; then I will talk with them again.

The

The fifteen images that I ſaw, were not worth forty pounds, ſo I ſtretched a little when I ſaid a thouſand. The Grub-ſtreet account of that tumult is publiſhed. The Devil is not like Lord Treaſurer; they were all in your odd antick maſks, bought in common ſhops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over ſome of this letter, and find I make many miſtakes of leaving out words; ſo 'tis impoſſible to find my meaning, unleſs you be conjurers. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day juſt what I have written that day; which will take up no time to ſpeak of.

LETTER LXXIII.

London, Dec. 1, 1711.

MY laſt was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr Maſham to-day, and called at White's chocolate-houſe, to ſee if he was there. Lord Wharton ſaw me at the door, and I ſaw him, but took no notice, and was going away; but he came through the crowd, called after me, and aſked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wiſhed every word he ſpoke was a halter to hang me. Maſham did not dine at home, ſo I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not ſent me the ſecond edition; I know not the reaſon, for it certainly

certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from Lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning. See the blunder! I was making it the 37th day of the month from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church; I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another: His men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church.—Morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I was at Court to-day; the Queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and dispatched some business. He tells me, the Dutch envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr Secretary St John; but I am always the first they lay every thing to. I'll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and to-day a fellow would needs speak with me from Sir George Prettyman.

Prettyman. I had never heard of him; and would not ſee the meſſenger; but at laſt it proved that this Sir George has ſold his eſtate, and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers incloſed of Lady Giffard's writing; one owning ſome exchequer buſineſs of 100l. to be Stella's, another for 100l. that ſhe has of your's, which I made over to you for Mariſton; and a third for 300l.; the laſt is on ſtampt paper. I think they had better lie in England, in ſome good hand, till Lady Giffard dies; and I will think of ſome ſuch hand before I come over. I was aſking Smithers about all the people of Farnham. Mrs White has left off dreſſing, is troubled with lameneſs and ſwelled legs, and ſeldom ſtirs out; but her old hangdog huſband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with Lord Treaſurer about ſomething he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be ſoon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have ſold off half the third. Mrs Percival and her daughter have been in town theſe three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs Weſley is come to town too, to conſult Dr Radcliffe. The Whigs are reſolved to bring that pamphlet into the Houſe of Lords, to have it condemned, ſo I hear. But the printer will ſtand to it, and not own the author; he muſt ſay he had it from the penny-poſt.

poſt. Some people talk as if the Houſe of Lords would do ſome peeviſh thing; for the Whigs are now a great majority in it; our miniſters are too negligent of ſuch things: I have never ſlipt giving them warning; ſome of them are ſenſible of it; but Lord Treaſurer ſtands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in every thing; but in reaſon I ſhould think this miniſtry to ſtand very unſteady: If they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not elſe.

4. Mr Secretary ſent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing ſome buſineſs. I was this morning with young Harcourt, ſecretary to our ſociety, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow aſked us five guineas a week, only to have leave to dine once a week; was not that pretty? So we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thurſday at Harcourt's (he is Lord keeper's ſon). They have ſold off above half the third edition, and anſwers are coming out: The Dutch envoy refuſed dining with Dr D'Avenant, becauſe he was ſuſpected to write it: I have made ſome alterations in every edition; and it has coſt me more trouble, for the time, ſince the printing, than before. 'Tis ſent over to Ireland, and I ſuppoſe you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, conſidering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought

up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own ſtrength. I have got an under ſpur-leather to write an Examiner again, and the ſecretary and I will now and then ſend hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub-ſtreet, to be a match for their writers. I dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day at five; he dined by himſelf after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatiſm, of which he is almoſt well. He was very pleaſant, as he is always; yet I fancied he was a little touched with the preſent poſture of affairs. The Elector of Hanover's miniſter here, has given in a violent memorial againſt the peace, and cauſed it to be printed. The Whig Lords are doing their utmoſt for a majority againſt Friday, and deſign, if they can, to addreſs the Queen againſt the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory, and ſpeech-maker, is gone over to the Whig ſide: They toaſt him daily, and Lord Wharton ſays, It is Diſmal (ſo they call him from his looks) will ſave England at laſt. Lord Treaſurer was hinting as if he wiſhed a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one againſt him to-morrow. He gave me a ſcurrilous printed paper of bad verſes on himſelf, under the name of the Engliſh Cataline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birth-day, which he would not tell us, but Lord Harlay whiſpered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub-ſtreet. At noon, I paid a

viſit to Mrs Maſham, and then went to dine with our ſociety. Poor Lord Keeper dined below ſtairs, I ſuppoſe on a bit of mutton. We choſe two members; we were eleven met, the greateſt meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce Lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in ſmall, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and ſent into the country. A ſixpenny anſwer is come out, good for nothing, but gueſſing me among others for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our ſide in the Houſe of Lords; yet I obſerved Mrs Maſham a little uneaſy; ſhe aſſures me the Queen is ſtout. The Duke of Marlborough has not ſeen the Queen for ſome days paſt; Mrs Maſham is glad of it, becauſe, ſhe ſays, he tells a hundred lies to his friends, of what ſhe ſays to him: He is one day humble, and the next on the high ropes. The Duke of Ormond, they ſay, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great queſtion to be determined, I went with Dr Friend to dine in the city, on purpoſe to be out of the way, and we ſent our printer to ſee what was our fate; but he gave us a moſt melancholy account of things. The

Earl

Earl of Nottingham began, and ſpoke againſt a peace; and deſired, that, in their addreſs, they might put in a clauſe, to adviſe the Queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about ſix voices: And this has happened entirely by my Lord Treaſurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his ſtrength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The queſtion is yet only carried in the committee of the whole houſe, and we hope, when it is reported to the houſe to-morrow, we ſhall have a majority, by ſome Scotch Lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow, and loſs of reputation, to Lord Treaſurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the miniſtry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell untill I ſee them. I ſhall be early with the ſecretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and ſhall write a full account to the biſhop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the archbiſhop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at preſent. I long to know how Lord Treaſurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The Duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the ſecretary, and talkt over this matter. He hoped, that, when it was reported this day in the Houſe of Lords, they would diſagree with their committee, and ſo

the matter would go off, only with a little loſs of reputation to Lord Treaſurer. I dined with Dr Cockburn; and after, a Scotch member came in, and told us, that the clauſe was carried againſt the Court, in the Houſe of Lords, almoſt two to one. I went immediately to Mrs Maſham, and meeting Dr Arbuthnott (the Queen's favourite phyſician) we went together. She was juſt come from waiting at the Queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone againſt us. It ſeems Lord Treaſurer had been ſo negligent, that he was with the Queen while the queſtion was put in the Houſe: I immediately told Mrs Maſham, that either ſhe and Lord Treaſurer had joined with the Queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the Queen. She proteſted ſolemnly it was not the former, and I believe her; but ſhe gave me ſome lights to ſuſpect the Queen is changed: For, yeſterday, when the Queen was going from the Houſe, where ſhe ſat to hear the debate, the Duke of Shrewſbury, Lord Chamberlain, aſked her, whether he or the great Chamberlain Lindſay ought to lead her out; ſhe anſwered ſhort, Neither of you, and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerſet, who was louder than any in the Houſe for the clauſe againſt peace. She gave me one or two more inſtances of this ſort, which convince me, that the Queen is falſe, or at leaſt very much wavering. Mr Maſham begged us to ſtay, becauſe Lord Treaſurer would call, and we were

were reſolved to fall on him about his negligence in ſecuring a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as uſual; but I thought his countenance was much caſt down. I rallied him, and deſired him to give me his ſtaff, which he did; I told him, If he would ſecure it me a week, I would ſet all right: He aſked, How? I ſaid, I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the Duke and Ducheſs of Somerſet, and Lord Cholmondely, out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnott aſked, How he came not to ſecure a majority? He could anſwer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forſwear. A poor anſwer for a great miniſter. There fell from him a ſcripture expreſſion, that "the hearts of kings "are unſearchable." I told him, It was what I feared, and was from him the worſt news he could tell me. I begged him to know what we had to truſt to: He ſtuck a little; but at laſt bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was; but he would go home, it was paſt ſix: He made me go home with him. There we found his brother, and Mr Secretary. He made his ſon take a liſt of all in the Houſe of Commons, who had places, and yet voted againſt the Court, in ſuch a manner as if they ſhould loſe their places: I doubt he is not able to compaſs it. Lord Keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon buſineſs..

ſineſs. So I left him, and returned to Mrs Maſham; but ſhe had company with her, and I would not ſtay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boaſting. Nay, they ſaid the parliament ſhould be diſſolved before Chriſtmas, and perhaps it may: This is all your d—d Ducheſs of Somerſet's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times ſince: The ſecretary always dreaded it. I told Lord Treaſurer, I ſhould have the advantage of him; for he would loſe his head, and I ſhould only be hanged, and ſo carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr Secretary; we are both of opinion that the Queen is falſe. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumſtances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had ſent to ſee me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his eſtate in Wales. He gave me reaſons to believe the whole matter is ſettled between the Queen and the Whigs: He hears that Lord Somers is to be treaſurer; and believes, that ſooner than turn out the Ducheſs of Somerſet, ſhe will diſſolve the parliament, and get a Whiggiſh one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the criſis, and a day or two will determine. I have deſired him to engage Lord Treaſurer, that as ſoon as he finds the change is reſolved on, he will ſend

me

me abroad as Queen's ſecretary ſomewhere or other, where I may remain till the new miniſters recall me; and then I will be ſick for five or ſix months, till the ſtorm has ſpent itſelf. I hope he will grant me this; for I ſhould hardly truſt myſelf to the mercy of my enemies, while their anger is freſh. I dined to-day with the ſecretary, who affects mirth, and ſeems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aſide after dinner, told him how I had ſerved them, and had aſked no reward, but thought I might aſk ſecurity; and then deſired the ſame thing of him, to ſend me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and ſwore he would take the ſame care of me as himſelf, &c. but bid me have courage, for that in two days my Lord Treaſurer's wiſdom would appear greater than ever; that he ſuffered all that had happened on purpoſe, and had taken meaſures to turn it to advantage. I ſaid, God ſend it; but I do not believe a ſyllable: And as far as I can judge, the game is loſt. I ſhall know more ſoon, and my letters will at leaſt be a good hiſtory, to ſhew you the ſteps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament ſit till they have given the money, and then diſſolve them in Spring, and break the miniſtry. He ſpoke to Lord Treaſurer about what I deſired him. My Lord deſired him with great earneſtneſs to aſſure me, that all would be well, and that I ſhould fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the Commons

mons went to the Queen with their addreſs, and all the Lords who were for the peace, went with them, to ſhew their zeal. I have now ſome further conviction that the Queen is falſe, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to ſee Mrs Maſham: While I was there, ſhe went to her bedchamber to try a petticoat. Lord Treaſurer came in to ſee her, and ſeeing me in the outer room, fell a rallying me: Says he, You had better keep company with me, than with ſuch a fellow as Lewis, who has not the ſoul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite. Then he went in to Mrs Maſham, and, as he came back, deſired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He aſked, Whether I was not afraid to be ſeen with him? I ſaid, I never valued my Lord Treaſurer in my life, and therefore ſhould have always the ſame eſteem for Mr Harley and Lord Oxford. He ſeemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, that he was not ſure of the Queen; and that thoſe ſcoundrel, ſtarving lords, would never have dared to vote againſt the Court, if Somerſet had not aſſured them, that it would pleaſe the Queen. He ſaid, That was true, and Somerſet did ſo. I ſtaid till ſix; then De Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner: I ſee him, and all of them, caſt down; though they make the beſt of it.

12. Ford

12. Ford is come to town; I ſaw him laſt night; he is in no fear, but ſanguine, although I have told him the ſtate of things. This change ſo reſembles the laſt, that I wonder they do not obſerve it. The ſecretary ſent for me yeſterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had ſomething to ſay to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the Duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet ſeen. Morrow, ſirrahs.———At night. I was to ſee the Duke of Ormond this morning; he aſked me two or three queſtions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: At laſt I told him, that from the time I had ſeen him, I never once thought of Iriſh affairs. He whiſpered me, that he hoped I had done ſome good things here; I ſaid, if every body elſe had done half as much, we ſhould not be as we are: Then we went aſide, and talked over affairs. I told him how all things ſtood, and adviſed him what was to be done. I then went and ſat an hour with the Ducheſs; then as long with Lady Oglethorp, who is ſo cunning a devil, that I believed ſhe could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at Court.

13. I was this morning with the ſecretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well: Will you believe it, ſaid he, if you ſee theſe people turned out? I ſaid, Yes, if I ſaw the Duke and Ducheſs of Somerſet out: He ſwore, if they were not, he would give up his

place.

place. Our ſociety dined to-day at Sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen preſent. Lord Orrery, and two other members, were introduced; I left them at ſeven. I forgot to tell you, that the printer told me yeſterday, that Morphew, the publiſher, was ſent for by that Lord Chief Juſtice, who was a manager againſt Sacheverell: He ſhewed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the reſt, mine, *of the Conduct of the Allies;* threatened him, aſked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foreſee what was coming at Court.

14. Lord Shelburn was with me this morning, to be informed of the ſtate of affairs; and deſired I would anſwer all his objections againſt a peace, which was ſoon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good ſenſe enough; but argues ſo violently, that he will ſome day or other put himſelf into a conſumption. He deſires that he may not be denied when he comes to ſee me, which I promiſed, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne ſet out for Ireland on Monday ſe'nnight; I ſuppoſe they will be with you long before this.—I was to-night drinking very good wine in ſcurvy company, at leaſt ſome of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future: 'Tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They ſay the Occaſional Bill is brought to-day into the Houſe of Lords; but I know

know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it in to the poſt-houſe myſelf. This will be a memorable letter, and I ſhall ſigh to ſee it ſome years hence. Here are the firſt ſteps towards the ruin of an excellent miniſtry: For I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the conſequences.———I now bid my deareſt MD farewell; for company is coming, and I muſt be at Lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, deareſt MD; I wiſh you a merry Chriſtmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Preſto, who loves MD above all things a thouſand times. Farewell again, deareſt MD, &c.

LETTER LXXIV.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

I PUT in my letter this evening myſelf. I was to-day enquiring at the ſecretary's office, of Mr Lewis, how things went: I there met Prior, who told me, he gave all for gone, &c. and was of opinion the whole miniſtry would give up their places next week. Lewis thinks they will not till Spring, when the Seſſion is over; both of them entirely deſpair. I went to ſee Mrs Maſham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Maſham's: He came and whiſpered me, that he had it from a very good hand, that all would be well, and

I found them both very chearful. The company was going to the opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and Lord Treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more chearful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs Masham told me, he was mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnott is in good hopes, that the Queen has not betrayed us; but only has been frightened, and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: But I will take methods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to Court with a very chearful countenance. It was mightily crouded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I avoided Lord Halifax's bow, till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The Duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and, I hear, the Duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have met

him with forty thouſand horſe. Lord Treaſurer told me ſome days ago, of his diſcourſe with the Emperor's reſident, that puppy Hoffman, about Prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my Lord would hinder it, if he could; and we ſhall all be glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I dined to-day with Mrs Van, by invitation.

17. I have miſtaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr Maſham and his Lady, by invitation. Lord Treaſurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who ſpeaks Engliſh well enough: He was plaguy politick, telling a thouſand lies, of which none paſſed upon any of us. We are ſtill in the condition of ſuſpence, and, I think, have little hopes. The Ducheſs of Somerſet is not gone to Petworth; only the Duke; and that is a poor ſacrifice. I believe the Queen certainly deſigns to change the miniſtry; but perhaps may put it off till the ſeſſion is over: And think they had better give up now, if ſhe will not deal openly; and then they need not anſwer for the conſequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They ſay, my Lord Privy-Seal ſets out for Holland this week: So the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and coſt me three ſhillings in coach-hire. We

have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the Conduct, &c. It is in ſmall, and ſold for ſixpence; they have printed as many as three editions, becauſe they are to be ſent in numbers, into the country, by great men, &c. who ſubſcribe for hundreds. It has been ſent a fortnight ago to Ireland; I ſuppoſe you will print it there. The Tory Lords and Commons in parliament argue all from it: And all agree, that never any thing of that kind was of ſo great conſequence, or made ſo many converts. By the time I have ſent this letter, I expect to hear from little MD: It will be a month two days hence ſince I had your laſt, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago; or elſe it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am ſending out another little thing, which I hope to finiſh this week, and deſign to ſend to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed, a Grub-ſtreet ſpeech of Lord Nottingham; and he was ſuch an owl to complain of it in the Houſe of Lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at Court, that Walpole (a great Whig member) ſaid, that I and my whimſical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I ſhould pay for it. He will find he lies; and I ſhall let him know, by a third hand, my thoughts of him. He is to be ſecretary of ſtate, if the miniſtry changes:

But

But he has lately had a bribe proved againſt him in parliament, while he was ſecretary at war. He is one of the Whigs chief ſpeakers.

19. Sad diſmal weather. I went to the ſecretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with Lord Treaſurer. I have not ſeen the ſecretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth deſpairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the ſame mind; but Lord Treaſurer only ſays, Poh, poh, all will be well. I am come home early to finiſh ſomething I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have juſt ſent away a penny paper, to make a little miſchief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Iriſh footman, who was Dr King's ſervant; he died of a conſumption, a fit death for a poor ſtarving wit's footman. The Iriſh ſervants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the ſecretary this morning, and for aught I can ſee, we ſhall have a languiſhing death: I can know nothing, nor themſelves neither. I dined, you know, with our ſociety, and that odious ſecretary would make me preſident next week; ſo I muſt entertain this day ſe'nnight at the Thatched-houſe Tavern, where we dined to-day; it will coſt me five or ſix pounds; yet the ſecretary ſays, he will give me wine. I found a letter, when I came home, from the biſhop of Clogher.

21. This is the firſt time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: It came yeſterday,

and appeared in all due forms, eyes and noſe running, &c. and is now very bad, and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs Van.—I was this morning with the Duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of any thing to comfort us in preſent affairs. We muſt certainly fall, if the Ducheſs of Somerſet be not turned out, and nobody believes the Queen will ever part with her. The Duke and I were ſettling when Mr Secretary and I ſhould dine with him, and he fixt upon Tueſday; and when I came away, I remembered it was Chriſtmas-day. I was to ſee Lady ——, who is juſt up after lying in; and the ugliеſt ſight I have ſeen, pale, dead, old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my ſtomach. But ſhe will ſoon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myſelf diſordered with a pain all round the ſmall of my back, which I imputed to Champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine froſty day, and I reſolved to walk into the city. I called at Lord Treaſurer's at eleven, and ſtaid ſome time with him. He ſhewed me a letter from a great preſbyterian parſon *, to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by paſſing this Conformity bill; and he ſhewed me the anſwer

* This preſbyterian teacher was Mr Shower. Vide his letter to the Lord High Treaſurer of Oxford, and my Lord Treaſurer's anſwer, in the collection of letters printed by Johnſon, 1765, No. 6. and 7.

anſwer he had written; which his friends would not let him ſend; but was a very good one. He is very chearful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dreſſing to go to church, a friend, that was to ſee me, adviſed me not to ſtir out; ſo I ſhall keep at home to-day, and only eat ſome broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold froſt, and ſnow fell yeſterday, which ſtill remains; look, there you may ſee it from the pent-houſes. The Lords made yeſterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover, of a very angry kind, to vex the miniſtry, and they will meet ſooner by a fortnight than the Commons; and they ſay, are preparing ſome knocking addreſſes. Morrow, ſirrahs. I'll ſit at home, and when I go to bed, I will tell you how I am. —I have ſat at home all day, and eaten only a meſs of broth and a roll. I have written a prophecy, which I deſign to print; I did it to-day, and ſome other verſes.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard froſt, and has been ſo theſe three or four days. My prophecy † is printed, and will be publiſhed after Chriſtmas-day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will paſs. You will never underſtand it at your diſtance, without help. I believe every body will gueſs it to

† The Windſor prophecy. Vide his works.

be mine, becauſe it is ſomewhat in the ſame manner with that of Merlin in the Miſcellanies. My Lord Privy-Seal ſet out this day for Holland: He'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half a crown for his Chriſtmas-box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it; becauſe I never deſign to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wiſh deareſt MD a merry Chriſtmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durſt not go to church to-day, finding myſelf a little out of order, and it ſnowing prodigiouſly, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: And there I received the news, that poor Mrs Long died at Lynn in Norfolk, on Saturday laſt, at four in the morning; ſhe was ſick but four hours. We ſuppoſe it was the aſthma, which ſhe was ſubject to as well as the dropſy, as ſhe ſent me word in her laſt letter, written about five weeks ago; but then ſaid, ſhe was recovered. I never was afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her laſt letter, ſhe told me ſhe hoped to be eaſy by Chriſtmas; and ſhe kept her word, although ſhe meant it otherwiſe. She had all ſorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiſcretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thouſand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which ſhe intended to pay her

her debts, and live on an annuity ſhe had, of one hundred pounds a-year, and Newburgh-houſe, which would be about ſixty pounds more. That odious grandmother, living ſo long, forced her to retire; for the two thouſand pounds were ſettled on her after the old woman's death; yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long, would not advance it for her; elſe ſhe might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived ſtill: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Poſt-boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to ſerve her memory: But one reaſon was ſpite; for, her brother would fain have her death a ſecret, to ſave the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the ſake of a poor creature I had ſo much friendſhip for.

26. I went to Mr Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs Maſham's, who deſired me not to let the prophecy be publiſhed, for fear of angering the Queen about the Ducheſs of Somerſet; ſo I writ to the printer to ſtop them. They have been printed, and given about, but not ſold. I ſaw Lord Treaſurer there, who had been two hours with the Queen; and Mrs Maſham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and ſupped at Mr Maſham's, and Lord Treaſurer ſat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

27. I

27. I entertained our ſociety at the Thatched-houſe Tavern to-day at dinner; but Brother Bathurſt ſent for wine, the houſe affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and ſo he brought us dozens a-piece of the prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The froſt ſtill continues violently cold. Mrs Maſham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our ſociety did not part till nine. But I ſupped with Mrs Hill, her ſiſter, and there was Mrs Maſham and Lord Treaſurer, and we ſtayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority againſt next Wedneſday, when the Houſe of Lords is to meet; and the Whigs intend to make ſome violent addreſſes againſt a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us.—It is ſtill prodigiouſly cold; but ſo I told you already. We have eggs on the ſpit, I wiſh they may not be addle. When I came home to-night, I found, forſooth, a letter from MD, N. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the number now? and at the ſame time one from Joe, full of thanks: Let him know I have received it, and am glad of his ſucceſs, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter ſome time ago from Mr Warburton *, and I beg one of you will copy out what I ſhall tell you, and ſend it by ſome opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: The Doctor has received Mr Warburton's letter, and deſires he will let the Doctor know, where

* The Doctor's curate at Laracor.

where that accident he mentions is like ſoon to happen, and he will do what he can in it.—And pray, Madam, let them know, that I do this to ſave myſelf the trouble, and them the expence, of a letter.—And I think this is enough, for one that comes home at twelve from a Lord Treaſurer and Mrs Maſham. Oh, I could tell you ten thouſand things of our mad politics, upon what ſmall circumſtances great affairs have turned. But I will go reſt my buſy head.

28. I was this morning with Brother Bathurſt, to ſee the Duke of Ormond. We have given his Grace ſome hopes to be one of our ſociety. The ſecretary and I, and Bathurſt, are to dine with him on Sunday next. The Duke is not in much hopes, but has been very buſy in endeavouring to bring over ſome Lords againſt next Wedneſday. The Ducheſs catched me as I was going out: She is ſadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with Lord Treaſurer; and I blame her. She met me in the ſtreet at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her cloſet. If we miſcarry on Wedneſday, I believe it will be by ſome ſtrange ſort of neglect. They talk of making eight new Lords, by calling up ſome Peers eldeſt ſons; but they delay ſtrangely. I ſaw Judge Coote to-day at the Duke of Ormond's: He deſires to come and ſee me, to juſtify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not anſwer your's, your 24th, till my next, which

ſhall

ſhall begin to-night, as uſual. Lord Shelburn has ſent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and Lord Ayleſbury's ſons are both made Peers; but we ſhall want more. I write this poſt to your Dean. I owe the Archbiſhop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland, complain of him, and ſcold me for protecting him. Pray, Madam Dingley, let me know what Preſto has received for this year, or whether any thing is due to him for laſt: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other ſide. Farewell, my own deareſt MD, and love Preſto; and God ever bleſs deareſt MD, &c. &c. I wiſh you many happy Chriſtmaſſes and New-Years.

I have owned to the Dean, a letter I juſt had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

Dingley's Accompt.

RECEIVED of Mr Tooke, - -	L.	6	17 6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney, - - - - - - - - -		0	2 6
For the three half-crowns it uſed to coſt you, I don't know why, nor wherefore, - - - - - - - -		0	7 6
For exchange to Ireland, - - -		0	10 0
For coach-hire, - - - - - - -		0	2 6
In all, juſt	L.	8	0 0

So

So there's your money, and we are both even: For I'll pay you no more than eight pounds Iriſh, and pray be ſatisfied.

Churchwarden's accompts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain; to let you know, that we are all ſafe; the Queen has made no leſs than twelve Lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three Peers ſons; and has turned out the Duke of Somerſet. She is awakened at laſt, and ſo is Lord Treaſurer: I want nothing now but to ſee the Ducheſs out. But we ſhall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, firrahs. This is written in a coffee-houſe. Three of the new Lords are of our ſociety.

LETTER LXXV.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Iriſh wine, and we are in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The Queen has been at laſt perſuaded to her own intereſt and ſecurity, and I freely think ſhe muſt have made both herſelf and kingdom very unhappy, if ſhe had done otherwiſe. It is ſtill a mighty ſecret that Maſham is to be one of the new Lords: They ſay he does not yet know it himſelf;

ſelf; but the Queen is to ſurpriſe him with it. Mr Secretary will be a Lord at the end of the ſeſſion; but they want him ſtill in parliament. After all, it is a ſtrange unhappy neceſſity of making ſo many Peers together; but the Queen has drawn it upon herſelf, by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our ſociety.

30. I writ the Dean and you a lie yeſterday; for the Duke of Somerſet is not yet turned out. I was to-day at Court, and reſolved to be very civil to the Whigs; but ſaw few there. When I was in the bed-chamber talking to Lord Rocheſter, he went up to Lady Burlington, who aſked him, who I was; and Lady Sunderland and ſhe whiſpered about me: I deſired Lord Rocheſter to tell Lady Sunderland, I doubted ſhe was not as much in love with me, as I was with her; but he would not deliver my meſſage. The Ducheſs of Shrewſbury came running up to me, and clapt her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but ſighed, when we reflected on the Somerſet family not being out. The ſecretary and I, and Brother Bathurſt, and Lord Windſor, dined with the Duke of Ormond. Bathurſt and Windſor are to be two of the new Lords. I deſired Lord Radnor's brother, at Court to-day, to let my Lord know I would call on him at ſix, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us; and I ſpoke ſo

cloſely, that I believe he will be tractable: But he is a ſcoundrel; and though I ſaid I only talked for my love to him, I told I lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: But every one gained over, is of conſequence. The Duke of Marlborough was at Court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Maſham's being a Lord, begins to take wind: Nothing at Court can be kept a ſecret. Wedneſday will be a great day: You ſhall know more.

31. Our froſt is broken ſince yeſterday, and it is very ſlabbery: Yet I walked to the city, and dined, and ordered ſome things with the printer. I have ſettled Dr King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a-year to him. Our new Lords patents are paſſed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I ſee I have ſaid this before. I hear the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I ſhall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr King to dine with the ſecretary.—Theſe are ſtrong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The laſt miniſtry people are utterly deſperate.

Jan. 1. Now I wiſh my deareſt little MD many happy new-years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, aye and Preſto too, many happy new-years. I dined with the ſecretary, and it is true that the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The Duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot-guards; I know not who has the reſt.

If the miniſtry be not ſure of a peace, I ſhall wonder at this ſtep, and do not approve it at beſt. The Queen and Lord Treaſurer mortally hate the Duke of Marlborough; and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults; unleſs he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confeſs my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world beſides that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by ſeveral great ſoldiers. But we have had conſtant ſucceſs in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt but the French think it impoſſible to conquer an army that he leads, and our ſoldiers think the ſame; and how far even this ſtep may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to ſee perſonal reſentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the Lords meet, and the new Peers to be introduced, I went to Weſtminſter to ſee the ſight: But the crowd was too great in the houſe; ſo I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Manſel, and Lord Windſor; the other ſix I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raiſed ſome difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to ſee Lady Maſham at noon, and wiſh her joy of her new honour, and a happy new-year. I found

found her very well pleaſed; for peerage will be ſome ſort of protection to her, upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and ſup with her and Lord Treaſurer; I went at nine, and ſhe was not at home, ſo I could not ſtay.——No, no, I won't anſwer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I ſee nothing here like Chriſtmas, except brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yeſterday I paid ſeven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern where I treated the ſociety. I have a great mind to ſend you the bill. I think I told you ſome articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the Houſe of Lords, after introducing the new ones. Ford has been ſitting with me 'till peeaſt tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our ſociety day, Lord Dupplin was preſident; we chuſe every week; the laſt preſident treats and chuſes his ſucceſſor. I believe our dinner coſt fifteen pounds, beſides wine. The ſecretary grew briſk, and would not let me go, nor Lord Landſdown, who would fain have gone home to his Lady, being newly married to Lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted; ſo you muſt think I can't write much to-night. The adjourning of the Houſe of Lords yeſterday, as the Queen deſired, was juſt carried by the twelve new Lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have

cured him. Did I tell you, that I have brought Dr King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth above two hundred pounds a year to him: I believe I told you ſo before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toaſted oranges. I'll go ſleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by ſeveral hands. I know not whom. I believe Lord Treaſurer had a finger in it; I added three ſtanzas; I ſuppoſe Dr Arbuthnott had the greateſt ſhare. I have been overſeeing ſome other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my underſtrappers. Somerſet is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the prophecy in Ireland, although it is not publiſhed here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you underſtand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you ſtick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our ſociety yeſterday, for groſs neglect, and non-attendance. I writ to him, by order, to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, ſecretary to the Treaſurer, and couſin-german to Lord Treaſurer. He is going to Hanover from the Queen. I am to give the Duke of Ormond notice of his election, as ſoon as I can ſee him.

5. I went this morning with a pariſhioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds; and a roguiſh lawyer

lawyer had refuſed to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a ſharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was reſolved to ſtand by him; and the next news was, that the lawyer deſired I would meet him, and atteſt he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the ſpot. I then viſited Lord Treaſurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerſet family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man ſaid, by, &c. Then I went and viſited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almoſt blind of both. I dined with ſome merchants in the city, but could not ſee Stratford, with whom I had buſineſs. Preſto, leave off your impertinence, and anſwer our letter, ſayeth MD. Yes, yes, one of theſe days, when I have nothing elſe to do. Oh! faith, this letter is a week written, and not one ſide done yet.—Theſe ugly ſpots are not tobacco, but this is the laſt gilt ſheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was ſurpriſed, when they gave him bits of paper inſtead of money; but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers: He could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Iriſh way. Ben Tooke and my printer have deſired me to make them ſtationers to the ordnance, of which Lord Rivers is maſter inſtead of the Duke of Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a-year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to Earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account: But that he heard I had intended to engage Mr Secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so; but that however he did it only for my sake. This is a Court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs Wesley (who is very much out of order) instead of going to church; and then I went to Court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing Prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester-House; but he was not to see the Queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went, at six, to see the Prince at Court; but he was gone in to the Queen; and when he came out, Mr Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened him from me with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: As Prince Eugene was going with Mr Secretary to Court, he told the secretary, that Hoffman, the Emperor's resident, said to his Highness, that it was not proper to go to Court without a long wig, and his was a tyed-up one: Now, says the Prince, I knew not what

to

to do; for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have ſent to all my valets and footmen, to ſee whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it; but none of them has any.—Was not this ſpoken very greatly, with ſome ſort of contempt? But the ſecretary ſaid, It was a thing of no conſequence, and only obſerved by gentlemen-uſhers. I ſupped with Lord Maſham, where Lord Treaſurer and Mr Secretary ſupped with us; the firſt left us at twelve, but the reſt did not part till two; yet I have written all this becauſe it is freſh; and now I'll go ſleep, if I can; that is, I believe I ſhall, becauſe I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the Duke of Ormond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our ſociety, and to invite him on Thurſday next to the Thatched-houſe: He has accepted it with the gratitude and humility ſuch a preferment deſerves; but cannot come till the next meeting, becauſe Prince Eugene is to dine with him that day; which I allowed for a good excuſe, and will report accordingly. I dined with Lord Maſham, and ſat there till eight this evening, and came home, becauſe I was not very well, but a little griped: But now I am well again; I will not go, at leaſt but very ſeldom, to Lord Maſham's ſuppers. Lord Treaſurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late ſitting up, does not agree with me; there's the ſhort and the long, and I won't do it; ſo take

your

your anſwer, dear little young women; and I have no more to ſay to you to-night, becauſe of the archbiſhop; for I am going to write a long letter to him; but not ſo politickly as formerly: I won't truſt him.

8. Well; then come, let us ſee this letter; if I muſt anſwer it, I muſt. What's here now? Yes, faith, I lamented my birth-day two days * after, and that's all; and you rhyme, Madam Stella; were thoſe verſes made upon my birth-day? Faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and ſaid them over a thouſand times; they drank your health in all their glaſſes, and wiſhed, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What; no, I believe it was not: What do I ſay upon the eighth of December? Compare, and ſee whether I ſay ſo. I am glad of Mrs Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad: Your Dolly Manley's and Biſhop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am ſorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir George St George dead. Go, cry, Madam Dingley; I have written to the Dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wiſh all he has got, may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like light'ning; they coſt me twelvepence a-week, beſides ſmall-coal. I have got four new caps, Madam, very fine and convenient, with ſtriped cambrick inſtead of muſlin; ſo Patrick need

* Dr Swift, upon his birth-day, uſed always to read the third chapter of Job.

need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella ſnatched Dingley's words out of her pen; Preſto a cold? Why all the world here is dead with them: I never had any thing like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box: How do you like this ivory raſp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I'm ſure I ſhall never be paid it: So all's well again. What the quarrel with Sir John Walters? Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone. And Lord Keeper and Treaſurer teazed me for a week; it was nuts to them; a ſerious thing with a vengeance. The Whigs may ſell their eſtates then, or hang themſelves, as they are diſpoſed; for a peace there will be. Lord Treaſurer told me, that Conolly was going to Hanover. Your Provoſt is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl, for not being angry when I tell her of ſpelling; I ſee none wrong in this. God Almighty be praiſed, that your diſorders leſſen; it encreaſes my hopes mightily, that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? Never mind thoſe reports; I have heard them five hundred times. Replevi! Replevin, ſimpleton, 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and ſo I'll excuſe it. I ſtated Dingley's accompt in my laſt. I forgot Catharine's ſevenpenny dinner. I hope it was beef-ſteaks; I'll call and eat them in Spring: But goody Stoyte muſt give me coffee or green

green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, aye, the pamphlet; but there are ſome additions to the fourth edition: The fifth edition was of four thouſand, in a ſmaller print, ſold for ſixpence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from Parviſol; and what then? Pray, now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my laſt. And ſo, there now, your whole letter is anſwered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and anſwer what is neceſſary; and ſo, and ſo. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I deſigned to retire for ſix months, and then ſteal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth, a thouſand times, two lines of Shakeſpear, where Cardinal Wolſey ſays,

" A weak old man, battered with ſtorms of ſtate,
" Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon, I have cheated you all this margin; I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; aukward ſluts, *ſhe writes ſo ſo, there* *: That's as like as two eggs a penny——*A weak old man*, now am I ſaying it, and ſhall till to-morrow.——The Duke of Marlborough ſays, 'There is nothing he now deſires ſo much, as to contrive ſome way how to ſoften Dr Swift. He is miſtaken; for thoſe things that have

* Theſe words in the manuſcript, imitate Stella's writing, and are ſloped the wrong way.

have been hardeſt againſt him, were not written by me. Mr Secretary told me this from a friend of the Duke's; and I'm ſure, now he is down, I ſhall not trample on him; although I love him not, I diſlike his being out—Bernage was to ſee me this morning, and gave ſome very indifferent excuſes for not calling here ſo long. I care not twopence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the Duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was laſt night at Lady Betty Germain's aſſemblée, and a vaſt number of ladies to ſee him. Mr Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to ſee the Duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the Cockpit at one, but never came. I ſat, too, ſome time with the Ducheſs. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be buſy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go ſleep laſt night till paſt two, and was waked before three, by a noiſe of people endeavouring to break open my window; for a while I would not ſtir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noiſe continued, I roſe and went to the window, and then it ceaſed: I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently; then I roſe, and called up the houſe, and got a candle: The rogues had lifted up the ſaſh a yard; there are great ſheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a ſtory high; and if they get upon the ſheds, they are almoſt even with my window. We obſerved their track, and panes of glaſs freſh broken.

The

The watchmen told us to-day they ſaw them, but could not catch them; they attacked others in the neighbourhood, about the ſame time, and actually robbed a houſe in Suffolk-Street, which is the next ſtreet but one to us. It is ſaid, they are ſeamen diſcharged from ſervice. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it ſeems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a ſad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland, I will diſcard him. I have this day got double iron-bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hid my purſe in my thread-ſtocking, between the bed's head and the wain-ſcot. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the Duke of Douglas, and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our ſociety-day, you know; but the Duke of Ormond could not be with us, becauſe he dined with Prince Eugene. It coſt me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verſes upon monkies, applying the ſtory to the Duke of Marlborough; the reſt gave two guineas, except the two phyſicians, who followed my example. I don't like this cuſtom; the next time I will give nothing. I ſat this evening at Lord Maſham's with Lord Treaſurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the poſture of things well. We cannot be ſtout, till Somerſet's out; as the old ſaying is.

11. Mr Lewis and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the moſt elegantly

of any man I know in town: I walkt luſtily in the Park by moon-ſhine till eight, to ſhake off my dinner and wine; and then went to ſup at Mr Domville's with Ford, and ſtaid till twelve. It is told me to-day, as a great ſecret, that the Duke of Somerſet will be out ſoon; that the thing is fixt; but what ſhall we do with the Ducheſs? They ſay, the Duke will make her leave the Queen out of ſpite, if he be out. It has ſtuck upon that fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, N. 25. O Lord! I did not expect one this fortnight, faith! You are mighty good, that's certain; but I won't anſwer it, becauſe this goes to-morrow. Only, what you ſay of the printer being taken up, I value it not; all's ſafe there: Nor do I fear any thing, unleſs the miniſtry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I ſhall be in Ireland before ſuch a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the ſeſſion, if the Whigs deſigns had gone on. Have not you an apron by Leigh, Madam Stella? Have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as uſual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather theſe two or three days laſt. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

London, Jan. 12, 1711-12.

WHEN I ſealed up my letter this morning, I lookt upon myſelf not to be worth a groat in the world. Laſt night, after Mr Ford and I left Domville, Ford deſired me to go with him for a minute upon earneſt buſineſs, and then told me that both he and I were ruined: For he had truſted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery; and he had been with Stratford, who confeſſed he had loſt fifteen thouſand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans, who broke laſt week; that he concluded Stratford muſt break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him ſeveral excuſes, which ſeemed very blind ones, &c. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the South-Sea Company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philoſophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my uſual time, above a quarter of an hour. This morning I ſent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the ſtock of Stratford, and ſettle things with him. He told me, I was ſecure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South-Sea houſe, and he had accepted it for me, and all

all was done on ſtampt parchment. However, he would be further informed; and, at night, ſent me a note to confirm me. However I am not yet ſecure; and, beſides, am in pain for Ford, whom I firſt brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment: The Lord Manſel told me at Court to-day, that I was engaged to him: But Stratford had promiſed Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He did ſo; ſaid he had hopes to ſave himſelf in his affair with Evans. Ford aſked him for his tickets: He ſaid he would ſend them to-morrow; but looking in his pocket-book, ſaid he believed he had ſome of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; beſides, he talked ſo frankly, that we think there is no danger. I aſked him, was there any more to be ſettled between us in my my affair? He ſaid, No; and anſwered my queſtions juſt as Tooke had got them from others; ſo I hope I am ſafe. This has been a ſcurvy affair. I believe Stella would have half laughed at me, to ſee a ſuſpicious fellow, like me, over-reached. I ſaw Prince Eugene to-day at Court. I don't think him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough, and a good ſhape.

14. The parliament was to ſit to-day; and met; but were adjourned, by the Queen's directions, till Thurſday. She deſigns to make ſome

important ſpeech then. She pretended illneſs: But I believe they were not ready, and they expect ſome oppoſition; and the Scotch Lords are angry, and muſt be pacified. I was this morning to invite the Duke of Ormond to our ſociety on Thurſday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow, about ſome buſineſs: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain Lord; but I doubt we ſhall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with Lord Treaſurer, but I was told he would be buſy; ſo I dined with Mrs Van; and at night I ſat with Lord Maſham till one. Lord Treaſurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: He was in a very good humour: I brought home two flaſks of Burgundy in my chair: I wiſh MD had them. You ſee it is very late; ſo I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I preſented my printer and bookſeller to Lord Rivers, to be ſtationers to the Ordnance: Stationers, that's the word; I did not write it plain at firſt. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a-year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them, the Doctor commanded him, and he durſt not refuſe it. I would have dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day again; but Lord Manſel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the Duke of Ormond to-day at the Cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot

cannot do the miſchief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the Duke for his kindneſs to their people in Ireland. To ſee a dozen ſcoundrels with their hats on, and the Duke complimenting with his off, was a good ſight enough. I ſat this evening with Sir William Robinſon, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine; and it is paſt twelve.

16. This day being faſt-day, Dr Friend and I went into the city to dine late, like good faſters. My printer and bookſeller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, becauſe it was enjoyed before by a ſtationer, altho' it be to ſerve the Ordnance with oil, tallow, &c. and is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* more: I will try what I can do. They are reſolved to aſk ſeveral other employments of the ſame nature to other offices; and I will then greaſe fat ſows, and ſee whether it be poſſible to ſatisfy them. Why am not I a ſtationer? The parliament ſits to-morrow, and Walpool, late ſecretary at war, is to be ſwinged for bribery; and the Queen is to communicate ſomething of great importance to the two houſes, at leaſt they ſay ſo. But I muſt think of anſwering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the Duke of Ormond, about ſome buſineſs; and he told me he could not dine with us to day, being to dine with Prince Eugene. Thoſe of our ſociety of the Houſe of Commons could not be with us, the

Houſe ſitting late on Walpool. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept ſome dinner for them. I hope Walpool will be ſent to the Tower, and expelled the Houſe: But, this afternoon, the members I ſpoke with in the Court of Requeſts, talked dubiouſly about it. It will be a leading card to maul the Duke of Marlborough for the ſame crime, or at leaſt to cenſure him. The Queen's meſſage was only to give them notice of the peace ſhe is treating, and to deſire they will make ſome law to prevent libels againſt the government; ſo farewell to Grub-ſtreet.

18. I heard to-day, that the commoners of our ſociety did not leave the parliament till eleven at night; then went to thoſe I left, and ſtay'd till three in the morning. Walpool is expelled, and ſent to the Tower. I was this morning again with Lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookſeller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have the Duke of Somerſet out, and he apprehends it will not be; but I hope better. They are going now at laſt to change the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms: My friend Sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a ſmall pamphlet, and ſend it to the preſs, that I might not be known for author; 'tis *A Letter to the October Club*, if ever you heard of ſuch a thing.——Methinks this

this letter goes on but ſlowly for almoſt a week; I want ſome little converſation with MD, and to know what they are doing juſt now. I am ſick of politicks. I have not dined with Lord Treaſurer theſe three weeks; he chides me, but I don't care; I don't.

19. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer; this is his day of choice company; where they ſometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on ſome extraordinary buſineſs; the keeper, ſteward, both ſecretaries, Lord Rivers, and Lord Angleſey. I left them at ſeven, and came away, and have been writing to the biſhop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him, ſince Sir George St George's death; but I have directed to the ſame houſe: You muſt tell me better; for the letter is ſent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you; for I won't anſwer two letters together. The Duke of Somerſet is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he had the ſame with the Queen, when he was maſter of the horſe: We hope the Ducheſs will follow, or that he will take her away in ſpite. Lord Treaſurer, I hope, has now ſaved his head. Has the Dean received my letter? Aſk him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at Court, to ſee Prince Eugene; but all bit, for he did not come. I ſaw the Ducheſs of Somerſet talking with the Duke of Buckingham; ſhe looked

looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The Queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. - Muſt I fill this line too * ? Well then, ſo let it be. The Duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our ſociety ; ſhall we let him ? I ſpoke to the Duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They ſay the Duke of Somerſet is adviſed by his friends, to let his wife ſtay with the Queen ; I am ſorry for it. I dined with the ſecretary to-day, with mixt company ; I don't love it. Our ſociety does not meet till Friday, becauſe Thurſday will be a buſy day in the Houſe of Commons ; for then the Duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into, about the penſion pay'd him by thoſe that furniſhed bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the Duke of Ormond, about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it : I uſed him like a dog this morning for it. I was aſked to-day, by ſeveral in the court of requeſts, Whether it was true that the author of the Examiner † was taken up, in an action of twenty thouſand pounds, by the Duke of Marlborough ? I dined in the city, where my printer ſhewed me a pamphlet, called, *Advice to the October Club*, which

* It is the laſt of the page, and written cloſe to the edge of the page.

† Upon the 10th and 17th of this month, the Examiner was very ſevere upon the Duke of Marlborough ; and in conſequence of this report, purſued him with greater virulence in the following courſe of his papers. But Swift was not the writer of the Examiner at that period,

which he ſaid was ſent him by an unknown hand. I commended it mightily; he never ſuſpected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home, and got timely to bed; but about eleven, one of the ſecretary's ſervants came to me, to let me know that Lord Treaſurer would immediately ſpeak with me, at Lord Maſham's, upon earneſt buſineſs; and that if I was a-bed, I ſhould riſe and come. I did ſo; Lord Treaſurer was above with the Queen; and when he came down, he laughed, and ſaid it was not he that ſent for me: The buſineſs was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I ſtay'd with them till paſt one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolics! I thought to have anſwered your letter.

22. Doctor Gaſtrel was to ſee me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Chriſt-church, and one I love very well: He ſaid, He was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I aſked, what he meant? Why, ſays he, have you not ſeen the Grub-ſtreet paper, that ſays Dr Swift was taken up as the author of the Examiner, on an action of twenty thouſand pounds, and was now at James Broad's (who, I ſuppoſe, is ſome bailiff)? I knew nothing of this; but at the court of requeſts, twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lanſdown obſerved to the ſecretary and me, that the Whigs ſpread three lies yeſterday *; that, about me;

* Theſe lies are all particularly mentioned by the Examiner, N. 10, dated Feb. 7. 1711-12.

me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out laſt Summer, is again reſtored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commiſſion for Lieutenant of the Tower is ſtopt, and that Cadogan is to continue. Lanſdown thinks they have ſome deſign by theſe reports; I cannot gueſs it. Did I tell you that Sacheverell has deſired mightily to come and ſee me? but I have put it off: He has heard that I have ſpoken to the ſecretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who deſires an employment. T'other day, at the court of requeſts, Dr Yalden ſaluted me by name; Sacheverell, who was juſt by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgements and compliments. Laſt night I deſired Lord Treaſurer to do ſomething for that brother of Sacheverell's: He ſaid he never knew he had a brother; but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his meaſures accordingly; but he ſhall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the ſecretary, left him at ſix, paid a viſit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the ſecretary; but could not diſpatch ſome buſineſs I had with him, he has ſo much beſides upon his hands at this juncture; and preparing againſt the great buſineſs to-morrow, which we are all top full of. The miniſter's deſign is, that the Duke of Marlborough ſhall be cenſured as gently as poſſible, provided

provided his friends will not make head to defend him; but if they do, it may end in ſome ſeverer votes. A Gentleman who was juſt now with him, tells me he is much caſt down, and fallen away; but he is poſitive, if he has but ten friends in the houſe, that they ſhall defend him to the utmoſt, and endeavour to prevent the leaſt cenſure upon him; which I think cannot be, ſince the bribery is manifeſt: Sir Solomon Medina paid him ſix thouſand pounds a-year, to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the Duke owns it in his letter to the commiſſioners of accounts. I was to-night at Lord Maſham's; Lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the ſecretary read a great deal of it to Lord Treaſurer; they all commended it to the ſkies, and ſo did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt Lord Treaſurer ſuſpected: For he ſaid, This is Dr Davenant's ſtyle; which is his cant when he ſuſpects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord Treaſurer put the pamphlet in his pocket, to read at home. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow.

24. The ſecretary made me promiſe to dine with him to-day, after the parliament was up; I ſaid I would come; but I dined at my uſual time, knowing the Houſe would ſit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr Domville, and another gentleman; I have not done ſo before theſe many months. At ten this evening, I went to the ſecretary, but he was not come home;

home; I ſat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he juſt came as I was gone, and he ſent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and ſo I know not how things have paſſed; but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The ſecretary ſent to me this morning, to know whether we ſhould dine together; I went to him, and there I learnt, that the queſtion went againſt the Duke of Marlborough, by a majority of a hundred; ſo the miniſtry is mighty well ſatisfied, and the Duke will now be able to do no hurt. The ſecretary and I, and Lord Maſham, &c. dined with Lieutenant-General Withers, who is juſt going to look after the army in Flanders: The ſecretary and I left them a little after ſeven, and I am come home, and will now anſwer your letter, becauſe this goes to-morrow: Let me ſee.—The box at Cheſter; oh! burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have deſired one to enquire for it, who went towards Ireland laſt Monday, but am in utter deſpair of it.—No, I was not ſplenetick; you ſee what plunges the Court has been at to ſet all right again. And that Ducheſs is not out yet, and may one day cauſe more miſchief. Somerſet ſhews all about, a letter from the Queen, deſiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley ſmelt a rat; becauſe the Whigs are upiſh; but if ever I hear that word again, I'll uppiſh you. I am glad you

got your raſp ſafe and ſound; does Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of ſucceſſion are puppies; that's an anſwer to the objection. The anſwerers here made the ſame objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that Lord Marlborough is uſed too hardly: I have often ſcratched out paſſages from papers and pamphlets ſent me before they were printed; becauſe I thought them too ſevere. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no ſort of merit beſide the military. The Examiners are good for little: I would fain have hindered the ſeverity of the two or three laſt, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for whoſe honeſty I will engage. And I think it is beſt, not to venture them with me at ſea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling ſo very poſitively, that all would be well. Duke of Ormond ſpeak againſt peace? No, ſimpleton: He is one of the ſtaunchеſt we have for the miniſtry. Neither trouble yourſelf about the printer: He appeared the firſt day of term, and is to appear when ſummoned again; but nothing elſe will come of it. Lord Chief Juſtice is cooled ſince this new ſettlement. No; I will not ſplit my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: But you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t' other half next week. So now your letter is anſwered. (Pox on theſe blots!) What muſt I ſay more? I will ſet out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather;

unleſs the miniſtry deſire me to ſtay till the end of the ſeſſion, which may be a month longer: But I believe they will not; for I ſuppoſe the peace will be made, and they will have no further ſervice for me. I muſt make my canal fine this Summer, as fine as I can. I am afraid I ſhall ſee great neglects among my quickſets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river-walk, are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finiſh this letter this morning, and am come home ſo late I muſt give it to the bell-man; but I would have it go to-night, leſt you ſhould think there is any thing in the ſtory of my being arreſted in an action of twenty thouſand pounds by Lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and conſequently, I ſuppoſe, gone to Ireland. Farewell, deareſt MD, &c. &c.

LETTER LXXVII.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this ſize, ſo you muſt be content with plain. Our ſociety dined together to-day; for it was put off, as I told you, upon Lord Marlborough's buſineſs on Thurſday. The Duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the firſt time: We were thirteen at table; and Lord Lanſdown came in after dinner, ſo that we wanted but three. The ſecretary propoſed

poſed the Duke of Beaufort, who deſires to be one of our ſociety; but I ſtopt it, becauſe the Duke of Ormond doubts a little about it, and he was gone before it was propoſed. I left them at ſeven, and ſat this evening with poor Mrs Weſley, who has been mighty ill to-day with a fainting fit: She has often convulſions too; ſhe takes a mixture with aſſa fœtida, which I have now in my noſe; and every thing ſmel's of it. I never ſmelt it before, 'tis abominable. We have eight pacquets, they ſay, due from Ireland.

27. I could not ſee Prince Eugene at Court to-day, the crowd was ſo great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he ſets out from any place. When the Ducheſs of Hamilton came from the Queen after church, ſhe whiſpered me that ſhe was going to pay me a viſit: I went to Lady Oglethorp's, the place appointed; for ladies always viſit me in third places, and ſhe kept me till near four: She talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I ſhall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with Lord Maſham; they ſtaid as long as they could, yet had almoſt dined, and were going in anger to pull down the braſs peg for my hat, but Lady Maſham ſaved it. At eight I went again to Lord Maſham's; Lord Treaſurer is generally there at night: We ſat up till almoſt two. Lord Treaſurer has engaged me to con-

trive ſome way to keep the archbiſhop of York from being ſeduced by Lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, ſo I muſt go ſleep.

28. Poor Mrs Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropſy and ſore leg; the printer tells me, he is afraid ſhe cannot live long. I am heartily ſorry for her; ſhe has very generous principles for one of her ſort, and a great deal of good ſenſe and invention: She is about forty, very homely, and very fat. Mrs Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the Duke of Ormond, and the prolocutor, about what Lord Treaſurer ſpoke to me yeſterday; I know not what will be the iſſue. There is but a ſlender majority in the Houſe of Lords; and we want more. We are ſadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Braſil, from the Portugueſe. The ſixth edition of three thouſand of the *Conduct of the Allies* is ſold, and the printer talks of a ſeventh: Eleven thouſand of them have been ſold; which is a moſt prodigious run. The little twopenny Letter of *Advice to the October Club*, does not ſell; I know not the reaſon; for it is finely written, I aſſure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, becauſe it does not ſell: You know that is uſual to writers, to condemn the judgment of the world: If I had hinted it to be mine, every body would have bought it; but it is a great ſecret.

29. I

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of Contes de Fees *, and have been reading them theſe two days, although I have much buſineſs on my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr Lewis at his office: And the vice-chamberlain told me, that Lady Ryalton had yeſterday reſigned her employment of Lady of the bed-chamber; and that Lady Jane Hyde, Lord Rocheſter's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to ſucceed: He ſaid too, that Lady Sunderland would reſign in a day or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to ſee Mrs Weſley, who is better to-day. But you muſt know, that Mr Lewis gave me two letters, one from the biſhop of Cloyne, with an incloſed from Lord Inchequin to Lord Treaſurer; which he deſires I would deliver and recommend. I am told, that Lord was much in with Lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the Lords Juſtices, by his recommendation; yet the biſhop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little fancy MD, N. 26. O Lord! never ſaw the like; under a cover too, and by way of journal! We ſhall never have done. Sirrahs! how durſt you write ſo ſoon, ſirrahs? I won't anſwer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the ſecretary, who was ſick, and out of humour: He would needs drink Champagne ſome days ago, on purpoſe to

* Tales of the Fairies.

ſpite me, becauſe I adviſed him againſt it, and now he pays for it: Stella uſed to do ſuch tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has reſigned her place too. It is Lady Catharine Hyde that ſucceeds Lady Ryalton, and not Lady Jane. Lady Catharine is the late Earl of Rocheſter's daughter. I dined with the ſecretary, then viſited his lady; and ſat this evening with Lady Maſham: The ſecretary came to us; but Lord Treaſurer did not; he dined with the maſter of the rolls, and ſtaid late with him. Our ſociety does not meet till to-morrow ſe'nnight, becauſe we think the parliament will be very buſy to-morrow upon the ſtate of the war; and the ſecretary, who is to treat as preſident, muſt be in the Houſe. I fancy my talking of perſons and things here, muſt be very tedious to you, becauſe you know nothing of them; and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's-ſtreet, and Werburgh-ſtreet, and (what do you call the ſtreet where Mrs Walls lives?) and Ingoldſby, and Higgins, and Lord Santry; but what care you for Lady Catharine Hyde? Why do you ſay nothing of your health, ſirrah? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, biſhop of Norwich, who was with this Lord Sunderland at Moor-park in their travels, preached yeſterday before the Houſe of Lords; and to-day the queſtion was put, to thank him, and print his ſermon; but paſſed againſt him; for it was a terrible Whig ſermon. The bill to repeal the Act for naturalizing Proteſtant foreigners, paſſed the Houſe of Lords to-day, by

a majority of twenty, though the Scotch Lords went out, and would vote neither way, in diſcontent about Duke Hamilton's patent, if you know any thing of it. A poem is come out to-day, inſcribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a Whiggiſh poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requeſts. I dined with Lord Treaſurer at five, alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior is now a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms. I told you ſo before, I ſuppoſe. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr Sacheverell *, thanking me for recommending his brother to Lord Treaſurer and Mr Secretary, for a place. Lord Treaſurer ſent to him about it: So good a ſolicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I ſhould be a ſolicitor for Sacheverell.

Feb. 1. Has not your Dean of St Patrick's received my letter? You ſay nothing of it, altho' I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a moſt delicious day; why don't you obſerve whether the ſame days be fine with you? To-night, at ſix, Dr Atterbury and Prior, and I and Dr Friend, met at Dr Robert Friend's houſe at Weſtminſter, who is maſter of the ſchool: There we ſat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell Politick Dingley, that the paſſage in *The Conduct of the Allies*, is ſo far from being blameable,

* This letter is to be found in the late Collection by Dodſley, &c. No. 58.

able, that the ſecretary deſigns to inſiſt upon it in the Houſe of Commons, when the treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now ſhortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of *Advice to the October Club*, begins now to ſell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'Tis finely written, I aſſure you. I long to anſwer your letter; but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This day ends Chriſtmas; and what care I? I have neither ſeen, nor felt, nor heard any Chriſtmas this year. I paſſed a lazy dull day: I was this morning with Lord Treaſurer, to get ſome papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own buſineſs. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my meaſures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening ſat with Lord Maſham till twelve. Lord Treaſurer did not come; this is an idle dining day uſually with him. We want to hear from Holland, how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of thoſe ſcoundrels the Dutch, leſt they ſhould play us tricks. Lord Marr, a Scotch Earl, was with us at Lord Maſham's; I was arguing with him about the ſtubbornneſs and folly of his countrymen; they are ſo angry about the affair of Duke Hamilton, whom the Queen has made a Duke of England, and the Houſe of Lords will not admit him: He ſwears he would vote for us, but dare not; becauſe all Scotland would

would deteſt him if he did; he ſhould never be choſen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at Court to-day, to look for a dinner; but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with Lord Mountjoy. The Queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail; but I know not what news, although I was with the ſecretary this morning. He ſhewed me a letter from the Hanover envoy, Mr Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier treaty is laid before the Houſe of Commons: And deſiring, that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the ſucceſſion; but the ſecretary has written him a peppering anſwer. I fancy you underſtand all this, and are able ſtates-girls, ſince you have read the *Conduct of the Allies*. We are all preparing againſt the birth-day, I think it is Wedneſday next. If the Queen's gout encreaſes, it will ſpoil ſport. Prince Eugene has two fine ſuits made againſt it; and the Queen is to give him a ſword worth four thouſand pounds, the diamonds ſet tranſparent.

4. I was this morning ſoliciting at the Houſe of Commons door for Mr Veſey, a ſon of the archbiſhop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a Bill to relieve him in ſome difficulty about his eſtate; I ſecured him about fifty members. I dined with Lady Maſham. We have no pacquet from Holland, as I was told yeſterday; and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birth-day, who expected cloaths from Hol-

land.

land. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the ſecretary's to-night, and they both failed. The Houſe of Commons have this day made many ſevere votes, about our being abuſed by our allies. Thoſe, who ſpoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the Court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: All agree, that it was my book that ſpirited them to theſe reſolutions; I long to ſee them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wiſh it for ſome days paſt; but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The ſecretary turned me out of his room this morning, and ſhewed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give to ſome French ſpy. I dined with four Iriſhmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had reſolved againſt it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at Lady Maſham's, but I only played for her while ſhe was writing; and I won her a pool, and ſupt there. Lord Treaſurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The Ladies and Lords have all their cloaths ready againſt to-morrow: I ſaw ſeveral mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in ſpite of that ſpiteful French faſhion of the Whiggiſh Ladies, not to come, which they have all reſolved to a woman; and I hope it will more ſpirit the Queen againſt them for ever.

6. I went to dine at Lord Maſham's at three, and met all the company juſt coming out of Court;

Court; a mighty crowd; they ſtaid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of ſeeing ſeveral Lords and Ladies of my acquaintance, in their fineries. Lady Aſhburnham looked the beſt in my eyes. They ſay, the Court was never fuller, nor finer. Lord Treaſurer, his Lady, and two daughters, and Mrs Hill, dined with Lord and Lady Maſham; the five Ladies were monſtrous fine. The Queen gave Prince Eugene the diamond ſword to-day; but nobody was by when ſhe gave it, except my Lord Chamberlain. There was an entertainment of Opera ſongs at night, and the Queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I ſaw Lady Wharton, as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd, all in an undreſs; ſhe had been with the Marlborough daughters and Lady Bridgwater in St James's, looking out of the window, all undreſſed, to ſee the fight. I do not hear that one Whig Lady was there, except thoſe of the bed-chamber. Nothing has made ſo great a noiſe as one Kelſon's chariot, that coſt nine hundred and thirty pounds, the fineſt was ever ſeen. The rabble huzza'd him, as much as they did Prince Eugene. This is birth-day chat.

7. Our ſociety met to-day, the Duke of Ormond was not with us; we have leſſened our dinners, which were grown ſo extravagant, that Lord Treaſurer, and every body elſe, cried ſhame. I left them at ſeven, viſited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The Queen

is

is much better after yeſterday's exerciſe: Her friends wiſh ſhe would uſe a little more. I oppoſed Lord Jerſey's election into our ſociety, and he is refuſed; I likewiſe oppoſed the Duke of Beaufort, but I believe he will be choſen in ſpite of me: I don't much care; I ſhall not be with them above two months; for I reſolve to ſet out for Ireland the beginning of April next, (before I treat them again), and ſee my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a ſcoundrel dog, one of the Queen's muſick, a German, whom I had never ſeen, got acceſs to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely deſired me to get an employment in the Cuſtoms for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewiſe to forward a project of his own, for raiſing ten thouſand pounds a-year upon Operas: I uſed him civiller than he deſerved; but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told, I had a mighty intereſt with Lord Treaſurer, and one word of mine, &c.——Well; I got home early on purpoſe to anſwer MD's letter, N. 26; for this goes to-morrow——— Well; I never ſaw ſuch a letter in all my life; ſo ſaucy, ſo journaliſh, ſo ſanguine, ſo pretending, ſo every thing———I ſatisfied all your fears in my laſt: All is gone well, as you ſay. Yet you are an impudent ſlut to be ſo poſitive; you will ſwagger ſo upon your ſagacity, that we ſhall never have done. Pray don't miſlay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it

here: How long is it? I ſuppoſe half a ſheet: Was the anſwer written in Ireland? Yes, yes, you ſhall have a letter when you come from Baligall. I need not tell you again, who's out and who's in: We can never get out the Ducheſs of Somerſet.———So, they ſay Preſto writ the *Conduct*, &c. do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the Reſolutions, printed t' other day in the Votes, are almoſt quotations from it; and would never have paſſed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair ſex it to the world's end. My diſorder is over, but blood was not from the p—les.—Well, Madam Dingley, the froſt: Why, we had a great froſt, but I forget how long ago; it laſted above a week or ten days: I believe about ſix weeks ago; but it did not break ſo ſoon with us I think as December 29th; yet I think it was about that time, on ſecond thoughts. MD can have no letter from Preſto, ſays you; and yet four days before, you own you had my thirty-ſeventh, unreaſonable ſluts! The biſhop of Glouceſter is not dead, and I am as likely to ſucceed the Duke of Marlborough, as him, if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the Duke of Shrewſbury will be your governour; at leaſt I believe the Duke of Ormond will not return.——Well, Stella, again: Why, really, three editions of the *Conduct*, *&c.* is very much for Ireland; it is a ſign you have ſome

honeſt among you.———Well; I will do Mr Manley all the ſervice I can: But he will ruin himſelf. What buſineſs had he to engage at all about the city? Can't he wiſh his cauſe well, and be quiet, when he finds that ſtirring will do it no good, and himſelf a great deal of hurt? I cannot imagine who ſhould open my letter; it muſt be done at your ſide.—If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back, often, for defending him. So now I have anſwered your ſaucy letter. My humble ſervice to goody Stoyte, and Catharine; I will come ſoon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at laſt; but I think I have got a ſmall new one. I have no news ſince laſt. They ſay, we hear by way of Calais, that peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and ſeal up my letter, and give it myſelf to-night into the poſt-office; and ſo I bid my deareſt MD farewell till to-night. I heartily wiſh myſelf with them, as hope ſaved. My willows, and quickſets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard froſty weather yeſterday and to-day. Farewell, &c. &c. &c.*

LET-

* N. B. In the late Collection of Swift's Correſpondence, publiſhed by Dodſley and others, the courſe of theſe Journals is continued from this preſent date, Feb. 9, 1711-12, until the Summer of the year 1713, when the Doctor was made Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin. The firſt of theſe journals, in that Collection, is the fifty-eighth Letter.

LETTER LXXVIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Sept.* 16. 1710.

I RECEIVED your's, by the laſt pacquets, of September the 9th; and becauſe you have miſſed the two biſhops, I ſend you, with this, the papers relating to the firſt-fruits, and twentieth parts. I ſend them in two bundles, being too big for one letter. The biſhops, ſo far as I can learn from the biſhop of Oſſory, have not made any ſtep ſince I left London. I will endeavour to get you a letter from the biſhops, to ſolicit that affair. In the mean time, open the letter to the two biſhops, and make uſe of it as occaſion ſhall ſerve. The ſcheme I had laid for them, is croſſed by my Lord Treaſurer's * being out; tho', perhaps, that would not have done; but her Majeſty's promiſe I depend on, and I had engaged the Archbiſhop of York in it. When he comes to London, I will give you a letter to him. I can likewiſe find means, I believe, to poſſeſs my Lord Shrewſbury and Mr Harley with the reaſonableneſs of the affair. I am not courtier enough to know the properneſs of the thing; but I had once an imagination to attempt her Majeſty herſelf by a letter, modeſtly putting her

* 'The Earl of Godolphin had reſigned his ſtaff, Aug. 8. 1710.'

in mind of the matter; and no time ſo proper, as when there is no Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which perhaps may be ſoon; but this needs advice.

There are great men here, as much out of humour, as you deſcribe your great viſitee * to have been; nor does the good news from Spain † clear them. I believe, however, they are glad at it, though another would have ſerved their occaſions as well.

I do not apprehend any other ſecret in all this affair, but to get Whigs out of all places of profit and truſt, and to get others in them. As for peace, it muſt be on no other terms than the preliminaries, and you'll find a Tory parliament will give money as freely, and be as eager to proſecute the war, as the Whigs were, or they are not the wiſe men I take them to be. If they do ſo, and take care to have the money well diſpoſed of when given, they will break the King of France's heart, and the Whigs together, and pleaſe the nation ‡. There's an ugly accident that happens here, in relation to our twentieth-parts and firſt-fruits: At Midſummer 1709, there was ready money

* 'Probably the Earl of Godolphin, who was, perhaps, much viſited by his friends and party, after the reſignation of his ſtaff of Lord Treaſurer.'

† 'Probably of the battle near Saragoza, in which King Charles of Spain gained a complete victory, over his competitor King Philip, on the 10th of Auguſt 1710.'

‡ This opinion of ſo great and good a man as Dr King, deſerves particular attention.

money in the treaſury, and good ſolvent debts to the Queen, to the value of 70,000l. Now I am told, by the laſt week's abſtract, there's only 223l. in the treaſury, and the army unpaid, at leaſt uncleared for a year; and all others, except penſioners, in the ſame condition. Now the great motive to prevail with her Majeſty to give the clergy the bounty petitioned for, was the clearneſs of the revenue here; but if that be anticipated, perhaps it may make an objection. I will add no more, but my prayers for you. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR STERNE.

SIR, *London, Sept.* 26. 1710.

ONE would think this an admirable place from whence to fill a letter; yet when I come to examine particulars, I find they either conſiſt of news, which you hear as ſoon by the public papers, or of perſons and things to which you are a ſtranger, and are the wiſer and happier for being ſo. Here have been great men every day reſigning their places; a reſignation as ſincere, as that of an uſurer on his death-bed. Here are ſome, that fear being whipt, becauſe they have broken their rod; and ſome that may be called to an account, becauſe they could not caſt

one up. There are now not much above a dozen great employments to be diſpoſed of, which, according to our computation, may be done in as many days. Patrick * aſſures me, his acquaintance are all very well ſatisfied with theſe changes, which I take for no ill ſymptom; and it is certain, the Queen has never appeared ſo eaſy, or ſo chearful. I found my Lord Godolphin the worſt diſſembler of any of them that I have talked to; and no wonder, ſince his loſs and danger are greater, beſides the addition of age and complexion. My Lord Lieutenant † is gone to the country, to buſtle about elections. He is not yet removed; becauſe, they ſay, it will be requiſite to ſuperſede him by a ſucceſſor, which the Queen has not fixed on; nor is it agreed whether the Duke of Shrewſbury or Ormond ‡ ſtand faireſt. I ſpeak only for this morning, becauſe reports uſually change every twenty-four hours. Mean time, the pamphlets and half-ſheets grow ſo upon our hands, it well very well employ a man every day, from morning till night, to read them, and ſo, out of perfect deſpair, I never read any at all. The Whigs, like an army beat three quarters out of the field, begin to ſkirmiſh, but faintly; and deſerters daily come over. We are amazed to find our miſtakes, and how it was poſſible to ſee ſo much merit where there was none,

* Dr Swift's ſervant. † "Earl of Wharton."

‡ The Duke of Ormond was appointed Lord Lieutenant, October 26, 1710.

none, and to overlook it where there was ſo much. When a great miniſter has loſt his place, immediately virtue, honour, and wit, fly over to his ſucceſſor, with the other enſigns of his office. Since I left off writing, I received a letter from my Lord Archbiſhop of Dublin, or rather two letters upon theſe memorials. I think immediately to begin my ſoliciting, though they are not very perfect; for I would be glad to know whether my Lord Archbiſhop would have the ſame method taken here, that has been done in England, to ſettle it by parliament: But, however, that will be time enough thought of this good while.

I muſt here tell you, that the Dean of St Patrick's lives better than any man of quality I know; yet this day I dined with the Comptroller *, who tells me, he drinks the Queen's wine to-day. I ſaw Colleſtor Sterne, who deſired me to preſent his ſervice to you, and to tell you he would be glad to hear from you, but not about buſineſs; by which, I told him, I gueſſed he was putting you off about ſomething you deſired.

I would much rather be now in Ireland, drinking your good wine, and looking over, while you loſt a crown at penny ombre. I am weary of the careſſes of great men out of place. The comptroller expects every day the Queen's commands to break his ſtaff. He is the laſt great houſhold officer they intend to turn out. My Lord

* Sir John Holland, Bart.

Lord Lieutenant is yet in, becauſe they cannot agree about his ſucceſſor. I am your moſt obedient humble ſervant, J. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXX.

COPY OF A MEMORIAL OF DR SWIFT TO MR HARLEY, ABOUT THE FIRST-FRUITS.

October 7, 1710.

IN Ireland, hardly one pariſh in ten hath any glebe, and the reſt very ſmall, and ſcattered; except a very few, and theſe have ſeldom any houſes.

There are, in proportion, more impropriations in Ireland than in England, which, added to the poverty of the country, make the livings of very ſmall and uncertain value; ſo that five or ſix are often joined, to make a revenue of 50l. *per annum*: But theſe have ſeldom above one church in repair, the reſt being deſtroyed by frequent wars, &c.

The clergy, for want of glebes, are forced, in their own or neighbouring pariſh, to take farms to live on, at rack rents.

The Queen having ſome years ſince remitted the firſt-fruits to the clergy of England, the biſhop of Cloyne being then in London, did petition her Majeſty for the ſame favour, in behalf of the clergy of Ireland, and received a gracious

gracious anſwer. But this affair, for want of ſoliciting, was not brought to an iſſue, during the governments of the Duke of Ormond, and the Earl of Pembroke.

Upon the Earl of Wharton's ſucceeding, Dr Swift (who had ſolicited this matter in the preceding government) was deſired by the biſhops of Ireland to apply to his Excellency who thought fit to receive the motion as wholly new, and what he could not conſider till he were fixed in the government, and till the ſame application were made to him as had been to his predeceſſors. Accordingly an addreſs was delivered to his Lordſhip, with a petition to the Queen, and a memorial annexed from both Houſes of Convocation; but a diſpute happening in the Lower Houſe, wherein his chaplain was concerned, and which was repreſented by the ſaid chaplain as an affront deſigned to his Excellency, who was pleaſed to underſtand and report it ſo to the Court, the Convocation was ſuddenly prorogued, and all farther thoughts about the firſt-fruits let fall as deſperate.

The ſubject of the petition was to deſire, that the twentieth-parts might be remitted to the clergy, and the firſt-fruits made a fund for purchaſing glebes and impropriations, and rebuilding of churches.

The twentieth-parts are twelve-pence in the pound, paid annually out of the eccleſiaſtical benefices, as they were valued at the Reformation.

They

They amount to about 500l. *per annum*; but of little or no value to the Queen, after the officers and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy.

The firſt-fruits paid by incumbents upon their promotion, amount to 450l. *per annum*; ſo that her Majeſty, in remitting about 1000l. *per annum* to the clergy, will really loſe not above 500l.

Upon Auguſt 31, 1710, the two Houſes of Convocation being met to be farther prorogued, the archbiſhops and biſhops conceiving there was now a favourable juncture to reſume their applications, did, in their private capacities, ſign a power to the ſaid Dr Swift, to ſolicit the remitting the firſt-fruits and twentieth-parts.

But there is a greater burthen than this, and almoſt intolerable, upon ſeveral of the clergy in Ireland; the eaſing of which, the clergy only looked on as a thing to be wiſhed, without making it part of their petition.

The Queen is impropriator of ſeveral pariſhes, and the incumbent pays her, half-yearly, a rent generally to the third part of the real value of the living, and ſometimes half. Some of theſe pariſhes, by the increaſe of graziers, are ſeized on by the Crown, and cannot pay the reſerved rent, The value of all theſe impropriations, are about 2000l. *per annum* to her Majeſty.

If the Queen would graciouſly pleaſe to beſtow likewiſe theſe impropriations to the church, part to be remitted to the incumbent, where the

rent

rent is large, and the living ſmall, and the reſt to be laid out in levying glebes and impropriations, and building of churches, it would be a moſt pious and ſeaſonable bounty.

The utmoſt value of the twentieth-parts, firſt-fruits, and crown-rents, is L. 3000 *per annum*, of which about L. 500 *per annum* is ſunk among officers; ſo that her Majeſty, by this great benefaction, would loſe but L. 2500 *per annum*.

LETTER LXXXI.

DR SWIFT TO DR WILLIAM KING, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

My Lord, *London, Oct.* 10. 1710.

I Had the honour of your Grace's letter of September 16.; but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor ſhall be at any other time, untill I have ſomething that I think worth troubling you; becauſe I know how much an inſignificant letter is worſe than none at all. I had likewiſe your memorial *, &c. in another packet. I ſhould have been glad the biſhops had been here; although I take biſhops to be the worſt ſolicitors in the world, except for themſelves. They cannot give themſelves the little trouble of attendance, that other men are content to ſwallow;

* A memorial of the biſhops and clergy of Ireland, concerning the firſt-fruits and twentieth-parts.

low; elſe, I am ſure, their two Lordſhips might have ſucceeded eaſier, than men of my level are likely to do.

As ſoon as I received the packets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr Harley *. I had prepared him before, by another hand, where he was very intimate; and got myſelf repreſented (which I might juſtly do) as one extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry after ſome obligations, becauſe I refuſed to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in ſome ſort Mr Harley's own caſe. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greateſt marks of kindneſs and eſteem; as I was whiſpered he would; and the more upon the ill uſage I had met with. I ſat with him two hours among company; and two hours we were alone, where I told him my buſineſs, and gave him the hiſtory of it: Which he heard as I could wiſh, and declared he would do his utmoſt to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by Lord Lieutenants and their ſecretaries; who would not ſuffer others to ſolicit, and neglected it themſelves. He fell in with me entirely; and ſaid, neither they nor himſelf ſhould have the merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would ſhew my memorial with the firſt opportunity, in order, if poſſible, to have it done in this interregnum. I ſaid, the honour and merit, next to

* Lord High Treaſurer of England, created afterwards Earl of Oxford.

the Queen, would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the biſhops, that he was in the treaſury, whom they knew to be the chief adviſer of the Queen, to grant the ſame favour in England; that, conſequently, the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done ſo much greater things; and that, for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of Ireland, for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleaſure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promiſes. Your Grace will pleaſe to know, that, beſides the firſt-fruits, I told him of the crown-rents, and ſhewed the nature and value of them; but ſaid, my opinion was, that the Convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord Wharton * with the addreſs, becauſe they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myſelf to have a diſcretionary power, to ſolicit it, in ſo favourable a juncture.

I had two memorials ready, of my own drawing up, as ſhort as poſſible, ſhewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of theſe memorials had a paragraph at the end, relating to the crown-rents. I would have given him the laſt; but I gave him the other; which he immediately read, and promiſed to ſecond both with his beſt offices to the Queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my

* Then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

memorial, it can do no harm, and may poſſibly do good. However, I beg your Grace, to ſay nothing of it; but if it dieth, let it die in ſilence: We muſt take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I ſaid I was impowered, &c. he deſired to ſee my powers: And then I heartily wiſhed them more ample than they were: And I have ſince wondered, what ſcruple a number of biſhops could have to impower a clergyman to do the church and them a ſervice, without any imagination of intereſt for himſelf.

Mr Harley has invited me to dine with him to-day: But I ſhall not put him upon this diſcourſe ſo ſoon. If he begins it himſelf, I ſhall add it at the bottom of this. He ſays, Mr Secretary St John * deſired to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be further help; although I told him, I had no thoughts of applying to any but himſelf; wherein he differed from me, and deſired I would ſpeak to others, if it were but for form; and ſeemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do ſuch a thing alone. But an old courtier (an intimate friend) adviſed me ſtill to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the Queen, &c.

I find I am forced to ſay all this very confuſedly, juſt as it lieth in my memory; but perhaps it

* Afterwards created Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke.

it may give your Grace a truer idea how matters are, than if I had writ in more order.

I am, &c. J. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXXII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Oct.* 16, 1710.

I THANK you for your's of the 10th inſtant, and ſend you incloſed a farther power by my Lord Primate and me. My Lord is not able to come to town; which obliged me to wait on him at Johnſton, and hindered the joining of two or three biſhops in it, who are yet in town: But I ſuppoſe our ſigning is ſufficient. I went in the morning to wait on his Grace, and intended, when he had ſigned it, to have applied to other biſhops; but he was abroad taking the air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to ſign and ſend it as it is, than wait for another poſt. You may expect by the next, a letter to his Grace of Canterbury, and another to the Archbiſhop of York. I appriſed them both of the buſineſs. The latter, if I remember right, ſpoke to her Majeſty about it. I am not ſure that her Majeſty remembers what I ſaid on that ſubject; but am ſure ſhe was pleaſed to ſeem ſatisfied with it, and to ſcruple only the time: I ſuppoſe, not thinking it fit to confer the favour

ſhe deſigned the clergy of Ireland, by the hands it muſt then have paſſed through; but ſaid, that in the interval of a change, or abſence of a chief governor, it ſhould be done. I hope now is the proper time, and that her Majeſty will rather follow the dictates of her own bountiful inclinations, than the intrigues of cunning covetous counſellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many things; but ſuch a crowd of viſitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to GOD's care.

I am, &c. WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LXXXIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Oct.* 16, 1710.

I HAVE before me your's of the 4th inſtant, which I received two poſts ago. It was very grateful to me, and I hope it will have a good effect as to the church in general, and be of uſe to you in particular, which I heartily wiſh. My Lord Primate is out of town, and I have not ſeen him ſince I received your's, nor do I ſee any haſte to communicate it to him; but in due time there will be no need to make a ſecret of it. I durſt not have ſaid any thing of it, if you had not

not given me the caution leſt any accident ſhould intervene, to which all matters of this nature are liable. It puts a man out of countenance to raiſe expectations, if he ſhould not be able to ſatisfy them. I underſtand, that her Majeſty deſigned this ſhould be her own act; but the good inſtruments, that have been ſubſervient, ought not to be forgot; and, with God's help, I will do my endeavour, that they ſhall not. I ſhall be impatient to ſee the accompliſhment of this charitable work.

We are here in as great a ferment about chooſing parliament-men, on a ſuppoſition that this parliament will be diſſolved as ſoon as your's in England. And it is remarkable, that ſuch as deſign to betray their country, are more diligent to make votes, than thoſe that have ſome faint intentions to ſerve it. It would prevent a great deal of needleſs charges and heats, if we certainly knew, whether we ſhould have a new parliament or no.

All buſineſs in chancery, and in truth all public buſineſs, is at a ſtand, by the indiſpoſition of my Lord Chancellor. I would tell you, that I am engaged moſt unhappily this night to execute this ſhort letter; but the plain truth, I think, will do as well; which is, that I have no more to ſay but my prayers for you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LXXXIV.

THE LORD PRIMATE * AND ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Oct.* 24, 1710.

WE directed a letter to the biſhops of Oſſory and Killaloe laſt Auguſt, deſiring and empowering them to ſolicit the affair of our firſt-fruits and twentieth-parts with her Majeſty, which has depended ſo long, notwithſtanding her Majeſty's good intentions, and ſeveral promiſes of the chief governors here, to lay our addreſſes before her Majeſty, in the beſt manner. We were then apprehenſive, that thoſe biſhops might return from England before the buſineſs could be effected; and therefore we deſired them to concern you in it, having ſo good aſſurance of your ability, prudence, and fitneſs to proſecute ſuch a matter. We find the biſhops returned before you came to London, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the moſt proper time to proſecute it with ſucceſs, we intreat you to take the full management of it into your hands, and do commit the care of ſoliciting it to your diligence and prudence; deſiring you to let us know, from time to time, what progreſs is made in it: And, if any thing farther be neceſſary on our part, on your intimation we ſhall be

* Dr Narciſſus Marſh.

be ready to do what ſhall be judged reaſonable. This, with our prayers for you, and the good ſucceſs of your endeavours, is all from, Sir, your affectionate humble ſervants and brothers,

NARCISSUS, ARMAGH.
WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LXXXV.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Nov.* 2, 1710.

THE declaration of his Grace the Duke of Ormond, to be our Lord Lieutenant, has ſtopped the further letters of recommendation deſigned to be ſent to you, becauſe the biſhops were unwilling to ſolicit the affair of the firſt-fruits and twentieth-parts by any other hand. I gave them ſome account how far you had been concerned in it; and they ordered a letter to Mr Southwell, to give him an account, that the papers were in your hands, and to deſire you to wait on him with them, and take your own meaſures in ſoliciting the affair. I am not to conceal from you, that ſome expreſſed a little jealouſy, that you would not be acceptable to the preſent courtiers, intimating, that you were under the reputation of being a favourite of the late party in power *. You may remember I aſked

* Dr Swift recommended himſelf to Mr Harley, to whom he applied on this occaſion, by getting himſelf repreſented as

aſked you the queſtion before you were engaged in this affair, knowing of what moment it was; and by the coldneſs I found in ſome, I ſoon perceived what was at the bottom. I am of opinion, that this conjuncture of circumſtances will oblige you to exert yourſelf with more vigour; and if it ſhould ſucceed, you have gained your point; whereas, if you ſhould fail, it would cauſe no reflections, that having been the fate of ſo many before you.

I can be very little uſeful to you at this diſtance; but if you foreſee any thing, wherein I may be ſerviceable to the buſineſs, or yourſelf, you may command, Sir, your's, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LXXXVI.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Nov.* 30, 1710.

I RECEIVED your's of the 23d, by laſt packet. I was aware of what you obſerved, when the letter to his Grace was ſigned; but it was before I received your's of the 4th inſtant, wherein you tell me, that the buſineſs was in effect done; nor could I have any certain proſpect, that

a perſon who had been extremely ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, becauſe he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him; this being in ſome ſort Mr Harley's own caſe. See this letter of October 10, p. 143.

that it would be done from any intimation, that I had before from you. You muſt know, that this was not the only thing diſpleaſed me in the letter; it was drawn and ſigned by ſome before I ſaw it. I looked on it as a ſnare laid in my way; nor muſt you wonder, that ſome are better at making their court than ſerving the church, and can flatter much better than vote on the right ſide. Thoſe, that had rendered themſelves juſtly obnoxious, by deſerting his Grace's * friends and intereſt in notorious inſtances, think they have ſalved all by this early application, and perhaps it may prove ſo.

But if the matter be done, aſſure yourſelf it will be known by whom and what means it was effected.

In the mean time, God forbid you ſhould think of ſlacking your endeavours to bring it to perfection. I am yet under an obligation not to ſay any thing of the matter from your letter; and whilſt ſo, it would be hard for me to refuſe to ſign ſuch a letter as that you mention, or find a pretence for ſo doing: But when buſineſs is done, the means and methods will likewiſe be known, and every body have their due, that contributed to it.

I ſhall reckon nothing done till the Queen's letter come here. You may remember how we were borne in hand in my Lord Pembroke's time,

* 'The Duke of Ormond, who was declared Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, October 19, 1710.'

time *, that the Queen had paſſed the grant, which, after a whole year's expectation and ſolicitation, proved only a mouthful of moonſhine. But if it ſucceeds better now, we muſt owe it, next to the Queen's goodneſs and bounty, to the great care of the great man to whom you have applied, and to your management. It is ſeven or eight years ſince we firſt attempted this affair, and it paſſed through ſeveral hands; yet no progreſs was made in it, which was certainly due to the ill methods taken to put it forward; which, in truth, inſtead of promoting, obſtructed it. At the very firſt motion, it was promiſed, and in a fair way; but the biſhops here, out of their abundant deference to the government, made the ſame wrong ſtep they would have done now; and we could never make the leaſt progreſs ſince, till now, and I pray God we have not put it back again.

You muſt not imagine, that it is out of any diſaffection to you, or any diſtruſt of your ability or diligence, that the biſhops here were ſo cold in their employing you: But they reckoned on party; and though ſeveral knew what you were, yet they imagined, and ſome vouched, that you were looked on at Court as engaged on the other ſide; and you cannot do yourſelf a greater ſervice, than to bring this to a good iſſue, to their ſhame and conviction. I heartily recommend you and your buſineſs to God's care.

I am, &c. WILL. DUBLIN.

* See vol. xiii. p. 15. and the note.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Dec.* 16, 1710.

THIS is to acknowledge the receipt of your's of the 20th inſtant, which came not to my hands till Thurſday laſt, by reaſon of winds, that kept the pacquets on the other ſide.

I find the matter of our firſt-fruits, &c. is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain, till her Majeſty's letter comes in form: And, *quære*, Why ſhould you not come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to Ireland, and be the beſt means to ſatisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think it will be out of diſpute. I am very well appriſed of the diſpatch you gave this affair, and well pleaſed, that I judged better of the perſon fit to be employed, than ſome of my brethren. But now 'tis done, as I hope it is, effectually; they will aſſume as much as their neighbours, which I ſhall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here, as well as with you; and I am of opinion, by the time you come here, few will profeſs themſelves Whigs. The greateſt danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiſcretion of ſome of our own people, who never had any merit,

merit, but by embroiling things; they did, and I am afraid will yet do miſchief. You will ſoon hear of a great conſpiracy diſcovered in the county of Weſtmeath. I was uſed to ſo many diſcoveries of plots in the latter end of King Charles's time, and the beginning of King James's, that I am not ſurpriſed at this diſcovery. I muſt not ſay any thing of it, till all the witneſſes be examined: So many as have depoſed, are not deciſive. The deſign of it is to ſhew all the gentlemen of Ireland, to be a pack of deſperate Whigs, ready to riſe up in arms againſt her Majeſty for the old miniſtry, aſſociating to that purpoſe. Whether it be for the intereſt of Ireland, to have this believed, you may judge; and ſure there muſt be good evidence to make any reaſonable man believe it. Mr Higgins * has drawn up the narrative, and ſent it to England, and will pawn all he is worth to make it good. I heartily recommend you to God's favour, and am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN †.

LET-

* "Francis Higgins, M. A. an Iriſh clergyman, extremely vehement againſt the Whig party."

† "The Archbiſhop, in another letter, gives this ſhort account of the plot: That four or five gentlemen, of ſmall fortunes, are ſaid to have ſigned an aſſociation, to fight up to the knees in blood againſt the new miniſtry. The diſcoverer is one Langton, who ſwore to it: He was a converted prieſt. Several of the gentlemen were his pariſhioners. Mr Meares, Mr Jones, Mr Shoarn, and Capt. Newſtead, are in the number. This informer was a ſervant of Mr Meares's, who told him, that

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD, *Feb.* 1710-11.

I ENVY none of the Queen's ſubjects, ſo much as thoſe who are abroad; and I deſire to know, whether, as great a ſoul as your Lordſhip has, you did not obſerve your mind to open and enlarge, after you were ſome leagues at ſea, and had left off breathing party-air. I am apt to think, this ſchiſm in politics, has cloven our underſtandings, and left us but juſt half the good ſenſe that blazed in our actions: And we ſee the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crubled into pamphlets and penny-papers. The *October Club*, which was in its rudiments when your Lordſhip left us, is now grown up to be a party by itſelf, and begins to rail at the miniſtry as much as the Whigs do, but from topics directly contrary. I am ſome-

that Capt. Newſtead's ſon brought the paper or parchment containing this aſſociation, as he believes; for he neither ſaw it, nor heard it read. The ſervant, being examined, denies he ever ſaw any ſuch paper, or knows any thing of it, or ever told Mr Langton any ſuch thing. This, with ſome ſeditious words ſpoken by ſome of thoſe gentlemen at dinner, in their cups, or converſation, ſo far as I can remember, is the ſum of the evidence for the plot. A commiſſion of oyer and terminer went down to the country, to find bills againſt the gentlemen; but the grand jury would not find the bills upon that evidence.

times talked into frights, and told that all is ruined; but am immediately cured, when I ſee any of the miniſtry: Not from the ſatisfaction they give me in any one point, but becauſe I ſee them ſo perfectly eaſy, and believe they could not be ſo if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are perſons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cauſe. And what is one very good circumſtance, as I told three of them the other day, they ſeem heartily to love one another, in ſpite of the ſcandal of the inconſtancy which court-friendſhips lie under. And I can affirm to your Lordſhip, they heartily love you too; which I take to be a great deal more, than when they aſſure you ſo themſelves. For even ſtateſmen will ſometimes diſcover their paſſions, eſpecially their good ones.

Here is a pamphlet come out, called, "*A "Letter to Jacob Banks*,"—ſhewing, that the liberty of Sweden was deſtroyed by the principle of paſſive obedience. I know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is ſhrewdly written; and, in my opinion, not to be anſwered, otherwiſe than by diſclaiming that ſort of paſſive obedience which the Tories are charged with. This diſpute would ſoon be ended, if the dunces, who writ on each ſide, would plainly tell us what the object of this paſſive obedience is in our country. For, I dare ſwear, nine in ten of the Whigs will allow it to the Legiſlature, and as many of the Tories deny it to the Prince alone: And I hardly

ever

ever ſaw a Whig and Tory together, whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article, when I made them explain themſelves.

My Lord, the Queen knew what ſhe did, when ſhe ſent your Lordſhip to ſpur up a dull Northern Court: Yet, I confeſs, I had rather have ſeen that activity of mind and body employed in conquering another kingdom, or the ſame over again. I am,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO MRS JOHNSON *.

Feb. 9, 1711.

I DINED to-day with Sir Michael Dudley, who is newly turned out of the commiſſion of the cuſtoms. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of whiggery, which was always his principle, tho' he was gentle a little,

* Mrs Johnſon was a Lady, with whom Swift became acquainted, while he lived with Sir William Temple. She was the daughter of his ſteward; and when he died, he left her a thouſand pounds, in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices. She was about 18 when ſhe went to Ireland; and after a moſt intimate friendſhip of more than 16 years, ſhe was, in 1716, married to the Dean, by Dr Aſhe, then biſhop of Clogher, to whom he had been a pupil in Trinity College, Dublin, though it is not known that they ever cohabited. This, and

while he kept in employment. We can get no pacquets from Holland. I have not been with any of the miniſtry theſe two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpoſe, for a certain reaſon, for ſome time, though I muſt dine with the ſecretary * to-morrow. The chooſing of the company being left to me, I have engaged Lord Angleſey and Lord Carteret, and have promiſed to get three more; but I have a-mind, that none elſe ſhould be admitted. However, if I like any body at Court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10. I ſaw Prince Eugene at Court to-day, very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly beſides. The Court was very full, and people had their birth-day cloaths. No pacquets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken Whiggiſh Lords, like your Lord Santry, who come into chocolate-houſes, and rail aloud at the Tories, and have challenges ſent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Roſs was like to ſwinge the Marquis of ——, for

and the following letters, are part of the journal, which, in the life of Swift, prefixed to Bathurſt's edition, he is ſaid to have written, and ſent to this Lady every fortnight. The letters are addreſſed ſometimes to Mrs Johnſon, and ſometimes to Mrs Dingley; and ſeem to be conſidered as written, not to one, but both; for they are frequently addreſſed jointly: "Are you "houſewives? are you readers?" See his letter to Mrs Dingley. dated March 22, 1711-12.

* St John.

for this trick, the other day; and we have nothing elſe now to talk of, till the parliament has had another bout with the ſtate of the war, as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the barrier treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked ſome time ago, as if there was a deſign to impeach Lord Townſhend, who made it.

11. I dined with Lord Angleſey to-day, who had ſeven Iriſhmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Bligh, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He aſked me one day at Court, when I had juſt been talking with ſome Lords, who ſtood near me, Doctor, when ſhall we ſee you in the county of Meath? I whiſpered him to take care what he ſaid, for the people would think he was ſome Barbarian. He never would ſpeak to me ſince, till we met to-day. I went to Lady Maſham's to-night, and ſat with Lord Treaſurer, and the ſecretary, there, till paſt two o'clock; and when I came home, found ſome letters from Ireland, which I read, but can ſay nothing of them till to-morrow: It is too late.

12. One letter was from the biſhop of Clogher laſt night, and the other from Walls, about Mrs South's ſalary, and his own penſion of eighteen pounds for his tythes of the park. I will do nothing in either. The firſt I cannot ſerve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will ſpeak to Ned South-

well about what he deſires me. You ſay nothing of your Dean's receiving my letter.

I find, Clements, whom I recommended to Lord Angleſey laſt year, at Walls's deſire, or rather the biſhop of Clogher's, is mightily in Lord Angleſey's favour. You may tell the biſhop and Walls ſo. I ſaid to Lord Angleſey, that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer, to conſult with him about ſome papers Lord Treaſurer gave me laſt night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do ſomething with them. My third cold is a little better. I never had any thing like it before, three colds ſucceſſively. Three meſſengers came from Holland to-day, and they brought over the ſix pacquets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the ſecretary at noon, they were juſt opening. But one thing I find, the Dutch are playing us tricks, and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I ſhall know more.

13. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis *, at his lodgings, to conſult about ſome obſervations on the barrier treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raiſe difficulties, and make ſuch offers to the allies, as cannot be accepted; and the Dutch are uneaſy, that we are like to get any thing for ourſelves; and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early,

* Eraſmus Lewis, ſecretary to Lord Oxford.

early, and have been very buſy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr Pratt to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me for ſomething that I ſhall not trouble myſelf about. Wesley writ to recommend the ſame fellow to me. His expreſſion is, that hearing I am acquainted with my Lord Treaſurer, he deſires I would do ſo and ſo. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind? I hope I ſhall be wiſer when I have once done with Courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the ſervice I could.

14. Our ſociety dined to day at Mr Secretary's houſe. I went there at four; but hearing the Houſe of Commons would ſit late upon the barrier treaty, I went for an hour to Kenſington, to ſee Lord Maſham's children. My young nephew *, his ſon of ſix months old, has got a ſwelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The Commons have been very ſevere on the barrier treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig member took out the *Conduct of the Allies* †, and read that paſſage about the ſucceſſion with great reſentment; but none ſeconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The Archbiſhop of

* Lord Maſham was probably one of the ſixteen brothers; which accounts for Swift's calling his ſon nephew. See the note on a letter from Lord Harley, dated July 17, 1714.

† A pamphlet written by the Dean. See his works.

of Dublin is ſo railed at, by all who come from Ireland, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Angleſey aſſured me, that the ſtory of applying Piſo out of Tacitus, to Lord Treaſurer being wounded, is true *. I believe the Duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our ſociety † next meeting. To-day I publiſhed the *Fable of Midas*, a poem, printed in a looſe half-ſheet. I know not how it will take; but it paſſed wonderfully at our ſociety to-night. Mr Secretary read it before me the other night, to Lord Treaſurer, at Lord Maſham's, where they equally approve of it. Tell me how it paſſes with you? I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a ſix days journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear theſe journals are very dull.

15. Mr Lewis and I dined, by invitation, with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very buſy in my chamber, till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troubleſome on my breaſt, eſpecially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never uſed to return ſo ſoon with me, or laſt ſo long. It is very ſurpriſing the news this day: The Dauphin and Dauphineſs both dying within ſix days. They ſay the old King is almoſt heart-broke: He has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The Dauphin has left two little ſons, of four and two years

* For an account of the Treaſurer's being wounded, ſee a letter from the Archbiſhop of Dublin, dated March 17, 1710, and note.

† The ſociety of ſixteen, called *Brothers*.

years old; the eldeſt is ſick. There is a fooliſh ſtory got about town, that Lord Strafford, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the intereſts of France: And it has been a good while ſaid, that Lord Privy Seal * and he do not agree very well; they are both long practiſed in buſineſs, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford hath ſome life and ſpirit; but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate.

16. I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finiſh ſomething I am doing about the barrier treaty; but it is not quite done †. I went this evening to Lord Maſham's, where Lord Treaſurer ſat with us till paſt twelve. The Lords have voted an addreſs to the Queen, to tell her, they are not ſatisfied with the King of France's offers. The Whigs brought it in of a ſudden; and the Court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppoſe it. The Houſe of Lords is too ſtrong in Whigs, notwithſtanding the new creation: For they are very diligent, and the Tories as lazy. The ſide that is down, hath always moſt induſtry. The Whigs intended to have made a vote, that would reflect on Lord Treaſurer; but their project was not ripe.

17. The Court was mighty full to-day, and has been ſo theſe many Sundays; but the Queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in

* Dr John Robinſon, biſhop of Briſtol. He was ſworn Lord Privy Seal, Sept. 3, 1711.

† It was publiſhed under the title of, "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty." See Bathurſt's edition, octavo, vol. ix.

in her foot. The good of going to Court is, that one ſees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwiſe I ſhould hardly meet twice a-year. Prince Eugene dines with the Secretary to-day, with about ſeven or eight general officers, or foreign miniſters. They will be all drunk, I am ſure. I never was in company with this Prince. I have propoſed to ſome Lords, that we ſhould have a ſober meal with him; but I cannot compaſs it. It is come over in the Dutch news-prints, that I was arreſted on an action of 20,000l. by the Duke of Marlborough. I did not like my Court invitations to-day; ſo Sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh †. I came home at ſix, and have been very buſy till this minute, and it is paſt twelve. We reckon the Dauphin's death will ſet forward the peace a good deal.

18. Lewis had Guiſcard's picture; he bought it, and offered it to Lord Treaſurer, who promiſed to ſend for it, but never did; ſo I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room; and now Lord Treaſurer ſays, he will take it from me. Is that fair? He deſigns to have it at length, in the cloaths he wore when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand. Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day, but he has put me off till to-

† The mother of Vaneſſa. See an account of her in Swift's life, and the verſes called Cadenus and Vaneſſa. See alſo the note prefixed to the Dean's Letters to Miſs Vanhomrigh, in this Collection.

to-morrow; ſo I dined with Lord Dupplin. You know Lord Dupplin very well; he is a brother of the ſociety *. Well, but I have received a letter from the Biſhop of Clogher, to ſolicit an affair for him with Lord Treaſurer, and with the Parliament, which I will do as ſoon as fly. I am not near ſo keen about other people's affairs, as you uſed to reproach me. It was a judgment on me. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arreſted. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder; only the third part of the *Anſwer to the Conduct*, which is lately come out. Did I tell you of it before? The Houſe of Commons goes on, in mauling the late miniſtry, and their proceedings.

19. I dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day, and ſat with him till ten in ſpite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a ſheet. I told him of four lines I writ, *extempore*, with my pencil, on a bit of paper, in his houſe, while he lay wounded. Some of the ſervants, I ſuppoſe, made waſte paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inſcribed to Mr Harley's phyſicians, thus:

On Britain Europe's ſafety lies;
Britain is loſt, if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your ſkill:
Think what you ſave, or what you kill.

* The ſociety of Sixteen.

I propoſed that ſome company ſhould dine with him on the eighth of March, which was the day he was wounded; but he ſays, he deſigns that the Lords of the Cabinet, who then ſat with him, ſhould dine that day with him: However, he has invited me to dinner. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly.

20. After waiting to catch the Secretary coming out from Sir Thomas Hanmer, for two hours, in vain, about ſome buſineſs, I went into the city to my printer, to correct ſome ſheets of the barrier treaty, and remarks, which muſt be finiſhed to-morrow. I have been hourly buſy, for ſome days paſt, with this, and ſome other things; and I wanted ſome very neceſſary papers, which the ſecretary was to give me, and the pamphlet muſt not be publiſhed without them; but they are all buſy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is chairman of the committee for drawing up a repreſentation of the ſtate of the nation to the Queen, where all the wrong ſteps of the allies, and the late miniſtry about the war, will be mentioned. The ſecretary, I ſuppoſe, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer.

21. I have been ſix hours to-day, morning, writing nineteen pages of a letter to Lord Treaſurer, about forming a ſociety or academy, to correct and fix the Engliſh language. Is Engliſh a ſpeech, or a language? It will not be above five or ſix more. I will ſend it him to-morrow, and

will print it, if he desires me *. I dined, you know, with our society to-day; Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the Duke of Beaufort. We were thirteen met: Brother Ormond was not there; but sent his excuse, that Prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would † hoen lbp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroe qporaensie p not las toi qobn, which I consented to do; but do not know whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way: However I have taken my share.

22. I finished the rest of my letter to Lord Treasurer to-day, and sent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower for the University of Dublin ‡. I will write to the Provost, to know how I shall send them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there was the Secretary, and Chancellor of the of the Exchequer ‖, very busy with him, laying

* It is printed in his works.

† Thus decyphered, "help him to draw up the representation."

‡ See a letter from Lady Elizabeth Germain to Dr Swift, dated November 7, 1734. and note.

‖ Robert Benson, Esq; afterwards created Lord Bingley.

their heads together about the repreſentation. I went to Lord Maſham's to-night ‡, and Lady Maſham made me read her a pretty twopenny pamphlet, called the St Alban's Ghoſt ‖. I thought I had writ it myſelf; ſo did they; but I did not. Lord Treaſurer came down to us from the Queen, and we ſtayed till two o'clock. This is the beſt night place I have. The uſual company are Lord and Lady Maſham, Lord Treaſurer, Dr Arbuthnot, and I; ſometimes the Secretary §, and ſometimes Mrs Hill of the bedchamber, Lady Maſham's ſiſter.

23. I have no news to tell you this laſt day, nor do I know where I ſhall dine. I hear the ſecretary is a little out of order; perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I ſent Hanmer what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the ſame ſort. On Tueſday it will be four weeks ſince I had your laſt, No. 26. This day ſe'nnight I expect one, for that will be ſomething more than a full month. Farewell.

‡ It ſhould be laſt night, for this appears to have been written after two o'clock in the morning.

‖ The title is, The Story of St Alban's Ghoſt, or, The Apparition of Mother Haggy, collected from the beſt manuſcripts.

§ Mr St John.

LET-

LETTER XC.

THE SAME.

London, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

AFTER having diſpoſed my laſt letter in the poſt-office, I am now to begin this, with telling you, that I dined with the ſecretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feveriſh; yet he went with the Cabinet Council to-night at ſix, againſt my will. The ſecretary is much the greateſt commoner in England, and turns the whole Parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives, and has health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him ſometimes, that if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and truſt my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am ſorry, when I came firſt acquainted with this miniſtry, that I did not ſend you their names and characters, and then you would have reliſhed what I would have writ, eſpecially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: But enough of this.

24. I went early this morning to the ſecretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, came while I was there, and he would not let me ſtir; ſo I did not go to church, but was buſy with them till noon, about the affair I told you in my laſt. The

other two went away, and I dined with the ſecretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no abſolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has ſhook me a little. I ſometimes ſit up very late at Lord Maſham's, and have writ much for ſeveral days paſt: But I will amend both; for I have now very little buſineſs, and hope I ſhall have no more. I am reſolved to be a great rider this Summer in Ireland. I was to ſee Mr Weſley this evening, who has been ſomewhat better for this month paſt, and talks of returning to Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but ſlowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not puſh it as ſtrongly as we ought. The fault of our Court is delay, of which the Queen has a great deal; and Lord Treaſurer is not without his ſhare. But pray let us know a little of your life and converſation. Do you play at ombre, or viſit the Dean, and Goody Walls's, and Stoyte's, and Manley's, as uſual? I muſt have a letter from you. Let me know what you do? Is my aunt alive yet? Oh, pray, now I think of it, be ſo kind to ſtep to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grand-father's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a ſeal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is, beſides, at the bottom of the picture, the ſame coat of arms quartered with another, which, I ſuppoſe, was my great-grand-mother's. If this be ſo, it is a ſtronger argument than the ſeal. And pray ſee whether you think that coat of arms was drawn

drawn at the ſame time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and aſk my aunt what ſhe knows about it. But perhaps there is no ſuch coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reaſon is, becauſe I would aſk ſome herald here, whether I ſhould chuſe that coat, or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms, of three ſtags. This is ſad ſtuff to write.

25. I was this morning again with the ſecretary, and we were two hours buſy; and then went together to the Park; Hyde Park, I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horſes, ſent ſome time ago to Lord Treaſurer. The Duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his Grace, and Lord Godolphin in it; but they did not ſee us, to our great ſatisfaction; for neither of us deſired that either of thoſe two Lords ſhould ſee us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the ſecretary; but we did no buſineſs after dinner, and at ſix, I walked into the fields; and then I went to viſit Percival and his family, whom I had ſeen but once, ſince they came to town. They are going to Bath next month. Counteſs Doll of Meath * is ſuch an owl, that wherever I viſit, people are aſking me, whether

* 'Dorothy, daughter to James Stopford, Eſq; and ſecond 'wife of Edward Brabazon, Earl of Meath, who died 22d Fe-'bruary 1708, without iſſue.'

I know ſuch an Iriſh Lady, and her figure, and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amuſing myſelf with looking into one of the volumes of Rymer's Records of the Tower, and am mighty eaſy to think I have no urgent buſineſs upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; ſometimes I cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you, that I believe it is Lady Maſham's hot rooms that gave it me? I never knew ſuch a ſtove; and in my conſcience, I believe both my Lord and ſhe, my Lord Treaſurer, Mr Secretary, and myſelf, have all ſuffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot.

26. I was again buſy with the ſecretary. We read over ſome papers, and did a good deal of buſineſs. I dined with him, and we were to do more buſineſs after dinner; but after dinner, is after dinner; an old ſaying, and a true, much drinking, little thinking. We had company with us, and nothing could be done. I am to go there to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the Parliament, by the Queen's recommendation, is to take ſome method for preventing libels, &c. which will include pamphlets, I ſuppoſe. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day, in the morning, I viſited upwards; firſt I ſaw the Duke of Ormond below ſtairs, and gave him joy of his being declared General in Flanders; then I went up one pair of ſtairs, and ſat with the Ducheſs; then I went up another pair of ſtairs,

and

and paid a viſit to Lady Betty; and deſired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might paſs half an hour with her; but ſhe was young and handſome, and would not. The Duke is our preſident this week, and I have beſpoke a ſmall dinner on purpoſe, for good example.

27. I was again with the ſecretary this morning; but we only read over ſome papers with Sir Thomas Hanmer: Then I called at Lord Treaſurer's; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and ſaid what I had to ſay. I came down, and peeped in at the chamber, where a a hundred fools were waiting, and two ſtreets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer *, and came back at ſix to Lord Treaſurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refuſed him. I ſat there an hour or two, and then went to Lord Maſham's. They were all abroad; ſo truly I came home, and read whatever ſtuff was next me. I can ſit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year paſt. However, I will ſtay out the Seſſion, or ſee if they have any farther commands for me, and that, I ſuppoſe, will end in April. But I may go ſomewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we ſhall have either a certain peace, or a certain war. The miniſtry is continuing new funds for money by lotteries; and we go on as if the war were to continue; but I believe it will not.

28. I

* This printer was John Barber, afterwards Alderman, and Lord Mayor of London.

28. I have been packing up ſome books in a great box I have bought, and muſt buy another for cloaths and luggage. This is a beginning towards a removal. I have ſent to Holland for a dozen ſhirts, and deſign to buy another new gown and hat. I have writ this night to the Provoſt. Our ſociety met to-day as uſual, and we were fourteen, beſides the Earl of Arran, whom his brother, the Duke of Ormond, brought among us againſt all order. We were mightily ſhocked; but after ſome whiſpers, it ended in chuſing Lord Arran one of our ſociety; which I oppoſed to his face, but it was carried by all the reſt againſt me.

29. This is Leap year, and this is Leap day; Prince George was born on this day. People are miſtaken; and ſome here think it is St David's day, but they do not underſtand the virtue of Leap year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like grumdragon; and yet I was dictating ſome trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was ſo diſcouraging, I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arian *. Alexander the Great is juſt dead. I do not think he was poiſoned: Betwixt you and me, all thoſe are but idle ſtories. It is certain, that neither Ptolomy, nor Ariſtobulus, thought ſo, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their hiſtories.

The

* 'The Greek Hiſtorian, who writ the Life of Alexander 'the Great.'

The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but ſo many places, paſt the Houſe of Commons, and will paſs the Houſe of Lords, in ſpite of the miniſtry; which you know is a great leſſening of the Queen's power. Four of the new Lords voted againſt the Court, in this point. It is certainly a good bill, in the reign of an ill Prince; but I think things are not ſettled enough for it at preſent, and the Court may want a majority at a pinch.

March 1. I went into the city, to enquire after poor Stratford, who has put himſelf a priſoner into the Queen's-Bench, for which his friends blame him very much, becauſe his creditors deſigned to be very eaſy with him. He graſped at two many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumſtance relative to Lieutenant General Meredith, that is very melancholy: Meredith was turned out of all his employments laſt year, and had about 10,cool. left to live on. Stratford, upon friendſhip, deſired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to put it into the funds and ſtocks for the beſt advantage; and now he has loſt it all. You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were glaſs fellows, at ſchool, and univerſity. I dined with ſome merchants, his friends, to-day, and they ſaid they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace while it was a ſecret, of which he might have made good uſe, but that helped to ruin him;

him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and conſequently ſtocks to riſe high. Ford narrowly eſcaped loſing 500l. by him, and ſo did I too.

2. Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the houſe telling me of a great fire in the Hay-market. I ſlept again; and two hours after, my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother Sir William Windham's * houſe that is burned †; and that two maids, leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, fell both on their heads, one of them upon the iron-ſpikes before the door, and both lay dead in the ſtreets. It is ſuppoſed to have been ſome careleſſneſs of one or both thoſe maids. The Duke of Ormond was there, helping to put out the fire. Brother Windham gave 6000l. but a few months ago for that houſe, as he told me, and it was very richly furniſhed. I ſhall know more particulars at night. He married Lady Catharine Seymour, the Duke of Somerſet's daughter; you know her, I believe.

At night. Sir William Windham's young child eſcaped very narrowly; Lady Catharine eſcaped barefoot; they all went to Northumberland

* Windham was a brother of the ſociety.

† It is not much to Swift's credit, that he went quietly to ſleep, after he had been told there was a great fire in the Hay-Market, where he knew a friend had a houſe and family; yet he had a quick and ſtrong ſenſe of the calamities of others. See his letter to Mrs Dingley, of November 15, and December 18, 1712.

berland houſe. Mr Bridges houſe at next door is damaged much, and was like to be burned. Windham has loſt above 10,000l. by this accident; his Lady, above 1000l. worth of cloaths. He was not at Court to-day. I dined with Lord Maſham. The Queen was not at church.

3. Pray tell Walls, that I ſpoke to the Duke of Ormond and Mr Southwell about his friend's affair, who I find needeth not me for a ſolicitor; for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewiſe mentioned his own affair to Mr Southwell, and I hope that will be done too; for Southwell ſeems to think it reaſonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are ſecrets; one of them is about Mrs South having a penſion; the other about his ſalary from the government, for the tythes of the park, that lies in his pariſh, to be put upon the eſtabliſhment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had ſome ſmall affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with Lord Treaſurer this morning; and dined with the Dean. Monday is parſon's holiday.

4. I ſat to-day with poor Mrs Weſley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than ſhe was. I heartily pray for her health, and out of the entire love I bear to her worthy huſband. This day hath paſſed very inſignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now, that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon

upon my hands to write. I was at Lord Maſham's to-night, and ſtayed there till one. Lord Treaſurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, juſt as he did at the beginning of the ſeſſion, and he was not ſo merry as uſual. In ſhort, the majority in the Houſe of Lords is a very weak one. He has much ado, to keep it up; and he is not able to make thoſe removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt, too, he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himſelf, and will not employ others, which is his great fault, as I have often told you.

5. I wiſh you a merry Lent. I hate Lent, I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and the four devout faces of people, who only put on religion for ſeven weeks. I was at the ſecretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated laſt October; one from the biſhop of Clogher, the other from Walls. The gentleman is called Colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me ſome time ago. He has buſineſs in the Houſe of Lords. I will do him what ſervice I can. The repreſentation of the Houſe of Commons is printed: I have not ſeen it yet; it is plaguy ſevere, they ſay. I dined with Dr Arbuthnot, and had a true Lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but ſpleen; for his wife and a child or two were ſick in the houſe, and that was full as mortifying as fiſh. We have had

mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters, where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath, to cool my Lenten porridge.

6. I hear Mr Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the Mall, a good while, with Lord Arran and Lord Dupplin, two of my brothers; and then we went to dinner, where the Duke of Beaufort was our president. We were but eleven to-day.

We are now in all nine Lords, and ten Commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Darby, to be a member; but I opposed it so warmly, that it was waved. Darby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20l. though it was only four dishes, and four without a desert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap, yet I could not prevail to change the the house. Lord Masham made me go home with him, to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen

pot, with their hollow ſides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and ſo let them boil. Your oyſters are boiled thus in their own liqour, and not mixed with water. Lord Treaſurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a ſwimming in the head, and is gone to be cupped, and ſent to deſire Lady Maſham to excuſe him to the Queen.

7. I was to-day at the Houſe of Lords, about a friend's bill. Then I croſs'd the water at Weſtminſter ſtairs to Southwark, went through St George's Fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench priſon, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him, but he was gone to the Change. I thought he had ſomething to ſay to me about his own affairs. I found him at his uſual coffee-houſe, and went to his old lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His buſineſs was only to deſire I would intercede with the miniſtry about his brother-in-law, Benjamin Burton, of Dublin, the banker, who is like to come into trouble, as we hear, about ſpreading falſe Whiggiſh news. Mrs Stratford tells me, her huſband's creditors have conſented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and ſhe hopes he will pay them all. He was chearfuller than I have ſeen him this great while. I have walked much to-day.

8. This day twelve months Mr Harley was ſtabbed *. He is ill, and takes phyſic to-day, I hear,

* See the next letter, and note on paragraph dated 13.

hear, ('tis now morning) and cannot have the Cabinet Council with him, as he intended, nor me to ſay grace. I am going to ſee him. Pray read the repreſentation, it is the fineſt that ever was writ. Some of it is my ſtile; but not very much. This is the day of the Queen's acceſſion to the Crown, ſo that it is a great day. I am going to Court, and will dine with Lord Maſham; but I muſt go this moment to the ſecretary, about ſome buſineſs; ſo I will ſeal up this, and put it in the poſt. Farewell.

LETTER XCI.

THE SAME.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I CARRIED my forty-ſecond letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general-poſt. I went in the morning to ſee Lord Treaſurer, who had taken phyſic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the ſecretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr Friend, to be phyſician-general; and the ſecretary promiſed to mention it to the Queen. I can ſerve every body but myſelf. Then I went to Court, and carried Lord Keeper and the Secretary to dine with Lord Maſham, when we drank the Queen and Lord Treaſurer with every health, becauſe this was the day of his ſtabbing. Then

I went and played at piquet with Lady Maſham and Mrs Hill; won ten ſhillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, ſlit people's noſes, and beat them?

9. I was at Court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine with; ſo I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh. Young Davenant was telling us, how he was ſet upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a ſword. It is not ſafe being in the ſtreets at night. The biſhop of Saliſbury's ſon * is ſaid to be of the gang. They are all Whigs. A great Lady ſent to me, to ſpeak to her father, and to Lord Treaſurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewiſe of myſelf; for ſhe heard they had malicious intentions againſt the miniſtry, and their friends. I know not whether there be any thing in this, though others are of the ſame opinion. The weather ſtill continues very fair, and froſty. I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early, to avoid the Mohocks. Lord Treaſurer is better.

10. I went this morning again to Lord Treaſurer, who is quite recovered; and I ſtayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little buſineſs of printing; but not my own.

* 'Thomas then at the Temple, afterwards conſul at Liſbon, 'and at laſt one of the Juſtices of the King's Bench.'

own. You muſt buy a ſmall two-penny pamphlet, called, "*Law is a Bottomleſs Pit* *." It is very prettily written, and there will be a ſecond part. The Commons are very ſlow in bringing in their bill to limit the preſs, and the pamphleteers make good uſe of their time; for there come out three or four every day.

11. Lord Treaſurer has lent the long letter I writ him, to Prior †; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to ſee Ned Southwell, and talked with him, about Walls' buſineſs and Mrs South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells me, that it muſt be laid before Lord Treaſurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and may be Lord Treaſurer won't do it at laſt; and it is, as Walls ſays himſelf, not above forty ſhillings a-year difference.

12. There is the devil and all to do with theſe Mohocks. Grubſtreet papers about them fly like lightning, and a liſt printed of near eighty put into ſeveral priſons, and all a lie; and I begin almoſt to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole ſtory. He that abuſed Davenant, was a drunken gentleman, none of that

* Or, "The Hiſtory of John Bull," written by Dr Arbuthnott, but printed with Swift's works.

† Concerning the Engliſh language.

gang. My man tells me, that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-houſe, publicly, that one deſign of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and, though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of ſome ſhillings already. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer, and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland; yet very polite men. I ſat there till nine, and then went to Lord Maſham's, where Lord Treaſurer followed me, and we ſat till twelve; and I came home in a chair, for fear of the Mohocks; and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harriſon, whom I ſent to Holland, is now actually made Queen's ſecretary at the Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth One thouſand two hundred pounds a-year *.

Here is a young fellow, who has writ ſome ſea-eclogues, poems of mermen, reſembling paſtorals of ſhepherds, and they are very pretty. The thought is new; mermen are he-mermaids, tritons, natives of the ſea. Do you underſtand me? I think to recommend him to our ſociety to-morrow. His name is Diaper †. P— on him! I muſt do ſomething for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits riſe; but, when they do riſe, I would encourage

* See a letter from this Gentleman to the Dean, dated December 16, 1712.

† John Diaper, educated at Baliol College, Oxford.

courage them: They tread on our heels, and thruſt us off the ſtage.

13. You would laugh to ſee our printer conſtantly attending our ſociety after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he ſeldom fails to do. Lord Lanſdown, one of our ſociety, was offended at a paſſage in this day's Examiner, which, he thinks, reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only that * his underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, &c.

Lord

* In the Examiner, Vol. III. No. 15, from Tueſday March 6, to Tueſday March 13, 1711, was publiſhed the following letter, addreſſed to the Examiner:

SIR,

YOU have been ſo taken up with cenſuring the corruptions of the adverſe party, that you ſeem to have wanted either time or diſpoſition, to take notice of thoſe among your own! which, though not ſo flagrant, or univerſal, do daily produce very pernicious conſequences. I know a certain perſon in employment, who, beſides the firmneſs of his principles, in reſpect to the preſent proceedings of the Court, is a man of undoubted honour and virtue, of admirable ſenſe and learning, and every way qualified for the execution of any office. I am convinced, as much as it is poſſible to be of any truth, that no bribe whatſoever can corrupt his integrity, or ſway him in the leaſt to act againſt his opinion; being juſt and liberal in his nature, and eaſy in his fortune: Yet ſo it happens, that there are no where greater or groſſer abuſes, no where more bribery and oppreſſion, than what are practiſed by thoſe who are employed under him. The worſt of it is, that theſe miſchiefs are the accidental effects of this perſon's good qualities, whoſe ſpirit being above any ſordid aims of his own, can never be brought to ſuſpect them in thoſe, whom he hath thought fit to truſt.

This

Lord Orrery was preſident to-day; but both our Dukes were abſent. Brother Windham recommended Diaper to the ſociety. I believe we ſhall make a contribution among ourſelves, which I don't like. Lord Treaſurer has yet done nothing for us; but we ſhall try him ſoon. The company parted early; but Friend, and Prior, and I, ſat a-while longer, and reformed the ſtate, and found fault with the miniſtry. Prior hates his commiſſion of the cuſtoms, becauſe it ſpoils his wit. He ſays he dreams of nothing but cockets and dockets, and draw-backs, and other jargon words of the cuſtom-houſe. Our good weather went away yeſterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten.

14. I

This candid diſpoſition not only unqualifies him from ſuſpecting any abuſes in his officers; but likewiſe from admitting or believing whatever complaints are made againſt them. By this means, the public is wholly diſappointed of all the good effects it might hope, from a worthy man being in employment. The chief underlings, by oppreſſing not only thoſe, who apply to them for buſineſs, but their own inferiors in office, grow to much greater riches than their maſter; and it is an aggravation, that ſince the public muſt be defrauded, the profit ſhould accrue to thoſe who leaſt deſerve it. I hope all thoſe who are in high ſtation, if they chance to read this paper, will from hence take the hint, to examine, amongſt their dependents, by what means ſome of them have come, in ſo ſhort a time, to ſuch prodigious wealth! and thereupon proceed to puniſh thoſe crimes, from which themſelves are ſo exempt. I therefore deſire you will be pleaſed to print this letter in your next paper, if you think it deſerves that honour, and give the public and me your opinion in the matter.

I am, with much reſpect, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

14. I have been plagued this morning with ſolicitors, and with nobody more than my brother Dr Friend, who muſt needs have me get old Dr Laurence, the phyſician-general, turned out, and himſelf in. He has argued with me ſo long upon the reaſonableneſs of it, that I am fully convinced it is very unreaſonable; and ſo I would tell the ſecretary, if I had not already made him ſpeak to the Queen. Beſides, I know not but my friend, Dr Arbuthnott, would be content to have it himſelf, and I love him ten times better than Friend. What's all this to you? but I muſt talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know any thing of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parſon Richardſon *, of Ireland, overtook me. He was here laſt Summer, upon a project of converting the Iriſh, and printing Bibles, &c. in that language, and is now returned to purſue

* John Richardſon, a clergyman of Ireland, who, in 1711, publiſhed at Dublin, in quarto, "A propoſal for the Converſion of the Popiſh Natives of Ireland, to the Eſtabliſhed Religion: With the Reaſons upon which it is grounded, and an Anſwer to the Objections made to it." And in 1713, he publiſhed, at London, in octavo, "A ſhort Hiſtory of the Attempts that have been made, to convert the Popiſh Natives of Ireland to the Eſtabliſhed Religion: With a propoſal for their Converſion, and a Vindication of Archbiſhop Uſher's Opinion concerning the Performance of Divine Offices, to them, in their own language. The ſecond Edition, with Additions."—In the title-page, the author ſtiles himſelf Rector of Annalt, *alias* Belturbet, in the dioceſe of Kilmore in Ireland, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Ormond and the Lord Biſhop of Clogher.

ſue it. He tells me, Dr Coghill came laſt night to town. I will ſend to ſee how he does to-morrow.

15. I had intended to be early with the ſecretary this morning, when my man admitted upſtairs, one Mr Newcomb, an officer, who brought me a letter from the biſhop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mrs Aſhe, all about that Newcomb. I think, indeed, his caſe is hard; but God knows whether I ſhall be able to do him any ſervice. People will not underſtand; I am a very good ſecond, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unleſs it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I miſſed the ſecretary, and then walked to Chelſea, to dine with the dean of Chriſt-church *, who was engaged to Lord Orrery, with ſome other Chriſt-church men. He made me go with him, whether I would or no; for they have, this long time, admitted me a Chriſt-church man. Lord Orrery, generally every Winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four laymen. The dean and I ſoon left them; and, after a viſit or two, I went to Lord Maſham's; and Lord Treaſurer, Arbuthnott, and I, ſat till twelve. I came home a-foot, but had my man with me. Lord Treaſurer adviſed me not to go in a chair, becauſe the Mohocks inſult chairs, more than they

† Dr Francis Atterbury, who was promoted to that deanry in September 1711, on the death of Dr Henry Aldrich.

they do thoſe on foot. They think there is ſome miſchievous deſign in thoſe villains. Several of them, Lord Treaſurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard at dinner, that one of them was killed laſt night. We ſhall know more in a little time.

16. This morning, at the ſecretary's, I met Gen. Roſs, and recommended Newcomb's caſe to him, who promiſes to join me in working up the Duke of Ormond to do ſomething for him. Lord Winchelſea told me to-day at Court, that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelſea's, at the door of their houſe in the Park, with a candle, as ſhe had juſt lighted out ſomebody. They cut her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the meſſenger's hands. The Queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, as Arbuthnott her phyſician ſays. I dined with Crow, late governor of Barbadoes; an acquaintance of Sterne's. After dinner, I aſked him, whether he had heard of Sterne? Here he is, ſaid he, at the door in a coach; and in came Sterne. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainſhip, in his couſin Sterne's regiment. He told me, he left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give eight hundred guineas for his commiſſion.

17. Dr Sacheverel came this morning, to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment.

It

It was but ſix or ſeven weeks ſince I ſpoke to Lord Treaſurer for him. Sacheverel brought Trap * along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I ſat with them till ſeven. I little thought, and I believe ſo did he, that ever I ſhould be his ſolicitor to the preſent miniſtry, when I left Ireland. This is the ſeventh I have now provided for ſince I came, and can do nothing for myſelf. I don't care; I ſhall have miniſtries, and other people, obliged to me. Trap is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment, in things of wit and ſenſe, is miraculous. The ſecond part of *Law is a Bottomleſs Pit*, is juſt now printed, and better, I think, than the firſt.

18. There is a proclamation out againſt the Mohocks. One of thoſe that are taken, is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs Weſley, who is returning to the Bath. I walked this evening in the Park, and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I ſtayed till paſt twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do ſo no more, though I got home ſafe. Prior and I were talking diſcontentedly of ſome managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets Lord Treaſurer many enemies; but whether

 the

* "Joſeph Trap, M. A. then profeſſor of poetry in the the univerſity of Oxford. He had publiſhed there, in 1711, the firſt volume of his *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, with a dedication to Mr Secretary St John."

the fault be in him, or the Queen, I know not; I doubt in both. I wiſh you good luck at ombre with the dean.

19. Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the Duke of Ormond to ſpeak for him; but the Duke was juſt going out to take the oaths for General. The Duke of Shrewſbury is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kenſington, where we dined, and it coſt me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man ſaid. I ſaw there Lord Maſham's children. The youngeſt, my nephew, I fear has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of three and four years old. It was very windy walking. The gardens there are mighty fine. I paſſed the evening at Lord Maſham's, with Lord Treaſurer and Arbuthnott, as uſual, and we ſtaid till paſt one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one Fetherſton, a parſon, with a poſtſcript of Tindall's to recommend him. And Fetherſon, whom I never ſaw, has been ſo kind as to give me a letter of attorney, to recover a debt for him: Another from Lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Chatelleraut from the king of France; in which I will do what I can, for his pretenſions are very juſt: The third from you. It is a great air this of getting a dukedom from the king of France; but it is only to ſpeak to the ſecretary, and get the Duke of Ormond to engage in it, and men-

tion the caſe to Lord Treaſurer, &c. and this I ſhall do.

20. I was with the Duke of Ormond this morning, about Lord Abercorn, Dr Friend, and Newcomb; ſome will do, and ſome will not do. The Duke of Shrewſbury is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the Ducheſs joy, and recommend the Archbiſhop of Dublin to her. I writ to the Archbiſhop ſome months ago, that it would be ſo; and told him, I would ſpeak a good word for him to the Ducheſs; and he ſays he has a great reſpect for her, &c. I made our ſociety change their houſe, and we met to-day at the Star and Garter in the Pall-mall. Lord Arran was preſident. The other dog was ſo extravagant in his bills, that, for four diſhes, and four, firſt and ſecond courſe, without wine or deſert, he charged twenty-one pounds, ſix ſhillings, and eightpence, to the Duke of Ormond. We deſign, when all have been preſidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of ſo much a head; but we ſhall break up when the Seſſion ends.

21. I am not Dean of Wells, nor know any think of being ſo; nor is there any thing in the ſtory; and that's enough. It was not Roper ſent that news; Roper is my humble ſlave. I will bring over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I ſent you by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues ſent books to the ſociety yeſterday, and we gave him

him guineas a-piece; and may be, will do further for him. So the biſhop of Clogher, and lady, were your gueſts for a night or two. The Seſſion, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however, I ſhall not wait for it, if the miniſtry will let me go ſooner. I wiſh I were juſt now in my little garden at Laracor. I would ſet out for Dublin, and bring you an account of my young trees. I will do what you deſire me for Tiſdall, when I next ſee Lord Angleſey.

LETTER XCII.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, March 22, 1711-12.

UGLY, naſty weather. I dined with a friend, and went to ſee Lord Treaſurer; but he had people with him I did not know; ſo I went to Lady Maſham, and loſt a crown with her at piquet, and then ſat with Lord Maſham, and Lord Treaſurer, &c. till paſt one; but I had my man with me to come home. Our Mohocks are all vaniſhed; however, I ſhall take care of my perſon.

23. I was this morning, before church, with the ſecretary, about Lord Abercorn's buſineſs, and ſome others; my ſoliciting ſeaſon is come, and will laſt as long as the Seſſion. I went late to Court, and the company was almoſt gone. The

Court ſerves me for a coffee-houſe; once a week I meet an acquaintance there, that I ſhould not otherwiſe ſee in a quarter. There is a flying report, that the French have offered a ceſſation of arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namure, for ſecurity, till the peace is made. The Duke of Ormond, they ſay, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expence of this employment will ruin him, ſince he muſt loſe the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refuſed all dinners offered me at Court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a ſcoundrel about the Court, that ſells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place, for ſeven thouſand pounds, and had received ſome guineas earneſt; but the whole thing was diſcovered the other day, and examinations taken of it by Lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be ſwinged. The vice-chamberlain told me ſeveral particulars of it laſt night, at Lord Maſham's.

24. This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the Duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart to do it farther. Then I went to viſit the Ducheſs of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the Ducheſs of Shrewſbury, and ſat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the Duke's being Lord Lieutenant. She ſaid ſhe knew nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that,

and

and ſhe reſolves not to ſtay behind the Duke. I intend to recommend the biſhop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: She is, indeed, a moſt agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the Court of Reqūeſts, to get ſome Lords to be at a committee to-morrow, about a friend's bill: And then the Duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound, in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a country 'ſquire. Lord Exeter deſired the Duke to give it to the Queen, becauſe the author is his friend; but the Duke deſired I would let him know whether it was good for any thing. I brought it home, and will return it to-morrow, as the dulleſt thing I ever read; and adviſe the Duke not to preſent it. I dined with Domville, at his lodgings, by invitation. He goes in a few days for Ireland.

25. There is a mighty feaſt at a Tory Sheriff's to-day, in the city; twelve hundred diſhes of meat. About five Lords, and ſeveral hundred Gentlemen will be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to cuſtom. Dr Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs Van's *. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new Anſwers come out to *The Conduct of the Allies*. The laſt year's Examiners, printed together in a ſmall volume, go off but ſlowly. The printer overprinted himſelf by

* Vanhomrigh.

at leaſt a thouſand; ſo ſoon out of faſhion are party-papers, however ſo well writ. The Medleys are coming out in the ſame volume, and perhaps may ſell better. Our news about a ceſſation of arms begins to fly, and I have not theſe three days ſeen any body in buſineſs, to aſk them about it. We had a terrible fire laſt night, in Drury-lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people deſtroyed. One of the maids of honour has the ſmall-pox, but the beſt is, ſhe can loſe no beauty; and we have one new handſome maid of honour.

26. I forgot to tell you, that on Sunday laſt, about ſeven at night, it lightned above fifty times as I walked the Mall, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you any thing of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with Lord Treaſurer to-day, but Lord Manſel, and Mr Lewis, made me dine with them at Kit Muſgrave's. Now you don't know who Kit Muſgrave * is. The news of the French deſiring a ceſſation of arms, &c. was but town-talk. We ſhall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or no. The Duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders, they ſay. Our Mohocks go on ſtill, and cut people's faces every night; but they ſhan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will coſt me at leaſt a crown a week in chairs. I believe the ſouls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't diſtinguiſh between

* Chriſtopher Muſgrave, Eſq; clerk of the ordnance.

tween a cow and a Chriſtian. I ought to wiſh you, yeſterday, a happy new-year. You know the twenty-fifth of March, is the firſt day of the year, and now you muſt leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine, the firſt of April, cold or not cold. I believe I ſhall loſe credit with you, by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped this Seſſions would be ended, and I muſt ſtay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Percival tells me, that the quickſets upon the flat in the garden, do not grow ſo well as thoſe famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry-trees, by the river ſide, my heart is ſet upon.

27. Society day, you know: I ſuppoſe Dr Arbuthnott was preſident. His dinner was dreſſed in the Queen's kitchen, was mighty fine. We eat it at Ozinda's coffee-houſe, juſt by St James's. We were never merrier, nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not ſummons Lord Lanſdown: He and I are fallen out. There was ſomething in an Examiner * a fortnight ago, that, he thought, reflected on the abuſes in his office, (he is ſecretary at war), and he writ to the ſecretary, that he heard I had inſerted that paragraph. This I reſented highly, that he ſhould complain of me before he ſpoke to me. I ſent him a peppering letter, and would not ſummon him by a note, as I did the reſt; nor ever will have

* That of March 13, 1711. mentioned in a former note.

have any thing to ſay to him, till he begs my pardon. I met Lord Treaſurer to-day, at Lady Maſham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner. No, no; what, upon a ſociety-day!

28. I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little miſchief; and I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and three or four fellows I never ſaw before. I left them at ſeven, and came home, and have been writing to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, and couſin Deane, in anſwer to one of his of four months ſtanding, that I ſpied by chance among my papers. Domville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I ſhall dine with him to-morrow. Does the biſhop of Clogher talk of coming for England this Summer? I think Lord Moleſworth told me ſo about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy, and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himſelf to me, to recommend him to the miniſtry; becauſe he pretends to have found out the longitude. However, I will gravely hear what he ſays, and diſcover him a knave, or a fool.

29. I am plagued with a pain in my ſhoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do ſomething for it to-night. Mr Lewis and I dined with Mr Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glaſſes of champaigne by perfect teazing, though it is bad for my pain; but if it continues, I will not drink any wine without water,

water, till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I have put flannel to my ſhoulder, and rubbed it with Hungary water. It is hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abſtemiouſneſs for a while. You muſt know I hate pain, as the old woman ſaid. My fleſh ſucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an aukward raſcal, and makes me peeviſh. Do you know, that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not ſhave my head, his hand ſhook ſo? He is drunk every day, and I deſign to turn him off as ſoon as ever I get to Ireland.

30. I was not able to go to church or Court to-day. The pain has left my ſhoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. Dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs Van, where I could be eaſy, and came back at ſeven. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and it is extremely cold. I am very uneaſy, and have cruel twinges every moment.

31. *April* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All theſe days I have been extremely ill, though I twice crawled out a week ago, though very weak. The pain increaſes, with mighty violence, in my left ſhoulder and collar-bone, and that ſide my neck. On Thurſday morning appeared great red ſpots, in all thoſe places where my pain was, which was ſo violent, that I had not a minute's eaſe, nor hardly a minute's ſleep, in three days and nights.

The

The ſpots increaſed every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white, and full of corruption, though ſmall. The red ſtill continues too, and moſt prodigious hot and inflamed. The diſeaſe is the ſhingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctor ſays, it would have ended in ſome violent diſeaſe, if it had had not come out thus. I ſhall now recover faſt. I have been in no danger of life, but miſerable torture. So adieu. The next letter will not be in the old order of journal, till I have done with phyſic.

LETTER XCIII.

MR NELSON TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Aſh-Wedneſday, Feb.* 22, 1710-11.

I Beg leave to put you in mind of the inſcription, which you are to prepare for the Earl of Berkeley's monument. My Lady Dowager has determined to have it in Latin; ſo that I hope you want no farther directions towards the finiſhing of it. The workman calls upon me for it, which is the reaſon of this trouble given you, by, Rev. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

ROBERT NELSON.

H. S. E.

H. S. E.

Carolus comes de Berkeley, vicecomes de Dureſley, baro Berkeley de caſtro de Berkeley, dominus Moubray, Segrave, et Bruce; dominus locum tenens comitatus Gloceſtriæ; civitatis Gloceſtriæ ſeneſchallus; guardianus de foreſta de Dean; cuſtos rotulorum comitatus de Surrey; et Reginæ Annæ a ſecretioribus conſiliis. Ob fidem ſpectatam, linguarum peritiam et prudentiam, a Rege Gulielmo III. legatus et plenipotentiarus ad ordines Fœderati Belgii per quinque annos arduis reipublicæ negotiis feliciter invigilavit. Ob quæ merita ab eodem rege (vivante adhuc patre) in magnatum numerum adſcriptus et conſiliarius a ſecretis factus; et ad Hiberniam ſecundus inter tres ſummos juſticiarios miſſus; denique legatus extraordinarius deſignatus ad Turcarum imperium; et poſtea, regnante Anna, ad Cæſarum ablegatus; quæ munia ingraveſcente valetudine et ſenectute obire nequiit.

Natus Londini, 1649.

Obiit, 1710.

Ætatis 62.

LET-

LETTER XCIV.

FOR THE REV. DR SWIFT, BISHOP OF, OR DEAN OF, &c.

SIR, *Vienna, April* 18, 1711.

I HAVE often, with pleaſure, reflected upon the glorious poſſibilities of the Engliſh conſtitution; but I muſt apply to politics a French expreſſion, appropriated by them to beauty: There is a (je ne ſçai quoi) amongſt us, which makes us troubleſome with our learning, diſagreeable with our wit, poor with our wealth, and inſignificant with our power.

I could never deſpiſe any body for what they have not, and am only provoked when they make not the right uſe of what they have. This is the greateſt mortification, to know the advantages we have by art and nature, and ſee them diſappointed by ſelf-conceit and faction. What patience could bear the diſappointment of a good ſcheme by the October Club?

I have with great uneaſineſs received imperfect accounts of diſagreement amongſt ourſelves. The party we have to ſtruggle with, has ſtrength enough to require our united endeavours. We ſhould not attack their firm body, like Huſſars. Let the victory be ſecure, before we quarrel for the ſpoils; let it be conſidered, whether their yoke were eaſy, or their burthen light. What!

muſt there ever be in St Stephen's chapel, a majority either of knaves or fools?

But ſeriouſly I have long apprehended the effects of that univerſal corruption, which has been improved with ſo much care, and has ſo fitted us for the tyranny deſigned, that we are grown, I fear, inſenſible of ſlavery, and almoſt unworthy of liberty.

The gentlemen, who give you no other ſatisfaction in politics, than the appearances of eaſe and mirth, I wiſh I could partake with them in their good humour; but Tockay itſelf has no effect upon me, while I ſee affairs ſo unſettled, faction ſo ſtrong, and credit ſo weak; and all ſervices abroad, under the trueſt difficulties, by paſt miſcarriages, and preſent want of money; but we are told here, that in the midſt of victory, orders are given to ſound a parly, I will not ſay a retreat. Give me leave to tell the churchmen, there is not in * * * * *.

I have rid the reſty horſe you ſay they gave me, in ploughed lands, till I have made him tame. I wiſh they manage the dull jades as well at home, and get them forward either with whip or ſpur. I depend much upon the three you mention; if they remember me with kindneſs, I am their's, by two the ſtrongeſt ties, I love them, and hate their enemies.

Yet you ſeem to wiſh me other work. It is time the ſtateſmen employ me in my own trade, not their's. If they have nothing elſe for me to

ſubdue, let me command againſt that rank whiggiſh puppet-ſhew. Thoſe junto pigmies, if not deſtroyed, will grow up to giants. Tell St John, he muſt find me work, in the old world, or the new.

I find Mr Harley forgets to make mention of the moſt important part of my letter to him; which was, to let him know that I expected immediately, for one Dr Swift, a lean biſhoprick, or fat deanry. If you happen to meet that gentleman at dinner, tell him, that he has a friend out of the way of doing him good, but that he would, if he could, whoſe name is PETERBOROW.

LETTER XCV.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, April* 19, 1711.

I HAD the favour of your's of the 10th inſtant; by which I underſtand how much I am obliged to you, for the juſtice you did me as to the report, you let me know was about to be printed in the Poſt-boy, relating to Mr Harley.

I think there is no man in this kingdom, on which ſuch a report could be fixed with leſs colour of truth, having been noted for the particular regard I have always had for him. I have ſuffered in ſome caſes too, for my zeal to defend him in the worſt of times; for I confeſs I never could,

could, with patience, bear the treatment he met with in Gregg's affair *. The truth is, when I received the news of this laſt barbarous attempt made on him, I with indignation inſulted ſome, with whom I uſed to diſpute about the former caſe; and aſked them, whether they would now ſuſpect, that he was in the conſpiracy to ſtab himſelf? The turn they gave it, was what I wrote to you, that they imagined he might be in it notwithſtanding that; and that his diſcovering Guiſcard, and preſſing ſo hard on the examination, was the thing that provoked the man to ſuch a degree of rage, as appeared in that villainous act. And they inſtanced the ſtory of Piſo in Tacitus, and the paſſage of Rufus. I know very well, that they did not believe themſelves; and, amongſt other things, I applied that paſſage of Hudibras, *He that beats out his brains*, &c. †. I believe I have told this paſſage to ſeveral, as an example to ſhew into what abſurdities the power of prejudice, malice and faction, will lead ſome men, I hope with good effect; and added, as

* William Gregg was an under-clerk to Mr Secretary Harley in 1708, and was detected in a treaſonable correſpondence. When he was indicted, he pleaded guilty; which gave occaſion to Mr Harley's enemies to inſinuate, that he was privy to Gregg's practices, and had, by aſſurances of pardon, prevailed upon him to plead guilty, in order to prevent the examination of witneſſes. When Gregg was at lengh executed, he left a paper behind him, in which Mr Harley was fully and particularly juſtified.

† But he that dashes out his brains,
The devil's in him, if he feigns.

ſeveral gentlemen that heard me can witneſs, that it was a ſtrange thing, that Mr Harley ſhould diſcover Gregg, and have him hanged, and yet be ſuſpected to be partaker of his crime; but altogether unaccountable, that in a cauſe wherein his life was ſo barbarouſly ſtruck at, it was a thouſand to one if he eſcaped, he ſhould be ſtill under the ſuſpicion of being a party with his murtherer; ſo that I could never imagine, that any one ſhould report, that I ſpoke my own ſenſe, in a matter, wherein I expreſſed ſo great an abhorrence, both of the fact, and the vile comment made upon it.

As to any ſpeech at the meeting of the clergy, or any reprimand given me by any perſon on this account, it is all, aſſure yourſelf, pure invention.

I am ſenſible of the favour you did me, in preventing the publiſhing of ſuch a falſe report, and am moſt thankful to Mr Secretary St John for ſtopping it. I have not the honour to be known to him, otherwiſe I would give him the trouble of a particular acknowledgement. As to Mr Harley, I have had the happineſs to have ſome knowledge of him, and received ſome obligations from him, particularly on the account of my Act of Parliament, that I obtained for the reſtitution of Seatown to the ſee of Dublin. I always had a great honour for him, and expected great good from his known abilities, and zeal for the common intereſt: And as I believe, he was the principal inſtrument of ſettling things on the preſent foot; ſo I believe every one, that

wiſheth

wiſheth well to theſe kingdoms, is ſatisfied, that there is not any man, whoſe death would be a greater loſs to the public, than his. The management of this parliament has, if not reconciled his worſt enemies to him, at leaſt ſilenced them; and 'tis generally believed, that his misfortune has much retarded public affairs.

I partly can gueſs, who writ the letter you mention: It muſt be one of two or three, whoſe buſineſs it is to invent a lie, and throw dirt, ever ſince I was obliged by my duty to call them to account for their negligence and ill practices; they have publiſhed and diſperſed ſeveral libellous prints againſt me, in one of which I marked forty-three downright falſehoods in matters of fact. In another, it is true, there was only one ſuch; the whole and every part of it, from beginning to end, being pure invention and falſehood. But, to my comfort, they are deſpiſed by all good men, and I like myſelf nothing leſs for being the object of their hate. You will excuſe this long letter, and I hope I may by next appriſe you with ſomething of conſequence. In the mean time, I heartily recommend you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

I held my viſitation on the 9th inſtant, where you were excuſed as abſent on the public buſineſs of the church *.

* Dr Swift had then two livings in Ireland, Laracor and Rathbeggin, both in the dioceſe of Meath.

LETTER XCVI.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

My Lord, *May* 4, 1711.

I HAVE had the honour of your Lordſhip's letter; and, by the firſt lines of it, have made a diſcovery, that your Lordſhip is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the North, to employ that public virtue I always heard you did poſſeſs; which is now wholly uſeleſs, and which thoſe very few that have it, are forced to lay aſide, when they would have buſineſs ſucceed.

Is it not ſome comfort, my Lord, that you meet with the ſame degeneracy of manners, and the ſame neglect of the public, among the honeſt Germans, tho', in the philoſopher's phraſe, differently modified? and I hope, at leaſt, we have one advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

Our diviſions run farther than perhaps your Lordſhip's intelligence hath yet informed you of; that is, a triumvirate of our friends whom I have mentioned to you: I have told them more than once, upon occaſion, that all my hope of their ſucceſs depended on their union; that I ſaw they loved one another, and hoped they would continue it, to remove that ſcandal of inconſtancy aſcribed to court friendſhips. I am not now ſo ſecure. I care not to ſay more on ſuch

a ſubject, and even this is *entre nous*. My credit is not of a ſize to do any ſervice on ſuch an occaſion: But, as little as it is, I am ſo ill a politician, that I will venture the loſs of it to prevent this miſchief; the conſequences of which I am as good a judge of as any miniſter of ſtate, and perhaps a better, becauſe I am not one.

When you writ your letter, you had not heard of Guiſcard's attempt on Mr Harley: Suppoſing you know all the circumſtances, I ſhall not deſcant upon it. We believe Mr Harley will ſoon be Treaſurer, and be of the Houſe of Peers; and then we imagine the Court will begin to deal out employments, for which every October member is a candidate; and conſequently nine in ten muſt be diſappointed, the effect of which we may find in the next Seſſion. Mr Harley was yeſterday to open to the Houſe, the ways he has thought of, to raiſe funds for the ſecuring the unprovided debts of the nation, and we are all impatient to know what his propoſals are.

As to the imperfect account you ſay you have received of diſagreement among ourſelves, your Lordſhip knows, that the names of Whig and Tory have quite altered their meanings. All who were for turning out the late miniſtry, we now generally call Tories; and, in that ſenſe, I think it plain, that there are among the Tories, three different intereſts. One of thoſe, I mean the miniſtry, who agree with your Lordſhip and me, in a ſteady management for purſuing the true intereſt of the nation; another is, that of

warmer

warmer heads, as the October Club, and their adherents without doors; and a third is, I fear, of thoſe who, as your Lordſhip expreſſes it, would ſound a parly, and who would make fair weather in caſe of a change, and ſome of theſe laſt are not inconſiderable.

Nothing can be more obliging than your Lordſhip's remembering to mention me in your letters to Mr Harley and Mr St John, when you are in the midſt of ſuch great affairs. I doubt I ſhall want ſuch an advocate as your Lordſhip: For, I believe, every man who has modeſty or merit, is but an ill one for himſelf. I deſire but the ſmalleſt of thoſe titles you give me on the outſide of your letter. My ambition is to live in England, and with a competency to ſupport me with honour. The miniſtry know by this time whether I am worth keeping; and it is eaſier to provide for ten men in the church, than one in a civil employment.

But I renounce England and deanries, without a promiſe from your Lordſhip, under your own hand and ſeal, that I ſhall have liberty to attend you whenever I pleaſe. I foreſee we ſhall have a peace next year, by the ſame ſagacity that I have often foreſeen when I was young. I muſt leave the town in a week, becauſe my money is gone, and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your Lordſhip home; and we muſt have you to adorn your country, when you ſhall be no longer wanted to defend it. I am,

My Lord, &c.

LET-

LETTER XCVII.

TO MR SECRETARY ST JOHN *.

SIR, *Chelſea, May* 11, 1711.

BEING convinced, by certain ominous prognoſtics, that my life is too ſhort to permit me the honour of ever dining another Saturday with Sir Simon Harcourt, knight, or Robert Harley Eſq; I beg I may take the laſt farewell of thoſe two gentlemen to-morrow. I made this requeſt on Saturday laſt, unfortunately after you were gone; and they, like great ſtateſmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your conſent; particularly, my Lord-Keeper, as a lawyer, raiſed innumerable difficulties, although I ſubmitted to allow you an hour's whiſpering before dinner, and an hour after. My Lord Rivers would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himſelf was but a tolerated perſon. The Keeper alledged you could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met, as if you could never open but like a pariſh-cheſt, with the three keys together. It grieves me to ſee the preſent miniſtry thus confederated to pull down my great ſpirit. Pray, Sir, find an expedient. Finding expedients, is the buſineſs of ſecretaries of ſtate. I will yield to any reaſonable conditions, not below my dignity. I will not find fault with the victuals;

* Afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.

tuals; I will reſtore the water-glaſs that I ſtole, and ſolicit for my Lord-Keeper's ſalary. And, Sir, to ſhew you I am not a perſon to be ſafely injured, if you dare refuſe me juſtice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding-ſleeve gown, I will diſparage your ſnuff, write a lampoon upon Nably Car, dine with you upon a foreign poſt-day; nay, I will read verſes in your preſence, until you ſnatch them out of my hands. Therefore, pray, Sir, take pity upon me and yourſelf; and believe me to be, with great reſpect,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient, and
moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER XCVIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, May* 15, 1711.

I HAD the favour of your's of the 10th inſtant, by the laſt pacquets; and cannot return you ſufficient acknowledgment, for your kind and prudent management of that affair, ſo much to my advantage. I confeſs that I did not much fear, that ſuch a vile report would do me any great injury with Mr Harley; for I was perſuaded he is too wiſe, to believe ſuch an incredible ſtory. But the publiſhing it to the world, might have

have influenced ſome to my diſadvantage; and no man can be well pleaſed, to be the ſubject of a libel, though it often happens to be the fate of honeſt men.

I doubt not but you will hear of an unlucky conteſt in the city of Dublin, about their mayor. You may remember, (I think, whilſt you were here, that is, in 1709), Alderman Conſtantine, by a cabal, for ſo I muſt call it, loſt his election; and a *junior* alderman, one Forreſt, was elected mayor for the enſuing year. Conſtantine petitioned the Council Board, not to approve the election; for you muſt know, by the new rules, ſettled in purſuance of an Act of Parliament for the better regulation of corporations, their chief officers muſt be approved of by the Governor and Council after they are elected, before they can enter into any of their reſpective offices; and, if not approved of in ten days, the corporation that choſe them, muſt go to a new election. Now, Alderman Conſtantine, upon the corporation's return of Forreſt, complained of it as wrong, and deſired to be heard by counſel; but my Lord Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant, would not admit of it. This paſt on to the year 1710, and then the preſent mayor was choſen, Alderman Eccles, another *junior* Alderman; and this year, one Alderman Barlow, a taylor, another *junior*. Conſtantine finding the government altered, ſuppoſed he ſhould have more favour, and petitions again of the wrong done him. The city replied,

and

and we had two long hearings. The matter depended on an old bye-law, made about the 12th of Queen Elizabeth; by which the aldermen, according to their ancientry, are required to keep their mayoralty, notwithstanding any licences or orders to the contrary. Several dispensations, and instances of contrary practices, were produced; but with a *salvo*, that the law of succession should stand good; and some alderman, as appeared, had been disfranchised, for not submitting to it, and holding their mayoralty. On the contrary it was urged, that this rule was made in a time when the mayoralty was looked upon as a great burthen, and the *senior* aldermen got licences from serving it, and, by faction and interest, got it put on the *junior* and poorer; and most of the alderman were then Papists, and being obliged, on accepting the office, to take the oath of supremacy, and come to church, they declined it: But the case was now altered, and most were ambitious of it; and a rule or bye-law, that imposed it as a duty and burthen, must be understood to oblige them to take it, but could not oblige the electors to put it on them; that it was often dispensed with, and, as alledged, altogether abrogated by the new rules, that took the election out of the city, where the charter places it, and gave it to the aldermen only; that since those rules, which were made in 1672, the elections have been in another manner, and, in about thirty-six mayors, eight or nine were *junior* aldermen. On the

the whole, the matter ſeemed to me, to hang on a moſt ſlender point: And being Archbiſhop of Dublin, I thought I was obliged to be for the city; but the majority was for the bye-law, and diſapproved Alderman Barlow, who was returned for mayor. I did foreſee, that this would beget ill blood, and did not think it for my Lord Duke of Ormond's intereſt, to claſh with the city; and I went to ſeveral of his Grace's friends, whom I muſt truſt before the debate in council, and deſired them to conſider the matter, and laid the inconveniency I apprehended before them; and deſired them to take notice, that I had warned them; but they told me, that they did not foreſee any hurt it would be to his Grace. And I pray God it may not; though I am afraid it may give him ſome trouble.

The citizens have taken it heinouſly; and, as I hear, met to-day, and, in common council, repealed the bye-law, and have choſen Alderman Barlow again. I think them wrong in both; and a declaration of enmity againſt the Council and Government, which feud is eaſier begun than laid. It is certain the Council muſt diſapprove their choice, it being againſt the new rules, as well as good manners: And what other ſteps will be made to correct them, I cannot ſay; whereas, if they had appointed a committee, to view and report what old obſolete bye-laws were become inconvenient, and repealed this among the reſt, it would not have given offence; and if they had choſen another inſtead of Barlow, I believe he

would have been approved, and there had been an end of the conteſt.

You muſt know this is made a party affair, as Conſtantine ſets up for a high-churchman, which I never heard he did before: But this is an inconveniency in parties, that whoever has a private quarrel, and finds himſelf too weak, he immediately becomes a zealous partizan, and makes his private a public quarrel.

Perhaps it may not be ungrateful, nor perhaps altogether uſeleſs to you, to know the truth of this matter, for I imagine it will be talked of.

I believe the generality of the citizens and gentlemen of Ireland, are looked on as friends to the Whiggiſh intereſt. But it is only ſo far as to keep out the Pretender, whom they mortally fear, with good reaſon; and ſo many villainous papers have been ſpread here, and ſo much pains taken to perſuade them, that the Tories deſign to bring him in, that it is no wonder they are afraid of them; but God be thanked, this miniſtry and parliament has pretty well allayed that fear, by their ſteady and prudent management. And if his Grace the Duke of Ormond proſecutes the ſame meaſures the miniſtry doth in Britain, (as I believe he will), I perſuade myſelf, that the generality here will be as zealous for this, as any miniſtry we ever had.

The death of the Earl of Rocheſter is a great blow to all good men, and even his enemies cannot but do juſtice to his character. What influence

fluence it will have on public affairs, God only knows. I pray let me have your thoughts on it, for I have ſome fears, that I do not find affect other people: I was of opinion, that he contributed much to keep things ſteady; and I with his friends may not want his influence. I conclude with my prayers for you. WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER XCIX.

LORD PETERBOROW TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Hanover, June* 21. 1711.

YOU were returning me to ages paſt, for ſome expreſſions in my letter. I find matter in your's, to ſend you as far back as the golden age. How came you to frame a ſyſtem (in the times we live in) to govern the world by love?

I was much more ſurprized at ſuch a notion in your firſt, than to find your opinion altered in your laſt letter. My hopes were founded more reaſonably upon the contrary principle. I wiſh we could keep ourſelves ſteady by any; but I confeſs it was the hatred and contempt ſo juſtly conceived againſt our late governors, that gave me ſome little expectations we might unite at leaſt, in order to prevent a relapſe.

The conſequences of places not given, were apparent; the whole party were then diſſatisfied; and when given, thoſe are only pleaſed who

have them. This is what the honeſt management of paſt adminiſtrations has brought us to: But I ſhould not yet deſpair, if your loving principle could but have its force amongſt three or four of your acquaintance. Never perſons had more reaſon to agree; nor was it ever in the power of a few men, to bring greater events to bear, or prevent greater inconveniencies; for ſuch are inevitable, without the niceſt management; and I believe no perſon was ever better prepared, to make this out, than myſelf.

I wiſh, before I left England, that I had met, either in your letters or diſcourſe, any thing like what you hint in your laſt: I ſhould have found great eaſe, and you ſome ſatisfaction; for had you paſſed theſe ſix months with me abroad, I could have made you ſenſible, that it were eaſy to have brought the character and influence of an Engliſh Peer, equal to that of a Senator in old Rome. Methinks, I could have brought it to that paſs, to have ſeen a levee of ſuppliant kings and princes, expecting their deſtinies from us, and ſubmitting to our decrees; but if we come, in politics, to your neceſſity of leaving the town for want of money to live in it, Lord, how the caſe will alter!

You threaten me with law, and tell me I might be compelled to make my words good. Remember your own inſinuations; what if I ſhould leave England in a week's time, and ſummon you, in quality of chaplain and ſecretary, to be a witneſs

to

to tranſactions, perhaps of the greateſt importance, ſo great, that I ſhould think you might deſerve the biſhoprick of Wincheſter at your return? Let me know, in a letter directed to Parſon's Green, the moment you receive this, whether you are ready and willing; but you muſt learn to live a month, now and then, without ſleep. As to all other things, we ſhould meet with no mortifications abroad, if we could eſcape them from home.

But, without raillery, if ever I can propoſe to myſelf to be of any great uſe, I foreſee this will be the caſe. This is ſo much my opinion, that I conclude, if it falls out otherwiſe, I ſhall never concern myſelf in any public buſineſs in England; that I ſhall either leave it for a better climate, or marry in a rage, and become the hero of the October club. Your's, PETERBOROW.

LETTER C.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, July* 25, 1711.

YOU muſt not wonder, that I have been ſo ill a correſpondent of late, being, as I find, in debt to you, for your's of June 8th, and July the 12th. This did not proceed from any negligence, but from the circumſtances of things here, that were ſuch that I could not return you any ſatisfactory anſwer.

We have now got over the preliminaries of our parliaments and convocation; that is to ſay, our addreſſes, &c. and as to the parliament, ſo far as appears to me, there will be an entire compliance with her Majeſty's occaſions, and my Lord Duke of Ormond's deſires; and that funds will be given for two years from Chriſtmas next; by which we ſhall have the following Summer, free from parliamentary attendance, which proves a great obſtruction, both to church and country buſineſs. As to the convocation, we have no licence as yet to act. I have heard ſome whiſpers, as if a letter of licence had come over, and was ſent back again to be mended, eſpecially as to direction about a preſident. I may inform you, that that matter is in her Majeſty's choice; we have on record, four licences; the firſt directed to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, in 1614; the other three, that are in 1634, 1662, and 1665, directed to the then Lords Primates. I have not at preſent the exact dates; but I have ſeen the writs, and find the Convocations ſat in theſe years.

His Grace the Duke of Ormond, in his ſpeech to the parliament, (which I doubt not but you have ſeen), mentioned the remittal of the twentieth parts, and the grant of the firſt fruits, for buying impropriations; but did not aſſume to himſelf any merit in the procuring of them; nor, that I can find by any intimation, ſo much as inſinuated, that the grant was on his motion; notwithſtanding, both in the Houſe of Lords, and Convocation,

Convocation, ſome laboured to aſcribe the whole to his Grace; and had it not been for the account I had from you, his Grace muſt, next to her Majeſty, have had the entire thanks. You'll obſerve, from the Lords addreſs, and Convocation, that his Grace is brought in for a ſhare in both. But if the caſe ſhould be otherwiſe, yet his is no way to be blamed. The current runs that way; and perhaps neither you nor I have bettered our intereſt here at preſent, by endeavouring to ſtop it.

The concluſion was, that all the archbiſhops and biſhops, agreed to return thanks to my Lord Treaſurer of Great Britain, by a letter, which all in town have ſigned; being convinced, that, next to her Majeſty's native bounty, and zeal for the church, this favour is due to his Lordſhip's mediation.

But they have employed no agent to ſolicit the paſſing the act through the offices, believing his Lordſhip will take care of that, of his own mere motion, as he did of the grant. This is meant as an inſtance of their great confidence of his Lordſhip's concern for them, which makes it needleſs, that any ſhould intermeddle in what he has undertaken.

If his Lordſhip thinks fit to return any anſwer to the biſhops, I wiſh he would take ſome occaſion to mention you in it; for that would juſtify you, and convince the biſhops, ſome of whom, perhaps, ſuſpect the truth of what you ſaid of the

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firſt-fruits and twentieth-parts, being granted before his Grace the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

I can't at preſent write of ſeveral matters, that perhaps I may have opportunity to communicate to you. I have ſent with this, the Lords and the Convocation's addreſs to my Lord Duke.

If it may be proper, I would have my moſt humble reſpects to be laid before my Lord Treaſurer. You may be ſure I am his moſt humble ſervant, and ſhall never forget the advantages he has been the author of, to the church and ſtate; and yet, I believe, if it pleaſe God to prolong his life, greater things may be expected from him; my prayers ſhall not be wanting.

As for yourſelf, I will ſay more ſome other time: And for the preſent, ſhall only aſſure you, that I am, Sir, your affectionate humble ſervant, and brother, WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER CI.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

Liſſenhall, July 28, 1711.

SINCE my Lord Duke of Ormond's arrival, I have been ſo continually hurried with company, that I retired here for two or three days. The preliminaries of our parliament are now over; that is to ſay, addreſſes, &c. and I find the

the uſual funds will be granted; I think unanimouſly, for two, from Chriſtmas next, which is all the Duke of Ormond deſires. I do not ſee much more will be done. You will obſerve ſeveral reflections are in the addreſſes, on the late management here, in which the Earl of Angleſey and I differed. If we could impeach, as you can in Great Britain, and bring the malefactors to account, I ſhould be for it with all my endeavour; but to ſhew our ill-will, when we can do no more, ſeems to be no good policy in a dependent people; and that can have no other effect, than to provoke revenge, without the proſpect of redreſs; of which we have two fatal inſtances. I reckon that every chief governor, who is ſent here, comes with a deſign to ſerve, firſt, thoſe who ſent him; and that our good only muſt be ſo far conſidered, as it is ſubſervient to the main deſign. The only difference between governors, as to us, is to have a good-natured man, that has ſome intereſt in our proſperity, and will not oppreſs us unneceſſarily; and ſuch is his Grace. But I doubt, whether even that will not be an objection againſt him, on your ſide of the water: For I have found, that thoſe governors, that gained moſt on the liberties of the kingdom, are reckoned the beſt; and therefore it concerns us, to be on our guard againſt all governors, and to provoke as little as we can: For he that cannot revenge himſelf, acts the wiſe part, when he diſſembles, and paſſes over injuries.

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In my opinion, the beſt that has happened to us, is, that the parliament grants the funds for two years; for by theſe means we ſhall have one Summer to ourſelves, to do our church and country buſineſs. I have not been able to viſit my dioceſe eccleſiatim, as I uſed to do, the laſt three years, for want of ſuch a receſs. I hope the parliament of Great Britain will not reſume the yarn bill, whilſt they continue the ſame. The Lords have not ſat above four or five days, and are adjourned till Monday next; ſo we have no heads of bills brought into our houſe as yet: But if any be relating to the church, I will do my endeavour to give you ſatisfaction.

Our letter is come over for the remittal of the twentieth-parts, and granting the firſt-fruits, for buying impropriations, and purchaſing glebes, which will be a great eaſe to the clergy, and a benefit to the church. We want glebes more than the impropriations; and I am for buying them firſt, where wanting; for without them, reſidence is impoſſible: And, beſides, I look upon it, as a ſecurity to tythes, that the laity have a ſhare in them; and therefore I am not for purchaſing them, but where they are abſolutely neceſſary.

We ſhall, I believe, have ſome conſiderations of methods to convert the natives; but I do not find, that it is deſired by all, that they ſhould be converted. There is a party amongſt us, that have little ſenſe of religion, and heartily hate the church;

church: Theſe would have the natives made Proteſtants; but ſuch as themſelves are deadly afraid they ſhould come into the church, becauſe, they ſay, this would ſtrengthen the church too much. Others would have them come in, but can't approve of the methods propoſed, which are to preach to them in their own language, and have the ſervice in Iriſh, as our own canons require. So that between them I am afraid that little will be done. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

LETTER CII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Swords, Sept.* 1, 1711.

I HAVE before me your's of the 15th and 21ſt, for which I return you my hearty thanks. I perceive you have the votes of our Commons here, and I ſuppoſe the addreſs of the Lords, that gave occaſion to them. I muſt let you know, that I was very poſitive againſt the clauſe that provoked them, and kept the houſe in debate about it at leaſt an hour, and ſpoke ſo often, that I was aſhamed of myſelf; yet there were but three negatives to it. I uſed ſeveral arguments againſt the Lords concurring with their committee, and foretold all that has happened upon it. Upon which I was much out of favour with the houſe for ſome time; and induſtry has been

been uſed, as I was informed, to perſuade my Lord Duke, that what I did, was in oppoſition to his intereſt; but when I had the opportunity to diſcourſe his Grace laſt, he was of another opinion. And, in truth, my regard to his Grace's intereſt, was the principal reaſon of oppoſing a clauſe, that I foreſaw might embarraſs his buſineſs here.

There happened another affair relating to one Langton, of whom I formerly gave you ſome account. The Commons found him on the eſtabliſhment for a ſmall penſion; and having an ill notion of him and his informations, they took this occaſion to examine his merits. In order to which, they ſent up a meſſage to the Lords, to deſire leave for Judge Coſte, who had taken his examinations, and thoſe of his witneſſes, to come down, and inform the committee: And this ſeemed the more neceſſary, becauſe the examinations taken by the Council were burned: But the Lords refuſed to let the Judge go down as deſired, and paſſed a vote to take the examination of the matter into their own hands. This, I foreſaw, might prove another bone of contention, and did oppoſe it, but with the ſame ſucceſs as the former. Langton pleaded privilege, as chaplain to the biſhop of Oſſory, and refuſed to appear before the Commons; on which they paſſed the angry reſolves you will find in their votes. The examination of this matter has employed much of the Lords time, to very little pur-

poſe. My oppoſing this, was made an objection againſt me, by ſome that wiſh now my advice had been taken.

The buſineſs of the city of Dublin, of which I gave you an account formerly, embroils us very much. We have, at the Council, rejected four mayors and eight ſheriffs, all regularly elected by the city, ſome of them the beſt citizens in the town, and much in the intereſt of the government. We begin to be ſick of it, and I am afraid, that it may beget ill blood, and come into parliament here. We have rejected the elected magiſtrates in four other corporations, which adds to the noiſe. I own there were good reaſons for rejecting ſome of them; but I can't ſay the ſame for Dublin. I wiſh this may not prove uneaſy to us.

There was a motion made at the ſeſſions for the county of Dublin, at Kilmainham, for an addreſs of thanks to her Majeſty, for ſending his Grace the Duke of Ormond to be our chief governor. Nine of the juſtices, that is, all that were then preſent, agreed to it; and an addreſs was ordered to be drawn, which was brought next morning into Court; and then there were above a ſcore that ſeemed to have come on purpoſe, and promiſed, that it ſhould be rejected by a majority; for this reaſon only, that it would entail a neceſſity on them to addreſs in favour of every new Lord Lieutenant, or diſoblige him. For which reaſon, it was rejected alſo in my Lord

Wharton's time. This no ways concerns his Grace himſelf; but, in my opinion, ought to leſſen the eſteem of ſome perſons management, that attempt things, which would be better let alone, where they cannot be carried without oppoſition.

The Houſe of Commons ſeemed to have received ill impreſſions of ſome. They reckon my Lord Duke's adviſers, as if they were ſecretly his enemies, and deſigned to betray him. They generally ſeemed perſuaded, that his Grace is a ſincere honeſt man, and moſt in the intereſt of the kingdom of any chief governor they can ever expect; and that, therefore, they ought to ſupport him to the utmoſt of their power, and declare, that the quarrels his enemies raiſe, ſhall not hinder them from doing whatever he ſhall reaſonably deſire from them, or her Majeſty's ſervice require; and as an inſtance of their ſincerity in this, they have granted funds for two years from Chriſtmas laſt; whereas at firſt they intended only two years from the 24th of June laſt.

I have been preaching a doctrine that ſeems ſtrange to ſome: 'Tis, that her Majeſty, and the miniſtry, will be inclined to employ ſuch as may be a help and ſupport to their intereſt, and not a clog. I mean, that theſe ſubalterns ſhould, by their prudence and dexterity, be able to remove any miſunderſtandings that may be between the government and the people, and help

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to beget in them a good notion of the miniſtry; and, by all means, avoid ſuch things as may embarraſs or beget jealouſies; ſo that the burthen or odium may not fall on the miniſtry, where any harſh things happen to be done: That it ſeems to me to be the duty of thoſe in poſts, to avoid unneceſſary diſputes, and not to expect, that the miniſtry will interpoſe to extricate them, when they, without neceſſity, have involved themſelves. But ſome are of a different opinion, and ſeem to think, that they have no more to do, when they meet with difficulties, perhaps of their own creating, than to call in the miniſtry, and deſire them to decide the matter by power: a method, that I do not approve, nor has it ſucceeded well with former governors here: Witneſs Lord Sidney, and Lord Wharton, in the caſe of the convocation.

There really needs but one thing to quiet the people of Ireland, and it is to convince them, that there is no eye to the pretender. Great induſtry has been, and ſtill is, uſed to bugbear them with that fear. I believe it is over with you; but it will require time and prudent methods to quiet the people here, that have been poſſeſſed for twenty-two years with a continual apprehenſion, that he is at the door, and that a certain kind of people deſigned to bring him in. The circumſtances of this kingdom, from what they ſaw and felt under King James, make the dread of him much greater than it can be with you.

As to our convocation, a letter came from her Majeſty to give us licence to act; but it no ways pleaſed ſome people, and ſo it was ſent back to be modelled to their mind, but returned again without alteration. It came not to us till the day the parliament adjourned. I was at that time obliged to attend the Council, there being a hearing of the Quakers againſt a bill for recovering tythes. In my abſence they adjourned till the meeting of the parliament, without ſo much as voting thanks, or appointing a committee. The things, that diſpleaſed ſome in the licence, were, firſt, that my Lord Primate was not the ſole preſident, ſo as to appoint whom he pleaſed to act in his abſence. The ſecond was, the conſideration of proper methods to convert the natives, againſt which ſome have ſet themſelves with all their might. The third is, what concerns pluralities, and reſidence, which ſome have not patience to hear of. The Lower Houſe ſeem to have the matter more at heart; for they have appointed committees during the receſs, and are doing ſomething.

I can't but admire, that you ſhould be at a loſs to find what is the matter with thoſe, that would neither allow you, nor any one elſe, to get any thing for the ſervice of the church, or the public. It is, with ſubmiſſion, the ſilleſt query I ever found made by Dr Swift. You know there are ſome, that would aſſume to themſelves to be the only churchmen and managers, and can't endure

endure that any thing ſhould be done, but by themſelves, and in their own way; and had rather that all good things propoſed ſhould miſcarry, than be thought to come from other hands than their own, whoſe buſineſs it is to leſſen every body elſe, and obſtruct whatever is attempted, though of the greateſt advantage to church and ſtate, if it be not from their own party. And yet, ſo far as I have hitherto obſerved, I do not remember any inſtance of their propoſing, much leſs proſecuting with ſucceſs, any thing for the public good. They ſeem to have a much better hand at obſtructing others, and embarraſſing affairs, than at propoſing or proſecuting any good deſign.

Theſe ſeem as uneaſy that more alterations are not made here, as thoſe you mention are with them. The reaſon is very plain, they would fain get into employments, which can't be without removes; but I have often obſerved, that none are more eager for poſts, than ſuch as are leaſt fit for them. I do not ſee how a new parliament would much mend things here; for there is little choice of men; perhaps it might be for the worſe, "rebus ſic ſtantibus;" though I always thought, the honeſt part is, to allow the people to ſpeak their ſenſe on the change of affairs by new repreſentatives. I do not find, that thoſe that have embarraſſed the preſent, deſigned a new one; but they thought the Commons ſo paſſive, that they might carry what

they pleaſed, whatever their deſign might be. If they proſecute the preſent meaſures, I believe they will make new ones neceſſary, when there ſhall be occaſion to have a new Seſſion.

I pray moſt heartily for her Majeſty, and her miniſters; and am inclined to believe, that it is one of the moſt difficult parts of their preſent circumſtances, to find proper inſtruments to execute their good intentions, notwithſtanding the great crowds that offer themſelves; particularly, my Lord Treaſurer's welfare is at heart with all good men: I am ſure, with none more, than, Reverend Sir, &c. WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER CIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Swords, Sept.* 1, 1711.

I GOT a little retirement here, and made uſe of it, to write to you by the preſent pacquet. I promiſed to ſay ſomething as to your own affairs; and the firſt thing, is not to neglect yourſelf on this occaſion, but to make uſe of the favour and intereſt you have at preſent, to procure you ſome preferment, that may be called a ſettlement. Years come on, and after a certain age, if a man be not in a ſtation that may be a ſtep to a better, he ſeldom goes higher. It is with men as with beauties; if they paſs the flower,

flower, they grow ſtale, and lie for ever neglected. I know you are not ambitious; but it is prudence, not ambition, to get into a ſtation, that may make a man eaſy, and prevent contempt when he grows in years. You certainly may now have an opportunity to provide for yourſelf, and I entreat you not to neglect it.

The ſecond thing that I would deſire you to conſider, is, that God has given you parts and learning, and a happy turn of mind; and that you are anſwerable for thoſe talents to God: And therefore I adviſe you, and believe it to be your duty, to ſet yourſelf to ſome ſerious and uſeful ſubject in your profeſſion, and to manage it ſo that it may be of uſe to the world. I am perſuaded, that if you will apply yourſelf this way, you are well able to do it; and that your knowledge of the world, and reading, will enable you to furniſh ſuch a piece, with ſuch uncommon remarks, as will render it both profitable and agreeable, above moſt things that paſs the preſs. Say not, that moſt ſubjects in divinity are exhauſted; for if you will look into Dr Wilkins's Heads of Matters, which you will find in his Gift of Preaching, you will be ſurpriſed to find ſo many neceſſary and uſeful heads, that no authors have meddled with. There are ſome common themes, that have employed multitudes of authors; but the moſt curious and difficult are in a manner untouched, and a good genius will not fail to produce ſomething new and ſurprizing on

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the moſt trite, much more on thoſe that others have avoided, merely becauſe they were above their parts.

Aſſure yourſelf, that your intereſt, as well as duty, requires this from you; and you will find, that it will anſwer ſome objections againſt you, if you thus ſhew the world, that you have patience, and comprehenſion of thought, to go through with ſuch a ſubject of weight and learning.

You'll pardon me this freedom, which I aſſure you proceeds from a ſincere kindneſs, and true value that I have for you. I will add no more, but my hearty prayers for you. I am, Dr Swift, your's, WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER CIV.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Oct. 27, 1711.*

I HAVE before me your's of the 1ſt inſtant; but have been ſo employed with attending parliament, convocation, and privy-council, that I could neither compoſe my thoughts to write, nor find time. Beſides, our buſineſs is all in a hurry; and I may ſay, in fine, that things admit of no perfect account. On Wedneſday the corn bill, which the Commons ſeemed to value moſt, was thrown out; becauſe it reſerved a power to the Lord Lieutenant, and Council here, to prohibit

hibit or permit the tranſportation of grain at any time. There was a deſign to fall on the privy-council upon this occaſion; but gentlemen would not come into it; which ſhewed they had ſome wit in their anger. And I am ſtill of opinion, that, with tolerable good management, this would have been as quiet a Seſſion as has been in Ireland: But the Dublin buſineſs, the addreſs of the Lords, Langton's affair *, and now Higgins †, have exaſperated the Commons to ſuch a height, that will, as you obſerve, make this parliament to be impracticable any longer. It is

* "Dominic Langton, clerk, formerly a friar, had accuſed Lewis Meares, Eſq; and other Proteſtant gentlemen of the county of Weſtmeath, of entering into an aſſociation againſt the Queen and her miniſtry: Upon which the Houſe of Commons in Ireland, on the 6th of Auguſt, 1711, voted ſeveral ſtrong reſolutions againſt the ſaid Langton, declaring his charge againſt Mr Meares, &c. to be falſe, groundleſs, and malicious; and reſolved, that an addreſs ſhould be preſented to the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Ormond, to deſire, that her Majeſty would order the ſaid Langton to be ſtruck off the eſtabliſhment of Ireland."

† "Francis Higgins, M. A. prebendary of Chriſt-church, in Dublin, and rector of Balruddery, in that county, mentioned in a former note, p. 156. He had been preſented by the grand jury of the county of Dublin, on the 5th of October 1711, as a ſower of ſedition, and groundleſs jealouſies, amongſt her Majeſty's Proteſtant ſubjects. And on the 10th of the ſame month, Henry Lord Santry preſented a petition to the Lord Lieutenant and privy-council of Ireland, deſiring, that Mr Higgins might be turned out of the commiſſion of peace. But, after ſeveral hearings of the caſe before the Lord Lieutenant and council, he was, on the 19th of November following, cleared, though the Archbiſhop of Dublin voted in the negative againſt him."

is true, the Lords addreſs might have been interpreted to aim at Lord Wharton, and was partly ſo intended; but it was ill expreſſed, to bear that ſenſe; and, beſides, what did it ſignify for us to ſhew our reſentment, when it could only provoke a great man to revenge, and could not reach him?

As to the firſt-fruits and twentieth-parts, no body here dare ſay, that any body, beſides the Duke of Ormond, procureth them, but his Grace himſelf; who, for ought I can learn, never aſſumed, either publicly or privately, any ſuch merit to himſelf: And yet I confeſs, it is not amiſs, that it ſhould be thought he did thoſe things. For he could not think of governing the kingdom, if it be not believed, that he has great intereſt at Court; and if that did not appear by ſome favours of moment obtained for the kingdom, none would ſuppoſe it. He is truly a modeſt, generous, and honeſt man; and aſſure yourſelf, that whatever diſturbance he has met with, proceeds from his ſticking too cloſe to his friends. It is a pity ſuch a fault ſhould hurt a man. I ſend you incloſed, the papers that relate to Mr Higgins. Lord Santry was heard againſt him, before the Lord Lieutenant and Council, October 27: He was allowed only to prove the articles in his petition, that are marked with P, and he ſeemed to prove them pretty fully; but Mr Higgins not having yet made his defence, I can give no judgment. By the teſtimony of the

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Lower Houſe of Convocation, in his favour, you will ſee how heartily they eſpouſe him. And ſurely both pains and art have been uſed to ſcreen him; with what effect you ſhall hear, when the matter is concluded. I wiſh every good man may meet with as good, and as faſt friends, as he hath done. I ſend you likewiſe the votes, that kept the Commons in debate, from eleven in the morning, till ſeven at night. The queſtion was carried in the negative, by two accidents; the going out of one member, by chance, to ſpeak to ſomebody at the putting of the queſtion; and the coming in of another, in his boots, at the very minute. If either had not happened, it had gone the other way. The perſonal affection to the Duke of Ormond divided the houſe. If they could have ſeparated him from ſome others, the majority had been great. You may eaſily, from this, ſee what way the bent of the kingdom goes; and that garbling corporations no way pleaſes them.

We have ſeveral printed accounts of preliminaries of the peace; but I believe them all amuſements; for, I imagine, none of the common ſcribblers know any thing of them at all. I pray God, they may be ſuch, as may ſecure us from a new war; though, I believe, the death of the Emperor makes a laſting peace, much more difficult than before. That depends on a balance, and to that, three things ſeem ſo neceſſary, that any two may ſtop the third; but now all is reduced to two. I reckon, as ſoon as the peace is

ſettled,

ſettled, the Dauphin will be taken out of the way, and then France and Spain will fall into one hand; a ſurmiſe I have had in mind, ever ſince Philip got Spain: And I was of opinion, that if we could have been ſecured againſt this accident, there had been no need of a war at all.

As to the convocation, I told you formerly, how we loſt all the time of the receſs, by a precipitate adjournment made by five biſhops, when the Archbiſhop of Tuam, and as many of us as were of the Privy Council, were abſent, attending at the board, upon hearing of the Quakers, againſt the bill for recovery of tythes. Since the meeting of the Parliament, after the receſs, we have attended pretty cloſely; have drawn up, and agreed to ſix or ſeven canons; and have drawn up a repreſentation of the ſtate of religion, as to infidelity, hereſy, impiety, and popery. We have gone through likewiſe, and agreed to a great part of this: But I doubt we ſhall not be able to finiſh it. We have alſo before us, the conſideration of reſidence, and the means of converting Papiſts. This laſt ſent up from the Lower Houſe. But I reckon it not poſſible to finiſh theſe things this Seſſion. I need not tell you, that my Lord Primate's indiſpoſition is a great clog to diſpatch; but he is reſolved, none elſe ſhall have the chair. So we diſpenſe with many things, that otherwiſe I believe we ſhould not. We had only two church-bills this time; one for unions, which was thrown out in our houſe; and another for reco-

very of tythes, which I underſtand will be thrown out by the Commons. Our Seſſion draws near an end, and every body is tired of it.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER CV.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

October 31, 1711.

TO-day we had another hearing at Council, concerning Mr Higgins's buſineſs. Some of his witneſſes were examined. So far as we have yet heard, it doth not appear to me, that they have cleared him of tampering with witneſſes, ſhifting recognizances, or compounding felonies; but it is ſaid, theſe things are common in the country; and, perhaps, that will ſave him. And I know not how far his other witneſſes, that are yet to be examined, may clear him. The hearing laſted above three hours. I was unwilling to make this pacquet too large, ſo I have incloſed the other prints in another. I want ſome affidavits of gentlemen, in which they depoſe Mr Higgins's caſe to contain many falſehoods. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER CVI.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Nov.* 1, 1711.

I HAVE conſidered that part of your letter, that relates to your own concerns. I find you in earneſt, very indifferent as to making your fortune; but you ought not to be ſo; for a weighty reaſon you inſinuate yourſelf, that you cannot, without a ſettlement, be maſter of your time, in ſuch manner as to apply yourſelf to do ſomething that may be uſeful to the church. I know it is not in your power to do it when you pleaſe; but yet ſomething may be done towards it. Get but a letter to the government, from my Lord Treaſurer, for the firſt good preferment; and you will at the ſame time fill it with a good man, and perhaps prevent a bad one from getting into it. Sure there is no immodeſty in getting ſuch a recommendation. Conſider, that years grow upon you; and after fifty, both body and mind decay. I have ſeveral things on the anvil, and near finiſhed, that perhaps might be uſeful, if publiſhed: But the continual avocation by buſineſs, the impoſitions on me by impertinent viſits, and the uneaſineſs of writing, which grows more intolerable to me every day, I doubt, will prevent my going any farther. Therefore loſe no time. *Qui non eſt hodie, cras minus aptus erit.* I am ſure,

you

you are able to do good ſervice; and give me leave to be importunate with you to go about it. Cæſar wrote his commentaries, under the hurry and fatigues of a General; and, perhaps, a man's ſpirit is never more awakened, nor his thoughts better, than in the intervals of a hurry of buſineſs. Read Eraſmus's life, and you'll find it was almoſt a continual journey. You ſee how malicious ſome are towards you, in printing a parcel of trifles, falſely, as your works. This makes it neceſſary, that you ſhould ſhame thoſe varlets, by ſomething that may enlighten the world, which, I am ſure, your genius will reach, if you ſet yourſelf to it. If I had the honour to have any correſpondence with my Lord Treaſurer, I would certainly complain of you to him, and get his Lordſhip to join in this requeſt, which, I perſuade myſelf, he would readily do, if put in mind. I do not in the leaſt fear, that you will be angry with me for this, ſince you cannot ſuſpect my ſincerity and kindneſs in it: And though I ſhall be angry with you, if you neglect yourſelf and intereſt, yet it ſhall go no farther, than to be a trouble to myſelf, but no abatement of the real friendſhip of your's, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER CVII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dublin, Nov.* 10, 1711.

PERHAPS it will not be ungrateful to you, to know our Seſſion of Parliament ended on Friday laſt. We threw out, in the Houſe of Lords, two bills; that againſt fines in the city of Dublin, and about quit-rents; and voted an addreſs, in oppoſition to the Commons addreſs, about Revolution principles. We likewiſe burned Mr Stoughton's Sermon, preached at Chriſt-church, on the 30th of January, ſome years ago. The Houſe were pleaſed to vote me thanks for proſecuting him, which, you may remember, I did in a difficult time, notwithſtanding the oppoſition I had from the government, and his protection by ord Ikerin, which he pleaded in Court: And yet I followed him ſo cloſe, that I forced him out of his living. After this, we burned Mr Boyſe's book of *A Scriptural Biſhop* *; and

* 'It was printed in 4to, at Dublin, under the title of "The Office of a Chriſtian Biſhop deſcribed, and recommended from 1 Tim. chap. iii. ver. 1. An ordination-ſermon. With an Appendix to it, and a Poſtſcript, containing an apology for the publication of it." The Appendix and Poſtſcript were added to the ſecond edition of the ſermon. The author was an eminent diſſenting miniſter at Dublin.'

and ſome Obſervators *. Our addreſs was brought in yeſterday; in which, ſure, we are even with the Commons. I forgot to tell you, we agreed to another addreſs, againſt diſſenting miniſters, and their twelve hundred pounds † *per annum*. The Commons made an addreſs to my Lord Lieutenant, in which they bring him in for Revolution principles. The Memorial of the Church of England ‡ was re-printed here, and dedicated to my Lord Lieutenant. This was brought into the Houſe of Commons, and, I doubt, would not have eſcaped, if the Uſher of the Black Rod had not called them up to the prorogation. Langton's buſineſs came likewiſe into the Houſe of Lords; and when the Houſe

* 'Papers publiſhed under that title, by John Tutchin, Eſq; who had been ſeverely ſentenced by Lord Chief Juſtice Jefferey's, in King James the Second's reign. He was, at laſt, attacked in the night, for ſome offence, which he had given by his writings, and died in conſequence of the violence uſed towards him. Dr Swift, in his Examiner, No. 15. for November 16. 1710, ſpeaks of this writer, and of Daniel de Foe, author of *The Review of the State of the Britiſh Nation*, as two ſtupid illiterate ſcribblers, both of them fanatics by profeſſion,' vol. III. p. 13.

† "This addreſs was agreed upon, Nov. 9. 1711. The twelve hundred pounds *per annum*, was originally a bounty to thoſe miniſters, from King Charles the Second, confirmed by King William, and continued by Queen Anne."

‡ "Publiſhed at firſt in 1705, in quarto, under this title, "The Memorial of the Church of England, humbly offered to the Conſideration of all true Lovers of our Church and Conſtitution." This libel, upon its firſt publication, having been preſented as ſuch, by the Grand Jury of London, and Middleſex, on the 31ſt of Auguſt 1705, was burnt by the common hangman."

was full of ladies, an offer was made, to receive the report of the committee, which contained many ſheets of paper. A great debate happened upon it; but at laſt it was waved, and ordered to be laid before the Lord Lieutenant.

In ſhort, we parted in very ill humour; and I apprehended, that the minds of the generality are not eaſy. My Lord Duke of Ormond, ſo far as I could take it, made a very modeſt and healing ſpeech; and his Grace ſeemed, in it, to be altogether diſintereſted in parties. All theſe you have in public; and, if you think it worth while, I will take care to ſend them as they are printed.

As to our Convocation, thoſe who had loitered and done nothing before laſt week, preſſed on the repreſentation of the ſtate of religion, as to infidelity, hereſy, impiety, and popery: It will in ſome time be printed. I had many reaſons, but inſiſted only on two; firſt, Its imputing all vices to us, as if we were the worſt of people in the world; not allowing any good amongſt us. Secondly, Not aſſigning it as a cauſe of the natives continuing Papiſts, that no care was ever taken to preach to them in their own language, or tranſlating the ſervice into Iriſh. You will find the matter in Heylin's Reformation, 2d Eliz. 1560, p. 128. I was forced to uſe art to procure this proteſt to be admitted, without which, they would not have allowed me to offer reaſons, as I had cauſe to believe.

Both

Both the Parliament and Convocation have been ſo ordered, as to make us appear the worſt people in the world, diſloyal to her Majeſty, and enemies to the church; and, I ſuſpect, with a deſign to make us appear unworthy to have any countenance or preferment in our native country. When the repreſentation is printed, I will, if you think it worth your while, ſend you my proteſt. We agreed likewiſe in ſome canons of no great moment, and ſome forms of prayer, and forms of receiving Papiſts, and ſectaries; which, I think, are too ſtrait. I brought in a paper about reſidence; but here was no time to conſider it, nor that which related to the means of converting Papiſts. I did not perceive any zeal that way. A great part of our repreſentation relates to ſectaries; and many things, in the whole, ſeem to me not defenſible. I told you before, how we loſt ſix weeks, during the adjournment of the parliament; and ſince it ſat, we could only meet in the afternoon, and I was frequently in Council; ſo that I was neither preſent when it was brought into the Houſe, when it paſſed for the moſt part, or was ſent down in parcels in foul raſed papers, that I could not well read, if I had an opportunity; and never heard it read through before it paſſed.

I believe moſt are agreed, that if my advice had been taken, this would have been the peaceableſt Seſſion ever was in Ireland; whereas it has been one of the moſt boiſterous. I believe it

was

was his Grace the Duke of Ormond's intereſt, to have it quiet; but then the managers conduct has ſhewed themſelves to be neceſſary. I have wearied myſelf with this ſcroll, and perhaps you will be ſo likewiſe. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER CVIII.

MR SECRETARY ST JOHN TO DR SWIFT.

Hampton-Court, Nov. 16, 1711.

I RETURN you the ſheet *, which is, I think, very correct. Sunday morning I hope to ſee you. I am ſincerely your hearty friend, and obedient ſervant, H. ST. JOHN.

I have a vile ſtory to tell you, of the moral philoſopher Steele.

LETTER CIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR STERNE †.

THE reaſon I have not troubled you this long time with my letters, was becauſe I would not diſturb the quiet you live in, and which

* "Probably of the *Conduct of the Allies*, which was publiſhed on the 27th of November, 1711."

† "Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin."

which the greateſt and wiſeſt men here would envy, if they knew; and which it is one part of your happineſs that they do not. I have often ſent the Archbiſhop * political letters, of which I ſuppoſe you have had part. I have ſome weeks ago received a letter from his Grace, which I deſign to acknowledge in a ſhort time (as I deſire you will pleaſe to tell him) when things here come to ſome iſſue; and ſo we expect they will do in a little time. You know what an unexpected thing fell out the firſt day of this Seſſion in the Houſe of Lords †, by the caprice, diſcontent, or ſome worſe motive of the Earl of Nottingham.

In above twenty years, that I have known ſomething of courts, I never obſerved ſo many odd, dark, unaccountable circumſtances, in any public affair. A majority againſt the Court, carried by five or ſix depending Lords, who owed the beſt part of their bread to penſions from the Court, and who were told by the public enemy, that what they did would be pleaſing to the Queen, though it was openly levelled againſt the firſt miniſter's

* "Archbiſhop of Dublin, Dr King."

† "The Earl of Nottingham propoſed, in the Houſe of Lords, a clauſe to be inſerted in the addreſs of thanks to the Queen for her ſpeech, to repreſent to her Majeſty, as the humble opinion and advice of the Houſe, that no peace could be made ſafe or honourable to Great Britain or Europe, if Spain or the Weſt-Indies were to be allowed to any branch of the Houſe of Bourbon. Which motion was carried, by a majority of ſixty-one votes to fifty-five.

miniſter's head: Again, thoſe whoſe purſe-ſtrings and heart-ſtrings were the ſame, all on a ſudden ſcattering their money to bribe votes: A Lord *, who had been ſo far always a Tory, as often to be thought in the Pretender's intereſt, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, careſſed by thoſe Whigs, who hated and abhored him: The Whigs all chiming in † with a bill againſt occaſional conformity; and the very diſſenting miniſters agreeing to it, for reaſons that nobody alive

* "Earl of Nottingham."

† "One of the conditions, upon which the Earl of Nottingham was ſaid to have entered into ſtrict engagements with the Lords of the moderate party, was their concurrence with him in a bill to prevent occaſional conformity, which he had formerly urged, and now deſigned to bring into the Houſe of Lords, though under another title, and with ſuch clauſes, as would, in ſome meaſure, inlarge the toleration of diſſenters, and be a farther ſecurity to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, in the Houſe of Commons. Accordingly, on Saturday, December 15, 1711, his Lordſhip brought into the Houſe of Lords "a bill for preſerving the Proteſtant religion, by better ſecuring the church of England, as by law eſtabliſhed: And for confirming toleration granted to the Proteſtant diſſenters, by an act, intitled, "An act for exempting their Majeſties Proteſtant ſubjects, diſſenting from the church of England, from the penalties of certain laws; and for the ſupplying the defects thereof; and for the farther ſecuring the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, by requiring the practiſers of the law, in North Britain, to take the oaths, and ſubſcribe the declaration therein mentioned." His Lordſhip was ſupported by the Earls of Scarborough and Wharton, and ſeveral other Lords; ſo that the bill was received, and read the firſt time without any oppoſition; and, on the 18th of December, it paſſed the Houſe of Lords, as it did that of the Commons on the 20th of that month."

alive can tell *; a reſolution of breaking the treaty of peace, without any poſſible ſcheme for continuing the war: And all this owing to a doubtfulneſs, or inconſtancy, in one certain quarter, which, at this diſtance, I dare not deſcribe. Neither do I find any one perſon, though deepeſt in affairs, who can tell what ſteps to take. On January the ſecond, the Houſe of Lords is to meet, and, it is expected, they will go on in their votes and addreſſes againſt a peace.

On the other ſide, we are endeavouring to get a majority, and have called up two Earls ſons to the Houſe of Peers; and I thought ſix more would have been called, and, perhaps, they may before Wedneſday. We expect the Duke of Somerſet, and Lord Cholmondely, will loſe their places; but it is not yet done, and we wiſh for one more change at Court, which you might gueſs. To know upon what ſmall circumſtances, and by what degrees, this change has been brought about, would require a great deal more than I can or dare write.

There is not one, which I did not give warning of to thoſe chiefly concerned, many months ago; and ſo did ſome others, for they were viſible enough. This muſt infallibly end, either in an entire change of meaſures and miniſtry, or in a firm eſtabliſhment of our ſide. Delay, and tenderneſs to an inveterate party, have been very inſtrumental to this ill ſtate of affairs. They tell

* It is ſaid, the Diſſenters conſented to be kept out, that the Papiſts might not be let in.

tell me, you in Ireland are furious againſt a peace; and it is a great jeſt to ſee people in Ireland furious for or againſt any thing.

I hope to ſee you in Spring, when travelling weather comes on. But I have a-mind to ſee the iſſue of this Seſſion. I reckon your hands are now out of mortar, and that your garden is finiſhed: And I ſuppoſe you have now one or two fifty pounds ready for books, which I will lay out for you, if you will give me directions.

I have increaſed my own little library very conſiderably; I mean as far as one fifty pounds, which is very conſiderable for me. I have juſt had a letter from the St Mary Ladies, &c. * I thought they were both dead; but I find they ſometimes drink your claret ſtill, and win your money. I am, Sir, you moſt obedient humble ſervant, You know *who*.

I had ſealed my letter, but have broke it open, to tell you, and all that love the Church and Crown, that all things are now well. The Queen has turned out the Duke of Somerſet, and has created twelve new Lords, of which three are Peers eldeſt ſons, the reſt new created; ſo that a majority is paſt diſpute. We are all in the greateſt joy imaginable, to find her Majeſty declare herſelf ſo ſeaſonably.

* Mrs Johnſon and Mrs Dingley.

Note. Dr Sterne made a large collection of books, and placed them in the upper part of the deanry-houſe (then built by him) which he fitted up for this purpoſe, in one great room, with a fire-place at each end. He enlarged this collection very much in the ſubſequent part of his life; and when he died biſhop of Clogher, in June 1745, he bequeathed ſuch books out of it, to the truſtees of the public library in Dublin, founded by Primate Marſh, as they wanted. The remainder he directed to be ſold, and the money to be divided amongſt the curates of his dioceſe: But as thoſe gentlemen choſe rather to have the books divided amongſt them, their requeſt was complied with by the biſhop's executors; and all the books, being a great number, were divided into lots, as nearly equal as poſſible in value, and nailed up in boxes, that were numbered. Duplicates of theſe numbers were written on pieces of paper, and the curates drew for them.

LETTER CX.

MR SECRETARY ST JOHN TO DR SWIFT, IN 1772, WHEN HE WAS WRITING THE HISTORY *.

DEAR Doctor, I aſk your pardon for my miſtake; and I ſend you the right paper. I am, in ſickneſs and in health, ever your faithful friend, and obedient ſervant, H. ST. JOHN.

* Of the four laſt years of Queen Anne.

LETTER CXI.

THE SAME AFTER HE WAS CREATED LORD BOLINGBROKE, TO DR SWIFT.

Jan. 5, 1712, *Thurſday morning, two o'clock.*

THO' I have not ſeen you, I did not fail to write to Lord Treaſurer. "Non tua res "agitur," dear Jonathan. It is the Treaſurer's cauſe *, it is my cauſe, 'tis every man's cauſe who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity, of ſhewing that true eſteem, that ſincere affection, and honeſt friendſhip, for you, which fills the breaſt of your faithful ſervant,

BOLINGBROKE.

LETTER CXII.

MRS LONG * TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 18, 1711.

IF you will again allow me the pleaſure of hearing from you, without murmuring, I will let you enjoy that of laughing at me for any

* This ſeems to relate to the promotion of Dr Swift, in which Lord Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, charges the Lord Treaſurer with being extremely backward. Dr Swift was made Dean of St Patrick's about May following.

† Thus indorſed by the Doctor: Poor Mrs Long's laſt letter, written five weeks before ſhe died.

any fooliſh word I miſapply; for I know you are too reaſonable to expect me to be nicely right in the matter: But then, when you take a fancy to be angry, pray let me know it quietly, that I may clear my meanings, which are always far from offending my friends, however unhappy I may be in my expreſſions. Could I expect you to remember any part of my letters ſo long ago, I would aſk you, that you ſhould know where to find me when you had a-mind to it; but I ſuppoſe you were in a romantick ſtrain, and deſigned to have ſurpriſed me, talking to myſelf in a wood, or by the ſea. Forgive the dulneſs of my apprehenſion, and if telling you that I am at Linn will not do, I will print it, however inconvenient it may yet be to me; for I am not the better for the old Lady's death, but am put in hopes of being eaſy at Chriſtmas; however, I ſhall ſtill continue to be Mrs Smyth, near St Nicholas's church in the town aforeſaid; ſo much for my affairs.—Now as to my health, that was much out of order laſt Summer; my diſtemper was a dropſy or aſthma (you know what I mean, but I cannot ſpell it right) or both, lazy diſtempers, which I was too lazy to moleſt whilſt they would let me ſit in quiet; but when they grew ſo unreaſonable as not to let me do that, I applied myſelf to Dr Inglis, by whoſe advice I am now well enough. To give you the beſt account I can of this place, the ladies will make any returns, if one may believe what they ſay of one

another; the men I know little of, for I am here, what you have often upbraided me with, a Prude, in every thing but cenſuring my neighbours: A couple of divines, two aldermen, and a cuſtom-houſe officer, are all my men acquaintance; the gay part of the town I know nothing of; and although, for the honour of the place, I will ſuppoſe there are good poets, yet that I never enquired after. I have a ſhelf pretty well filled at home, but want a Miſcellany Mr Steele put out laſt year; Miſs Heſſy promiſed it me, but has forgot it: I fancy you have intereſt enough with him to get it for me. I wiſh too, at your leiſure, you would make a pedigree for me; the people here want ſadly to know what I am; I pretend to no more than being of George Smyth's family of Nitly, but do not talk much of it, for fear of betraying myſelf; ſo they fancy ſome myſtery to be in the matter, and would give their rivals place to be ſatisfied. At firſt they thought I came hither to make my fortune, by catching up ſome of their young fellows; but having avoided that ſort of company, I am ſtill a riddle they know not what to make of. Many of them ſeem to love me well enough; for I hear all they ſay of one another without making miſchief among them, and give them tea and coffee when I have it, which are the greateſt charms I can boaſt of: The fine Lady I have left to Moll (who I ſuppoſe was at the Bath) or any other that will take it up; for I am grown a

good

good houſe-wife; I can pot and pickle, Sir, and handle a needle very prettily: See Miſs Heſſey's ſcarf, I think that is improving mightily. If Miſs Heſſy keeps company with the eldeſt Hatton, and is ſtill a politician, ſhe is not the girl I took her for; but to me ſhe ſeems melancholy. Sure Mr St John is not ſo altered but he will make returns; but how can I pretend to judge of any thing, when my poor couſin is taken for an hermaphrodite? a thing I as little ſuſpected her for, as railing at any body; I know ſo little cauſe for it, that I muſt be ſilent. I hear but little of what is done in the world, but ſhould be glad the miniſtry did themſelves the juſtice to diſtinguiſh men of merit: May I wiſh you joy of any preferment? I ſhall do it heartily; but if you have got nothing, I am buſy to as much purpoſe as you, although my employments are next to picking ſtraws. Oh! but you are acquainted with my Lord Fitzharding, for which I rejoice with you, and am

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

ANNE LONG.

LETTER CXIII.

MR SHOWER TO THE LORD HIGH TREASURER OXFORD.

MY LORD, *London, Dec.* 20, 1711.

THOUGH there be little reaſon to expect your Lordſhip ſhould interpoſe in favour of the Diſſenters, who have been ſo ſhamefully abandoned, ſold, and ſacrificed by their profeſſed friends; the attempt is however ſo glorious, in all its views, tendencies, and proſpects, that, if it be not too late, I would moſt humbly beg your Lordſhip, not to be immoveable, as to that matter. The fatal conſequences of that bill, cannot be expreſſed: I dread to think of ſome of them; and ſhall as much rejoice with many thouſands, if you may be inſtrumental to prevent it. May Heaven direct you in this, and in all your great affairs, for the public good of your country. I am,

My honoured LORD,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

JOHN SHOWER.

LET-

LETTER CXIV.

ANSWER TO MR SHOWER *.

REV. SIR, *Dec.* 21, 1711.

HAD not a very painful diſtemper confined me, I had deſired the favour of ſeeing you ſome time ſince; and I ſhould have ſpoken very plainly to you, as I ſhall whenever I ſee you. I have long foretold, that the Diſſenters muſt be ſaved, whether they will or no: They reſiſt even reſtraining grace; and would almoſt convince me, that the notion of man's being a mechaniſm, is true in every part. To ſee men moved as puppets, with rage for their intereſt, with envy acting againſt their own intereſt, "having men's perſons in admiration:" Not only thoſe of their own body, who certainly are the firſt who pretend to conſummate wiſdom and deep policy; yet have ſhewn, that they knew not the common affairs of this nation, but are "dwellers in thick clay." They are Epicureans in act, Puritans in profeſſion, Politicians in conceit, and a prey and laughing-ſtock to the Deiſts, and ſynagogue of the Libertines, in whom they have truſted, and to whoſe infallibility they have ſold themſelves and their congregations. All

* The Anſwer was written by Dr Swift, as appears not only from his hand-writing, but particularly from a correction in the original draught.

All they have done, or can do, ſhall never make me their enemy. I pity poor deluded creatures, that have for ſeventeen years been acting againſt all their principles, and the liberty of this nation, without leaving ſo much ſalt as to keep the body of them ſweet. For, there has not been one good bill during that term of years, which they have not oppoſed in the Houſe of Commons; contrary to the practice of thoſe very few Diſſenters, which were in the Parliament in King Charles the Second's time, who thereby united themſelves to the country-gentlemen, the advantage of which they found for many years after. But now they have liſted themſelves with thoſe, who had firſt denied our Saviour, and now have ſold them.

I have written this, only to ſhew you, that I am ready to do every thing that is practicable, to ſave people who are bargained for by their leaders, and given up by their miniſters: I ſay their miniſters; becauſe it is averred and repreſented, that the Diſſenting miniſters have been conſulted, and are conſenting to this bill. By what lies, and arts, they are brought to this, I do not care to mention; but, as to myſelf, the engineers of this bill thought they had obtained a great advantage againſt me: Finding I had ſtopt it in the Houſe of Commons, they thought to bring me to a fatal dilemma, whether it did, or did not paſs. This would have no influence with me; for I will act what I think to be right, let there be the worſt enemies in the world, of one ſide or other.

I

I gueſs by your letter, that you do not know that the bill, yeſterday, paſſed both Houſes, the Lords having agreed to the amendments made by the Commons; ſo that there is no room to do any thing upon that head.

What remains is to deſire, that the Diſſenters may ſeriouſly think from whence they are fallen, and do their firſt works,—and recover their reputation, of ſobriety, integrity, and love of their country, which is the ſincere and hearty prayer of,

REVEREND SIR,
Your moſt faithful, and
moſt humble ſervant,
OXFORD.

LETTER CXV.

DR SACHEVERELL * TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Southwark, Jan.* 31, 1711-12.

SINCE you have been pleaſed to undertake the generous office, of ſoliciting my good Lord Treaſurer's favour in my behalf, I ſhould be very ungrateful, if I did not return you my moſt hearty

* This gentleman's trial upon an impeachment, is well known. Swift ſays, It aroſe from a fooliſh paſſionate pique, of the Earl of Godolphin, whom he was ſuppoſed, in a ſermon, to have reflected on, under the name of Volpone. See Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Miniſtry, in the volumes juſt publiſhed by Mr Deane Swift.

hearty thanks for it, and my humbleſt acknowledgments to his Lordſhip, for the ſucceſs it has met with.

I received laſt Monday, a meſſage by my pupil Mr Lloyd, repreſentative of Shropſhire, from Mr Harley, by his Lordſhip's order, to enquire what my brother was qualified for. I told him, having failed in his trade, he had been out of buſineſs for ſome years, during which time I had entirely maintained him and his family: That his education had not qualified him for any conſiderable or nice poſt; but that if his Lordſhip thought him an object of his favour, I entirely ſubmitted him to his diſpoſal, and ſhould be very thankful to his goodneſs, to eaſe me of part of that heavy burden of my family, which required more than my poor circumſtances could allow of.

I am informed alſo, that I am very much indebted to my great countryman, Mr Secretary St John, for his generous recommendation of this matter to his Lordſhip. I ſhould be proud of an opportunity of expreſſing my gratitude to that eminent patriot, for whom, no one that wiſhes the welfare or honour of his church, or country, can have ſo great a veneration.

But for yourſelf, good Doctor, who was the firſt ſpring to move it, I can never ſufficiently acknowledge the obligation. I ſhould be glad, if you will command me, in any time or place, to do it, which will be a farther favour conferred on, Reverend Sir, your moſt faithful ſervant,

H. SACHEVERELL.

I am told there is a place in the cuſtom-houſe void, called the Searchers; which, if proper to aſk, I would not preſume; but rather leave it to his Lordſhip's diſpoſal.

LETTER CXVI.

TO MRS JOHNSON.

London, April 24, 1712.

I HAD your's two or three days ago. I can hardly anſwer it now. Since my laſt, I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day, juſt a month, ſince I felt the pain on the tip of my left ſhoulder. Where my pain was, a cruel itching ſeized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake ſeveral nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not ſcratch it; then it grew into three or four great ſores like bliſters, and run: At laſt I adviſed the doctor to uſe it like a bliſter, ſo I did with melilot plaiſters, which ſtill run; and I am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but confined myſelf two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yeſterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never ſuffered ſo much in my life. I will go and try to walk a little. Farewell.

LET-

LETTER CXVII.

TO MRS HILL.

MADAM, *May*, 1712.

I WAS commanded ſome days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided, becauſe I would not offend your prudence, or ſtrain your eyes. But my Lord Maſham aſſures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no conſequence, which his Lordſhip would inſinuate to be my caſe; but I hope you will not affront me ſo highly, as to underſtand it ſo. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth ſending you; and what we receive from Windſor, is full as inſignificant, except the accounts of the Queen's health, and your houſekeeping. We are aſſured, that you keep a conſtant table, and that your gueſts leave you with full ſtomachs and full pockets: That Dr Arbuthnot ſometimes leaves his beloved green cloth, to come and receive your chidings, and pick up your money. We intend ſhortly to repreſent your caſe to my Lord Treaſurer, as what deſerves commiſeration; but we hope the matter is already ſettled between his Lordſhip and you, and that you are inſtructed to be thus magnificent, in order to carry on the cauſe. We rec-

kon his Lordſhip's life is now ſecure, ſince a continuation of band-boxes, and ink-horns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to deſtroy him. He will do me the juſtice to tell you, that I never fail of toaſting you under the name of the Governeſs of Dunkirk, and that you have the honour to be very particularly in my good graces. My Lady Maſham ſtill continues in a doubtful ſtate of neither up nor down; and one of her ſervants told mine, that they did not expect ſhe would cry out this fortnight. I ſaw, yeſterday, our brother Hill, who promiſes to be more thrifty of his health, and ſeems to have a pretty good ſtock of it. I hope you receive no viſits from the head-ach and the ſpleen: And one who knows your conſtitution very well, adviſes you, by all means, againſt ſitting in the duſk at your window, or on the ground, leaning on your hand, or at ſee-ſaw in your chair. I am,

MADAM, &c.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, May 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet eaſe or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber theſe ten days. A journal, while I was ſick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and phyſic, viſits and meſſages;

the two laſt were almoſt as troubleſome as the two firſt. One good circumſtance is, that I am grown much leaner. In anſwer to your good opinion of my diſeaſe, the doctors ſay they never ſaw any thing ſo odd of the kind; they were not properly ſhingles, but *harpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be ſick like other people, but always ſomething out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came, nor ſtayed, nor went without pain, and the moſt pain I ever bore in my life. It is not a ſign of health, but a ſign, that if it had not come out, ſome terrible fit of ſickneſs would have followed. I was at our ſociety laſt Thurſday, to receive a new member, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We ſhall have a peace ſoon, I hope, or at leaſt entirely broke; but I believe the firſt. My letter to Lord Treaſurer, about the Engliſh tongue, is now printing; and I ſuffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The appendix to the third part of John Bull, was publiſhed yeſterday; it is equal to the reſt. I hope you read John Bull. It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone ſome days ago with a tack *; but we carried it bravely, and

* A tack is a bill tacked to a money-bill, that as both muſt be paſſed or rejected together, the tacked bill may paſs, becauſe the money bill muſt.

and the Whigs came in to help us. Poor Lady Maſham, I am afraid, will loſe her only ſon, about a twelve-month old, with the King's evil. Bernage has been twice to ſee me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half-pay; ſo perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I have been returning the viſits of thoſe that ſent, how do you in my ſickneſs? particularly the Ducheſs of Hamilton, who came and ſat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with, to let me ſcrub my back againſt a chair; and the Ducheſs of Ormond was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to Kenſington, where the Queen has been removed for ſome time. This is a long letter for a ſick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be ſorry ones. My left hand is very weak, and trembles; but my right ſide has not been touched. This is a pitiful letter, for want of a better; but plagued with a tetter, my fancy does fetter. Ah! my poor willows and quickſets. Well, but you muſt read John Bull: Do you underſtand it all? Farewell.

LETTER CXIX.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, May 31, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing ſtill, though with leſs violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain. But, however, I am ſo much mended, that I intend my next ſhall be in the old way; and yet I ſhall perhaps break my reſolution when I feel pain. I believe I have loſt credit with you, in relation to my coming over; but I proteſt it is impoſſible for one, who has any thing to do with this miniſtry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a buſineſs, which, till it take ſome turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never inclined ſo much as now, that I had ſtayed in Ireland; but the dye is caſt, and is now a ſpinning, and, till it ſettles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a ſiſe. The moment I am uſed ill, I will leave them; but know not how to do it, while things are in ſuſpence. The ſeſſion will ſoon be over, (I believe in a fortnight) and the peace, we hope, will be made in a ſhort time; and then there will be no further occaſion for me; nor have I any thing to truſt to, but Court gratitude; ſo that I expect to ſee my willows a month after the parliament is up. Have you

ſeen

ſeen my letter to Lord Treaſurer? There are two anſwers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmleſs propoſal about the improvement of the Engliſh tongue. I believe if I writ an eſſay upon a ſtraw, ſome fool would anſwer it. I am juſt now thinking to lodge at Kenſington, for the air. Lady Maſham has teazed me to do it, but buſineſs has hindered me; but now Lord Treaſurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our ſociety dined together, under a canopy in an arbour at Parſon's Green, laſt Thurſday; I never ſaw any thing ſo fine and romantic. We got a great victory laſt Wedneſday, in the Houſe of Lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had deſired their friends to beſpeak places, to ſee Lord Treaſurer carried to the Tower. I met your Higgins here yeſterday; he roars at the inſolence of the Whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own ſufferings and expences, in aſſerting the cauſe of the church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough, to deſire that his fortune ſhould be mended. I believe he deſigns to make as much noiſe as he can, in order to preferment. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet, and ſhall print another in a fortnight; and then I have done, unleſs ſome new occaſion ſtarts. I believe the news of the Duke of Ormond producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will ſurpriſe you in Ireland. Lord Treaſurer ſaid in the Houſe of Lords, that in a few days the treaty of peace

ſhould be laid before them; and our Court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and ſacrifice many lives in ſuch a juncture. If the peace holds, all will do well, otherwiſe I know not how we ſhall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong ſtep in politics, for Lord Treaſurer to open himſelf ſo much. The ſecretary would not go far to ſatisfy the Whigs in the Houſe of Commons; but there all went ſwimmingly. I dined the other day with Lord Rivers, who is ſick at his country-houſe, and he ſhewed me all his cherries blaſted. Farewell.

LETTER CXX.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

Kenſington, June 17, 1712.

I HAVE lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exerciſe,—partly to be near the Court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the Ducheſs of Ormond, at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat as uſual. I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat; then to Mortlake, but no boat; and it was nine o'clock. At laſt a little ſculler called, full of naſty people. I made him ſet me down at Hammerſmith, ſo walked two miles to this place, and got

got here by eleven. Laſt night I had another ſuch difficulty. I was in the city till paſt ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It was over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love theſe ſhabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, becauſe they ariſe from not having a thouſand pounds a-year. I had your's about three days ago, which I will now anſwer. And firſt, I did not relapſe, but I came out before I ought. The firſt going abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more meſſages afterwards. Well, but John Bull is not wrote by the perſon you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub-ſtreet, I would have let people think as they pleaſe; and I think that's right: Is it not? I am againſt Dr Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Dr Cockburn told me, a little wine would not hurt me; but it is hot and dry, and water is dangerous. The worſt thing there, is my evenings at Lord Maſham's, where Lord Treaſurer comes, and we ſit till after twelve. But it is convenient I ſhould be among them, for a-while, as much as poſſible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two, one way or other, and I am reſolved it ſhall; but I can't go to Tunbridge, or any where elſe out of the way, in this juncture. Higgins is here, roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have me get him an audience of Lord Treaſurer,

to

to tell him ſo; but I will have nothing to do in it, no, not I. We have had no thunder till laſt night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: No field looked green. I reckon the Queen will go to Windſor in three or four weeks; and if the ſecretary takes a houſe there, I ſhall be ſometimes with him. I heard ſomebody coming up ſtairs, and forgot I was in the country. I was afraid of a viſitor; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teazed with ſolicitors. Moult the chymiſt is my acquaintance. I ſent the queſtion to him about Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the anſwer he returned is in theſe words: "My ſervice to Dr Smith; it is "directly after Mr Boyle's receipt." That commiſſion is performed; if he wants any of it, Moult ſhall uſe him fairly, I ſuppoſe Smith is one of your phyſicians. Well, but now for the peace; why, we expect it daily; but the French have the ſtaff in their own hands, and we truſt to their honeſty. I wiſh it were otherwiſe. Things are now in the way of being ſoon in the extremes of well or ill. I hope and believe the firſt. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curſes himſelf, and friends, for ruining themſelves, in defending Lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He ſwears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty ſpeech at ſixty-ſix, and the Queen is near twenty years younger,

and

and now in very good health; for you muſt know her health is fixed by a certain reaſon, that ſhe has done with braces (I muſt uſe the expreſſion) and nothing ill has happened to her ſince; ſo ſhe has a new leaſe of her life. Read the letter to the Whig Lord *. Farewell.

LETTER CXXI.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

Kenſington, July 1, 1712.

I NEVER was in a worſe ſtation for writing letters, than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night, I generally go to Lord Maſham's, where Lord Treaſurer comes, and we ſtay till paſt twelve; but I am now reſolved to write journals again, though my ſhoulder is not yet well. It is now high cherry-time with us; take notice, Is it ſo ſoon with you? And we have early apricots; and gooſeberries are ripe. On Sunday, Arch-deacon Parnel came here to ſee me. It ſeems he has been ill, for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at the Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack

* "It was publiſhed under the title of *A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord*, dated at Germains, July 8, 1712. The deſign of this fictitious letter, was to throw off the odium of an intention to bring in the Pretender, from the High-Church party, on their antagoniſts the Whigs."

Jack Hill, and I perſuade him to it, and have ſpoke to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he won't have ſpirit to go. I have made Foord * Gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a year ſettled on the employment, by the ſecretaries of ſtate, beſide the perquiſites. It is the prettieſt employment in England of its bigneſs; yet the puppy does not ſeem ſatisfied with it. I think people keep ſome follies to themſelves, till they have occaſion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impoſſible to make any man eaſy. His ſalary is paid him every week, if he pleaſes, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, &c. can frank what letters he will; and his perquiſites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the biſhop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I hope to ſee him in a few days. I was to ſee Mrs Bradley on Sunday night. Her youngeſt ſon is to marry ſomebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave Lady Giffard †, becauſe ſhe was ſtriking up an intrigue with a footman, who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yeſterday, the old biſhop of Worceſter ‡, who pretends to be a prophet,

* 'Charles Foord, Eſq; ſeveral of whoſe letters are in this collection.'

† 'Martha, ſiſter to Sir William Temple. She died in 1722, aged 84.'

‡ 'Dr William Lloyd.'

prophet, went to the Queen, by appointment, to prove to her Majeſty, out of Daniel, and the Revelations, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the King of France would be a Proteſtant, and fight on their ſide; and the popedom would be deſtroyed, &c. And declared, that he would be content, to give up his biſhoprick, if it were not true. Lord Treaſurer, who told it me, was by, and ſome others; and I am told, Lord Treaſurer confounded him ſadly in his own hearing, which made the old fool very quarrelſome. He is near ninety years old. Have you ſeen Toland's Invitation to Diſmal *? How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you do not underſtand Horace. Here has been a great ſweep of employments, and we expect ſtill more removals. The Court ſeems reſolved to make thorough work. Mr Hill intended to ſet out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day, he cannot go till Thurſday or Friday. I wiſh it were over. Mr Secretary tells me, he is in no fear at all, that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is ſafe. We rail now all againſt the Dutch, who indeed have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr Secretary is ſoon to be made a Viſcount. He deſired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excuſed myſelf from a work, that

* The Earl of Nottingham. See the poem among the poſthumous Pieces, publiſhed by Mr Deane Swift.

that might loſe me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the Court make him an Earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of Bolingbroke, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have adviſed him to be called Lord Pomfret: But he thinks that title is already in ſome other family; and, beſides, he objects, that it is in Yorkſhire, where he has no eſtate: But there is nothing in that, and I love Pomfret. Why? 'Tis in all our hiſtories; they are full of Pomfret-caſtle. Steele was arreſted the other day for making a lottery, directly againſt an Act of Parliament. He is now under proſecution; but they think it will be dropped, out of pity. I believe he will very ſoon loſe his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late, in his Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. Raymond writes me word, that the biſhop of Meath * was going to ſummon me, in order to ſuſpenſion for abſence, if the provoſt had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their firſt-fruits. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and, for a week paſt, we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am juſt now told, that the governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet, to deliver up the town to Jack

* 'Dr William Moreton, tranſlated to that See, from Kildare, in 1705. He died the 21ſt of November, 1715.'

Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Farewell.

LETTER CXXII.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

Kensington, July 17, 1712.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The Queen goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and supping at Lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the Duke of Argyll, at Kew; and would not go to the Court to-night, because of writing to you. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grubstreet has been very fruitful. I have wrote five or six Grubstreet papers this last week.

Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal, or, A Hue and Cry after Dismal; or, A Ballad on Dunkirk; or, An Agreement that Dunkirk is not in our hands? Poh! You have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good; but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings and scratchings, and small akings. I have heard of the bishop's * making me uneasy, but I

* 'Of Meath.'

did not think it was becauſe I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him. I find I am obliged to the provoſt, for keeping the biſhop from being impertinent. I never talked to Higgins but once in the ſtreet, and I believe he and I ſhall hardly meet but by chance. What care I, whether my letter to Lord Treaſurer be commended there or no? Why does not ſomebody among you anſwer it, as three or four have done here? You hear Secretary St John is made Viſcount Bolingbroke. I could hardly perſuade him to take that title, becauſe the eldeſt branch of his family, had it in an earldom, and it was laſt year extinct. Jack Hill ſent his ſiſter a pattern of a head-dreſs from Dunkirk; it was like a faſhion twenty years ago, only not quite ſo high, and looks very ugly. I have made Trap chaplain to Lord Bolingbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr Addiſon returned me my viſit this morning. He lives in our town. I ſhall be mighty retired, and mighty buſy for a while at Windſor. Pray, why don't you go to Trim, and ſee Laracor, and give me an account of the garden and the river, and the hollies and the cherry-trees on the river-walk?

19. I could not ſend this letter laſt poſt, being called away before I could finiſh it. I dined yeſterday with Lord Treaſurer; ſat with them till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for ſome buſineſs I had with him. He brought me to Kenſington, and Lord Bolingbroke would not let

let me go away till two. To-day there will be another Grub, *A letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord.* Grubſtreet has but ten days to live; then an Act of Parliament takes place, that ruins it, by taxing every half-ſheet at a half-penny. We have news juſt come, but not the particulars, that the Earl of Albemarle, at the head of eight thouſand Dutch, is beaten, loſt the greateſt part of his men, and himſelf made a priſoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The Duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit, by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. Farewell.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, Aug. 7, 1712.

I LEFT Windſor on Monday laſt, upon Lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France; and ſomebody's being here, that I ought often to conſult with in an affair I am upon: But that perſon talks of returning to Windſor again, and I believe I ſhall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging, very buſy, as I am every day till noon; ſo that this letter is like to be ſhort, and you are not to blame me theſe two months; for I proteſt, if I ſtudy ever ſo hard, I believe I cannot in that time compaſs what I am upon. We have a fever

both here and at Windſor, which hardly any body miſſes; but it laſts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The Queen had forty ſervants down in it at once. I dined yeſterday with Lord Treaſurer, but could do no buſineſs, though he ſent for me, I thought, on purpoſe; but he deſires I will dine with him again to-day. Windſor is a moſt delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon Eaton and the Thames. I wiſh I was owner of them; they belong to a prebend. Do you know, that Grubſtreet is dead and gone laſt week? No more ghoſts or murders, now, for love or money. I plied it pretty cloſe the laſt fortnight, and publiſhed at leaſt ſeven penny papers of my own, beſides ſome of other people's; but now every ſingle half-ſheet, pays a half-penny to the Queen. The Obſervator is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Poſt; the Examiner is deadly ſick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you ſeen the red ſtamp the papers are marked with? Methinks the ſtamping is worth a half-penny. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior ſet out for France laſt Saturday. My Lord's buſineſs is to haſten the peace, before the Dutch are too much mauled; and to hinder France from carrying the jeſt of beating them too far. Have you ſeen the fourth part of John Bull? It is equal to the reſt, and extremely good. The biſhop of Clogher's ſon has been ill of St Anthony's

Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be ſpoiled, but it is not. Dilly is juſt as he uſed to be, and puns as plentifully, and as bad. Raymond wrote to me, that he intended to invite you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there? If you have not your letters in due time, for two months hence, impute it to my being toſticated between this and Windſor. Poor Lord Winchelſea * is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honeſt gentleman, and a particular friend of mine: And, what is yet worſe, my old acquaintance, Mrs Finch †, is now Counteſs of Winchelſea, the title being fallen to her huſband, but without much eſtate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now paſt two afternoon, ſo I ſhall take a little walk in the park. Do you play at ombre ſtill? Or is that off by Mrs Stoyte's abſence, and Mrs Manley's grief? Farewell.

* 'Charles, Earl of Winchelſea, firſt Lord Commiſſioner of Trade and Plantations. He died, Auguſt 14, 1712.'

† 'Ann, daughter of Sir William Kingſmill, of Sidmonton, in Hampſhire, wife of Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelſea. She was author of *The Spleen*, and other Poems. She died, Auguſt 5, 1720.'

LETTER CXXIV.

TO GENERAL HILL.*

SIR, *Windſor-Caſtle, Aug.* 12, 1712.

WITH great difficulty I recovered your preſent, of the fineſt box in France, out of the hands of Mrs Hill: She allowed her own to be the prettieſt, but then mine was the handſomeſt; and, in ſhort, ſhe would part with neither. I pleaded my brotherhood, and got my Lord and Lady Maſham to intercede; and, at laſt, ſhe threw it me with a heavy ſigh: But, now it is in my poſſeſſion, I wiſh you had ſent a paper of directions how I ſhall keep it. You that ſit at your eaſe, and have nothing to do but to keep Dunkirk, never conſider the difficulties you have brought upon me: Twenty Ladies have threatened to ſeize or ſurprize my box; and what are twenty thouſand French or Dutch, in compariſon of thoſe? Mrs Hill ſays, it was a very idle thing in you to ſend ſuch a preſent, to a man who can neither puniſh nor reward you, ſince Grubſtreet is no more: For the Parliament has killed all the muſes of Grubſtreet, who yet, in their laſt moments, cried out nothing but Dunkirk. My Lord Treaſurer, who is the moſt malicious perſon in the world, ſays you ordered a gooſe to be drawn at the bottom of my box, as a reflection

* Brother to Lady Maſham.

reflection upon the clergy; and that I ought to reſent it: But I am not angry at all, and his Lordſhip obſerves by halves; for the gooſe is there drawn pecking at a ſnail, juſt as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the public, although it be hitherto in vain. And, beſides, Dr Arbuthnot, who is a ſcholar, ſays you meant it a compliment for us both: That I am the gooſe, who ſaved the Capitol by my cackling; and that his Lordſhip is repreſented by the ſnail, becauſe he preſerves his country by delays. But my Lord Maſham is not to be endured: He obſerved, that, in the picture of the inſide, which repreſents a great company dancing, there ſtands a fool with a cap and bells, and he would needs underſtand that figure as applied to me. And the worſt of it was, that I happened, laſt night, to be at my Lady Ducheſs of Shrewſbury's ball; where, looking a little ſingular among ſo many fine ladies and gentlemen, his Lordſhip came, and whiſpered me, to look at my box; which I reſented ſo highly, that I went away in a rage, without ſtaying for ſupper. However, conſidering of it better, after a night's ſleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a deſign to make a quarrel between you and me: But it ſhall not do ſo; for I hope your intentions were good, however malice may miſrepreſent them. And though I am uſed ill by all your family, who win my money, and laugh at me, yet, to vex them more, I will forgive them

for

for your ſake; and, as ſoon as I can break looſe, will come to Dunkirk for a fortnight, to get a little eaſe from my many perſecutions, by the Harleys, the Maſhams, and the Hills: Only I intend to change my habit, for fear Colonel Killigrew ſhould miſtake me for a chimney-ſweeper. In the mean time, I wiſh you all ſucceſs in your government, loyal French ſubjects, virtuous ladies, little champaigne, and much health: And am, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient

humble ſervant, and brother.

LETTER CXXV.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

Windſor, Sept. 15, 1712.

I HAVE been much out of order of late, with the old giddineſs in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my diſorder to that little, and ſhall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for ſome papers from the miniſtry for materials for the reſt; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I aſked them; ſo that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened

in

in a right time, when I was too much out of order to ſtudy. One is kept conſtantly out of humour, by a thouſand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reaſon with ſome friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can laſt as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy ſubject for thoſe who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was laſt year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred miſunderſtandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to deſtroy both. See how my ſtile is altered, by living and thinking, and talking among theſe people. Inſtead of my canal and river, walk and willows, I loſe all my money here among the ladies; ſo that I never play when I can help it, being ſure to loſe. I have loſt five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope you are luckier at piquet, with the Dean and Mrs Walls. I wait here but to ſee what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, I will go over.

18. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I ſhall be better. I have been very giddy, ſince I wrote what is before, yet not as I uſed to be; more frequent, but not ſo violent. Yeſterday we were alarmed with the Queen's being ill: She had an aguiſh and feveriſh fit; and you never ſaw ſuch countenances as we all had, ſuch diſmal melancholy. Her phyſicians from town were

ſent

ſent for; but towards night ſhe grew better, to-day ſhe is on her feet and was up: We are not now in any fear; it will be at worſt but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord Treaſurer would not come here from London, becauſe it would make a noiſe, if he came before his uſual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The Whigs have loſt a great ſupport in the Earl of Godolphin *. It is a good jeſt to hear the miniſters talk of him now with humanity and pity, becauſe he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney, the late King's miſtreſs, who lives at a fine place five miles from hence, (called Cliffden), and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wiſeſt woman I ever ſaw; and Lord Treaſurer made great uſe of her advice in the late change of affairs. I hear Lord Marlborough is growing ill of his diabetes; which, if it be true, may ſoon carry him off; and then the miniſtry will be ſomething more at eaſe. The doctor tells me I muſt go into a courſe of ſteel, though I have not the ſpleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not ſeen him this long time; but I ſuppoſe he is over-run with melancholy. My Lord Shrewſbury is certainly deſigned to be governor of Ireland; and, I believe the Ducheſs will pleaſe the people there mightily.

I

* He died September 15, 1712.

I hear there are five or ſix people putting ſtrongly in for my livings; God help them! But if ever the Court ſhould give me any thing, I would recommend Raymond to the Duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendſhip to him, but becauſe it would be proper for the miniſter of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold-ſtudded ſnuff-box now; for my brother * Hill, governor of Dunkirk, has ſent me the fineſt that ever you ſaw. It is allowed at Court, that none in England comes near it, though it did not coſt above twenty pounds †. And the Ducheſs of Hamilton has made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle, (for I wear no waiſtcoat in Summer), and there are ſeveral diviſions, and one on purpoſe for my box. We have had moſt delightful weather this whole week; but the illneſs and vomiting have hindred me from ſharing in a great part of it. Lady Maſham made the Queen ſend to Kenſington, for ſome of her preſerved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. The Queen will ſtay here about a month longer, I ſuppoſe; but Lady Maſham will go, in ten days, to lie in at Kenſington. Poor creature! ſhe fell down in the Court here the other day. She would needs walk acroſs it upon ſome diſpleaſure with

* One of our ſociety.

† This is the box, on the bottom of which the gooſe and ſnail were painted, that gave occaſion to the jeſt and repartee between Swift and Lord Oxford. See Swift's life, and a particular deſcription of the box in the former Letter.

with her chairmen, and was like to be ſpoiled ſo near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a ſore ſide, though I ſhall not be at eaſe till ſhe is brought to-bed. I find I can fill up a letter ſome way or other, without a journal. If I had not a ſpirit naturally chearful *, I ſhould be very much diſcontented at a thouſand things. Pray God preſerve your health, and that I may live free from the envy and diſcontent, that attends thoſe, who are thought to have more favour at Court than they really poſſeſs. Farewell.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, Oct. 9, 1712.

I HAVE left Windſor theſe ten days, and am deep in pills, with *aſſa fœtida*, and a ſteel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much diſcouraged; for I uſed to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a-day, and have taken, I believe, one hundred and fifty already. The Queen, Lord Treaſurer, Lady Maſham, and I, were all ill together,

* His life is a mournful and ſtriking inſtance of the power of diſappointment, totally to ſubvert natural chearfulneſs, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil.

together, but are now all better; only Lady Maſham expects every day to lie in at Kenſington. There was never ſuch a lump of lies ſpread about the town, together, as now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the leaſt ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in ſomething I am writing, by my illneſs; but hope to fetch it up, ſo as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord Treaſurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatiſm, but is now near quite well. I was playing at one-and-thirty with him, and his family, the other night. He gave us all twelvepence a-piece to begin with. It put me in mind of Sir William Temple *. I aſked both him and Lady Maſham, ſeriouſly, whether the Queen were at all inclined to a dropſy? and they poſitively aſſured me ſhe was not: So did her phyſician Arbuthnott, who always attends her. Yet theſe devils have ſpread, that ſhe has holes in her legs, and runs at her navel, and I know not what. Arbuthnott has ſent me from Windſor, a pretty diſcourſe upon lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a propoſal for publiſhing a curious piece, called, *The Art of Political Lying*, in two volumes, &c. and then there is an abſtract of the firſt volume, juſt like thoſe pamphlets, called, *The Works of*

* Sir William treated Swift with ſo little liberality, after encouraging him to hope he would provide for him, that it was like giving him a ſhilling to begin the world with.

the Learned. Pray get it when it comes out *. The Queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe ſhe will ſtay a month ſtill at Windſor. Lord Treaſurer ſhewed me the kindeſt letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one ſecret, that there will be ſoon made ſome knights of the garter. You know another is fallen by Lord Godolphin's death: He will be buried in a day or two at Weſtminſter-Abbay. I ſaw Tom Leigh in town once. The biſhop of Clogher has taken his lodging for the Winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town, abundance of people from Ireland; half a dozen biſhops at leaſt. The poor old biſhop of London †, at paſt fourſcore, fell down backwards going up ſtairs, and I hear broke or cracked his ſkull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at Midſummer; and if I had not occaſion for phyſic, I would be at Windſor ſtill. Did I tell you of Lord Rivers ‡ will? He has left a legacy to about twenty paultry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent, or relation: He has left from his only child, Lady Barrymore, her mother's eſtate, and given the whole to his heir-male, a popiſh prieſt,

* This is publiſhed among the Dean's works, and is part of the Miſcellany which he printed in conjunction with Mr Pope.

† 'Dr Henry Compton, tranſlated to that ſee, from the biſhoprick of Oxford, in 1675.'

‡ 'Richard Savage, Earl of Rivers, who died 18th Auguſt 1712.'

prieſt, a ſecond couſin, who is now Earl Rivers, and whom he uſed in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and baſtard *. Lord Treaſurer and Lord Chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and deteſt his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the Dutch are ſo wilful, becauſe they are told the Queen cannot live. I believe I eſcaped the fever, becauſe I am not well; ſome phyſicians here talk very melancholy, and think it *forerunns* the plague, which is actually at Hamburgh. I think we both have the faculty, never to part with a a diſorder for ever; we are very conſtant. I have had my giddineſs twenty-three years by fits.

Oct. 11. Lord Treaſurer ſent for me yeſterday, and the day before, to ſit with him, becauſe he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finiſh my letter. How the duce

* Among other natural children of this nobleman, was Richard Savage, a man celebrated for his genius and misfortunes. His mother was Anne counteſs of Macclesfield, to whom Savage addreſſed a poem called *The Baſtard*, and who afterwards married Colonel Brett. Lord Rivers having committed the child to her care, ſhe placed him with a poor woman in an obſcure village; and when he enquired after him on his deathbed, that he might provide for him among other natural children, ſhe told him he was dead; and by this diabolical and unprovoked cruelty, ſhe deprived her ſon of a legacy of ſix thouſand pounds, which his father had bequeathed to him in his will, and which, not ſuſpecting that there could exiſt, in a human form, a mother, that would ruin her ſon without enriching herſelf, he beſtowed upon ſome other perſon. See the life of Savage, by Johnſon.

come I to be ſo exact in your money? juſt ſeventeen ſhillings and eight-pence more than due; I believe you cheat me. Ppt. * makes a petition, with many apologies. John Danvers, you know, is Lady Giffard's friend. I tell you what, as things are at preſent, I cannot poſſibly ſpeak to Lord Treaſurer for any body. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a ſolicitor for your ſiſter; if the latter, I have done with Courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am uſed well, and I will then make it my buſineſs. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deſerve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt. whoſe affairs Ppt. has ſo at heart. I have taken down his name and his caſe, (not her caſe); and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can: That is enough to ſay, when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thouſand times, that I cannot do better. I hope the Dean of St Patrick's * is well of his fever; he has never wrote to me: I am glad of it; pray don't deſire him to write. I have dated your bill late, becauſe it muſt not commence till the firſt of November

* Ppt. is Mrs Johnſon. Mrs Dingley, the Lady, to whom this letter is addreſſed, though a relation of Sir William Temple's, had no more than an annuity of 27 l. for a ſubſiſtence: This the Dean uſed to receive for her; and it was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed her an annuity of fifty.

† Dr Sterne.

vember next. Are you good houſe-wives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gameſters. Are you drinkers? Are you —— hold, I muſt go no farther, for fear of abuſing fine Ladies. Parviſol has not ſent me one word how he ſet this year's tythes. Pray aſk whether tythes ſet well or ill this year. Biſhop of Killaloe * tells me, wool bears a good rate in Ireland; but how is corn? I dined yeſterday with Lady Orkney, and we ſat alone from two till eleven at night. You have heard of her, I ſuppoſe. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am ſo lazy, and ſo buſy, I cannot anſwer them, and they grow upon me for ſeveral months. Have I any apples at Laracor? It is ſtrange every year ſhould blaſt them, when I took ſo much care for ſhelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country-houſe this fortnight, which puts me backwards in buſineſs I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of ſtairs, and ſee nobody, if I can help it; yet ſome puppies have found me out, and my man is not ſuch an artiſt as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been ſoliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with ſome of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am juſt going out, and can only bid you farewell.

* Dr. William Lloyd, who died in December 1716.

LETTER CXXVII.

TO MRS JOHNSON.

London, Oct. 28, 1712.

I HAVE been in phyſic this month, and have been better theſe three weeks. I ſtop my phyſic, by the Doctor's orders, till he ſends me farther directions. D. D. * grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we ſhall have it ſoon; for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is juſt come over from France, for a few days; I ſuppoſe, upon ſome important affair. I ſaw him laſt night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks riſe upon his coming. As for my ſtay in England, it cannot be long now, and ſo tell my friends. The parliament will not meet till after Chriſtmas; and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing ſhall keep me. I am very much diſcontented at Parviſol, about neglecting to ſell my horſes, &c.

Lady Maſham is not yet brought to-bed, but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months ago, and Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my ſnuff-box, and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr Coghill, deſiring me to get Raphoe for Dean

* Perhaps Mrs Dingley.

Dean Sterne, and the deanry for myſelf. I ſhall indeed; I have ſuch obligations to Sterne. But, however, if I am aſked, who will make a good biſhop, I ſhall name him before any body. Then comes another letter, deſiring I would recommend a provoſt, ſuppoſing that Pratt *, (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but, I believe, he will not. I preſented Pratt to Lord Treaſurer, and truly young Molyneaux †, would have had me preſent him too; but I directly anſwered him, I would not, unleſs he had buſineſs with him. He is the ſon of one Mr Molyneaux, of Ireland. His father wrote a book ‡; I ſuppoſe you know it. Here is the Duke of Marlborough going out of England, (Lord knows why) which cauſes many ſpeculations. Some ſay he is conſcious of guilt, and dare not ſtand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the Government, as who ſhould ſay, that one, who has done ſuch great ſervices to his country, cannot live quietly in it, by reaſon of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up theſe people together once more.

* 'Dr Benjamin Pratt, provoſt of Trinity-College, at Dublin.'

† 'Samuel, ſon of William Molyneaux, Eſq; the friend and correſpondent of Mr Locke. Mr Samuel Molyneaux was afterwards Secretary to the late King George II. when Prince of Wales. He married Lady Elizabeth Capell, daughter of Algernon, Earl of Eſſex. He died in April 1728.'

‡ 'The Caſe of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England ſtated, publiſhed in 1698, in octavo.'

more. God knows how long it may laſt. I was to-day at a trial between Lord Lanſdown, and Lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in in the Queen's Bench, for about ſix thouſand pounds a-year, (or nine I think.) I ſat under Lord Chief Juſtice Parker; and his pen falling down, I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whiſper him, that 'I had done good for evil; for he would have taken mine from me.' I told it Lord Treaſurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if ſeveral Lords on the Bench, and in the Court, bowing, had not turned every body's eyes, and ſet them a whiſpering. I owe the dog a ſpite, and will pay him in two months at fartheſt, if I can. So much for that. But you muſt have chat, and I muſt ſay every ſorry thing, that comes into my head. They ſay the Queen will ſtay a month longer at Windſor. Theſe devils of Grubſtreet rogues, that write the Flying-Poſt, and Medley, in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treaſurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under proſecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to ſwinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get freſh bail; and ſo it goes round. They ſay ſome learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving, by Civil Law, that we do them wrong by this peace; but I ſhall ſhew, by plain reaſon, that we have ſuffered.

ed the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horſe, and have hundreds of letters ſtill to read; and ſqueeze a line perhaps out of each, or at leaſt the ſeeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write, (this is to be extracted), which will be ſixty in print. It is the moſt troubleſome part of all, and I cannot keep myſelf private, though I ſtole into a room up two pair of ſtairs, when I came from Windſor; but my preſent man has not yet learned his leſſon of denying me diſcreetly.

30. The Ducheſs of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Maſham is ſtill expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finiſh my letter laſt poſt, for the ſoul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers theſe ſix weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tiſdal yet in the world? I ſuppoſe writing controverſies, to get a name with poſterity. The Duke of Ormond will not be over theſe three or four days. I deſign to make him join with me, in ſettling all right among our people. I have ordered the Ducheſs to let me have an hour with the Duke at his firſt coming, to give him a true ſtate of perſons and things. I believe the Duke of Shrewſbury will hardly be declared your governor yet; at leaſt, I think ſo now: but reſolutions alter very ſoon. Duke Hamilton gave me a pound of ſnuff to-day, admirable good. I wiſh D. D. had it; and Ppt. too, if ſhe likes it.

It

It coſt me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed night-gown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the d— was in it the other day, that I ſhould talk to her of an ugly ſquinting couſin of her's; and the poor Lady herſelf, you know, ſquints like a dragon. The other day we had a long diſcourſe with her about love; and ſhe told us a ſaying of her ſiſter Fitzharding, which I thought excellent, that, 'in men, deſire begets love, and in women, love begets deſire.' We have abundance of our old criers ſtill hereabouts. I hear every morning your women with the old ſattin and taffata, &c. the fellow with old coats, ſ ſ ſuits or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have loſt money again at ombre, with Lord Orkney, and others; yet, after all, this year I have loſt but three and twenty ſhillings; ſo that, conſidering card-money, I am no loſer.

Our ſociety hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we ſhall continue to do ſome good this Winter: And Lord Treaſurer promiſes, the academy for reforming our language, ſhall ſoon go forward. I muſt now go hunt thoſe dry letters for materials. You will ſee ſomething very notable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bleſs you.

LET-

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the moſt terrible accident, that hath almoſt ever happened. This morning, at eight, my man brought we word, that Duke Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately ſent him to the Duke's houſe, in St James's-ſquare; but the porter could hardly anſwer for tears, and a great rabble was about the houſe. In ſhort, they fought at ſeven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the ſpot; but while the Duke was over him, Mohun, ſhortening his ſword, ſtabbed him in at the ſhoulder to the heart. The Duke was helped towards the cake-houſe, by the ring, in Hyde-park, (where they fought) and died on the graſs, before he could reach the houſe; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor Ducheſs was aſleep. Maccartney and one Hamilton were the ſeconds, who fought likewiſe, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of Lord Mohun's ſtabbed Duke Hamilton; and ſome ſay Maccartney did ſo too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet ſent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor Duke,

who

who was a frank, honeſt, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greateſt mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durſt not tell it me; and thoſe he did tell, ſaid, I could not be ſpared, which was true. They have removed the poor Ducheſs to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am juſt come away. I never ſaw ſo melancholy a ſcene; for indeed all reaſons for real grief belong to her; nor is it poſſible for any one to be a greater loſer in all regards. She has moved my very ſoul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not ſuffer it, becauſe it had no room backwards, and ſhe muſt have been tortured with the noiſe of the Grubſtreet ſcreamers, ringing her huſband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the ſtory of my eſcape, in opening the band-box ſent to the Lord Treaſurer. The prints have told a thouſand lies of it; but at laſt we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the Evening-Poſt; only I would not ſuffer them to name me, having been ſo often named before, and teazed to death with queſtions. I wonder how I came to have ſo much preſence of mind, which is not uſually my talent; but ſo it pleaſed God, and I ſaved myſelf and him; for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me, that if I had been killed,

the Whigs would have called it a judgment, becauſe the barrels were of ink-horns, with which I had done them ſo much miſchief. There was a pure Grub-ſtreet of it, full of lies and inconſiſtencies. I do not like theſe things at all, and I wiſh myſelf more and more among my willows. There is a deviliſh ſpirit among people, and the miniſtry muſt exert themſelves, or ſink.

16. I thought to have finiſhed this yeſterday, but was too much diſturbed. I ſent a letter early this morning to Lady Maſham, to beg her to write ſome comforting words to the poor Ducheſs. I dined to-day with Lady Maſham, at Kenſington, where ſhe is expecting theſe two months to lie in. She has promiſed me to get the Queen to write to the Ducheſs kindly on this occaſion; and to-morrow I will beg Lord Treaſurer to viſit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worſe: Her violencies not ſo frequent, but her melancholy more formal and ſettled. She has abundance of wit and ſpirit; about thirty-three years old; handſome and airy, and ſeldom ſpared any body that gave her the leaſt provocation; by which ſhe had many enemies, and few friends. Lady Orkney, her ſiſter-in-law, is come to town on this occaſion, and has been to ſee her, and behaved herſelf with great humanity. They have been always very ill together; and the poor Ducheſs could not have patience, when people told her I went often to Lady Orkney's. But I am reſolved to make

them friends; for the Ducheſs is now no more the object of envy, and muſt learn humility from the ſevereſt maſter, affliction. I deſign to make the miniſtry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) againſt that villain Maccartney. What ſhall we do with theſe murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occaſion; for I cannot ſend it till Tueſday, and the coroner's inqueſt on the Duke's body is to be to-morrow. Then I ſhall know more. This is a very ſurpriſing event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals.

17. I was to-day at noon with the Ducheſs of Hamilton again, after I had been with Lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her ſiſter in her affliction. The Ducheſs told me Lady Orkney had been with her, and that ſhe did not treat her as gently as ſhe ought. They hate one another; but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the Poſt-boy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as poſſible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it. I dined at Lord Treaſurer's at ſix in the evening, which is his uſual hour of returning from Windſor: He promiſes to viſit the Ducheſs to-morrow, and ſays he has a meſſage to her from the Queen. 'Tis late; I have ſtayed till paſt one with him.

18. The Committee of Council is to ſit this afternoon upon the affair of the Duke of Hamilton's murder, and, I hope, a proclamation will be

be out againſt Maccartney. I was juſt now ('tis now noon) with the Ducheſs, to let her know Lord Treaſurer will ſee her. She is mightily out of order. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inqueſt. We ſuſpect Maccartney ſtabbed the Duke while he was fighting. The Queen and Lord Treaſurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with Lord Treaſurer; but muſt ſend this to the poſt-office before, becauſe elſe I ſhall not have time; he uſually keeps me too late. Ben Tooke bid me write to D. D. * to ſend her certificate, for it is high time it ſhould be ſent, he ſays. Pray make Parviſol write to me, and ſend me a general account of my affairs; and to let him know I ſhall be over in Spring, and that by all means he ſells the horſes. Prior has kiſſed the Queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and Lord Strafford to Holland. Now the King of Spain has renounced his pretenſions to France, the peace muſt follow very ſoon unavoidably. You muſt no more call Philip Duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him King of Spain. Dr Pratt tells me, you are all mad in Ireland with your play-houſe frolicks and prologues, and I know not what. Mr Verdoen was with me yeſterday, and enquired after you. He was a Lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He aſked me nothing for himſelf; but wanted an employment for a friend,

* " Mrs Dingley."

" who would give a handſome pair of gloves." One Hales ſent me up a letter the other day, which ſaid you lodged in his houſe, and therefore deſired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an anſwer, that I never open letters brought me by the writers, &c. I was complaining to a lady, that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to ſixty pounds a-year in the ſalt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me, Mr Griffin ſhould do it. And afterwards I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filly to him, and his abode ſomewhere near Nantwich. He ſaid frankly, he had formerly examined the man, and found he underſtood very little of his buſineſs; but if he heard he mended, he would do what I deſired. I will let it reſt a while, and then reſume it; and if Ppt. writes to Filly, ſhe may adviſe him to diligence, &c. I told Griffin poſitively I would have it done, if the man mended. This is an account of Ppt.'s commiſſion to her moſt humble ſervant. I have a world of writing to finiſh, and little time; theſe toads of miniſters are ſo " ſlow in their helps."

LET-

LETTER CXXIX.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR SWIFT, WITH A PRESENT OF A WRITING-TABLE, SEAL, PAPER, WAX, &c.

London, Nov. 21, 1712.

THIS key will open treaſures; but vain in me to know them. Your conveniency is my ſatisfaction. If I can or may read what will be in this table, it ought and ſhall be my happineſs. You muſt diſcern this comes from the moſt intereſted joiner, that ever made a thing of this nature. Peruſe narrowly, and what faults you find, they ſhall be mended, in every particular, to the utmoſt capacity of, Sir, your obliged humble ſervant,

E. ORKNEY.

LETTER CXXX.

TO LADY ORKNEY.

MADAM, *Nov.* 21, 1712.

WHEN, upon parting with your Ladyſhip, you were pleaſed to tell me I ſhould find your preſent at home, natural juſtice prompted me to reſolve, that the firſt uſe I made of it ſhould be in paying acknowledgements to my be-

nefactor. But when I opened the writing-table, which I muſt now call mine, I found you had ſent neither pens, ink, nor paper, ſufficient for ſuch an undertaking. But I ought to tell your Ladyſhip in order, that I firſt got there a much more valuable thing: And I cannot do greater honour to my ſcrutoire, than to aſſure your Ladyſhip, that your letter is the firſt thing I have put in it, and ſhall be the laſt I will ever take out. I muſt tell your Ladyſhip, that I am this moment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced, that I ſhould write with a new ſpirit, by the influence of the materials you ſent me: But it is quite otherwiſe; I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confuſion which attends us when we ſtrive too much to acquit ourſelves, or whether your pens or ink are ſullen, and think themſelves diſgraced ſince they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your Ladyſhip, for making me a preſent that looks like a ſort of eſtabliſhment. I plainly ſee by the contrivance, that, if you were firſt miniſter, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed towards fixing me, than all the miniſtry together; for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impoſſible to travel, or live without it. You have an undoubted title to whatever papers this table ſhall ever contain, (except your letter) and I deſire you will pleaſe to have another key made for it; that, when the Court ſhall think fit to give me a room worth

putting

putting it into, your Ladyſhip may come and ſearch it whenever you pleaſe.

I beg your Ladyſhip to join in laughing with me, at my unreaſonable vanity, when I wiſhed that the motto written about the wax was a deſcription of yourſelf. But, if I am diſappointed in that, your Ladyſhip will be ſo in all the reſt; even this ink will never be able to convey your Ladyſhip's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders, but when it mentions you; neither is the ſeal any otherwiſe an emblem of my life, than by the deep impreſſion your Ladyſhip has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inſcription about the pens, I fear there is ſome miſtake; and that your Ladyſhip did not deſign them for me. However, I will keep them untill you can find the perſon you intended ſhould have them, and who will be able to diſpoſe of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed, and directed, has made the leaſt miſtake: But there are four implements wanting. The two firſt I ſhall not name, becauſe an odd ſuperſtition forbids us to accept them from our friends: The third is a ſponge, which the people long have given ſo ill a reputation to, that I vow it ſhall be no gift of your Ladyſhip: The laſt is a flat ivory inſtrument, uſed in folding up of letters, which I inſiſt you muſt provide.

See, Madam, the firſt-fruits this unlucky preſent of your's has produced. It is but giving

a fiddle to a ſcraper, or a peſtle and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory-pamphlet to Mrs Ramſay. Nothing is ſo great a diſcouragement to generous perſons, as the fear of being worried by acknowledgements. Beſides, your Ladyſhip is an unſufferable kind of giver, making every preſent fifty times the value, by the circumſtances and manner. And I know people in the world, who would not oblige me ſo much at the coſt of 1000l. as you have done at that of 20l. which, I muſt needs tell you, is an unconſcionable way of dealing, and whereof, I believe, nobody alive is ſo guilty as yourſelf. In ſhort, you deceive my eyes, and corrupt my judgment; nor am I now ſure of any thing, but that of being, &c.

LETTER CXXXI.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 22, 1712.

YOU are extremely obliging to write how well you take my whim, in telling my true thoughts of your mind: For I was aſhamed, when I reflected, and hoped I ſhould ſee you ſoon, after expreſſing the value I have of you in an uncommon way. But this I write with aſſurance, that I am very ſincerely, Sir, your obliged humble ſervant, E. ORKNEY.

LET-

LETTER CXXXII.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR SWIFT, IN THE SAME YEAR.

Monday morning.

I AM ſure you are very ill natured (I would not have been ſo croſs to you) to have known Mr Lewis and me ſo long, and not to have made us acquainted ſooner; when you know too, that I have been in ſearch of a reaſonable converſation. I have no way to excuſe you, but doubting his to be ſo agreeable at a ſecond meeting, which I deſire you will make, when it is moſt convenient to both. It is not from cuſtom I ſay, I am extremely, Sir, your humble ſervant,

E. ORKNEY.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, Why does ſhe write to me? I hate a letter as much as my Lord Treaſurer does a petition.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIII.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY, AND MRS RAMSAY, TO DR SWIFT. 1712.

I HAVE had great ſatisfaction in the favour of your letter, though diſappointed, ſince not occaſioned by yourſelf. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At firſt I feared Mr Collier was taken with a fit of apoplexy. The next line I read, I wiſhed he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troubleſome, where I diſtinguiſhed, you ſhould not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs Ramſay and me, we are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be, Sir, your ſincere humble ſervant,

E. ORKNEY.
E. RAMSAY.

We deſign to be at Windſor on Wedneſday, where I hope you will meet me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you will dine with us.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIV.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, Dec. 12, 1712.

I PROTEST ſolemnly, I am not able to write to you for other buſineſs; but I will renew my journal method to you next time. I find it is eaſier, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks, till this buſineſs is off my hands, which muſt be in ſix, I think, at fartheſt. Oh! I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now, with a worrier. Two women have been here ſix times a-piece; I never ſaw them yet. The firſt I have diſpatched with a letter; the other I muſt ſee, and tell her I can do nothing for her: She is wife of one Mr Connor, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a fooliſh errand, for ſome old pretenſions, that will ſucceed when I am Lord Treaſurer. I am got up two pair of ſtairs in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to diſcover where I am; yet every morning, two or three ſets are plaguing me, and my preſent ſervant has not yet his leſſon perfect of denying me. I have written one hundred and thirty pages in folio, to be printed, and muſt write thirty more, which

which will make a large book of four ſhillings *. I wiſh I had an opportunity of ſending you ſome ſnuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if poſſible. I had a letter from Parviſol, and find he has ſet my livings very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was ſecond to Duke Hamilton, is tried to-day. I ſuppoſe he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, but left him by nine, and viſited ſome people. Lady Betty, his daughter, will be married on Monday next, (as I ſuppoſe) to the Marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portrain, till you told me ſo in your laſt. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave wiſe coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt. is better of her diſorders. God keep her ſo. The pamphlet of *Political Lying* is written by Dr Arbuthnott, the author of *John Bull;* 'tis very pretty, but not ſo obvious to be underſtood. Higgins, firſt chaplain to Duke Hamilton? Why, Duke Hamilton never dreamed of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious news-mongers in Ireland; Dean Francis, Sir Richard Levinge, ſtuff, ſtuff, and Pratt, more ſtuff. We have loſt our fine froſt here; and Abel Roper tells me you have had floods in Dublin. So, you read one of the Grub-ſtreets about the band-box. The whig papers have ab-

* 'This ſeems to be his *Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht*, not publiſhed till after his death.'

uſed me about the band-box. God help me! what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the Poſt-Boy, and Evening-Poſt of that day. Lord Treaſurer has had the ſeal ſent him, that ſealed the box, and directions where to find the other piſtol in a tree in St James's Park; which Lord Bolingbroke's meſſengers found accordingly; but who ſent the preſent, is not yet known. Duke Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as poſſible, according to the foppiſh rules of honour in practice. What ſignified your writing angry to Filly? I hope you ſaid nothing of having any thing from me. The Queen is in town, and Lady Maſham's month of lying-in within two days of being out. I was at the chriſtening on Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after Lord Treaſurer; it is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond ſent me ſome chocolate to-day. I wiſh you had ſhare of it: They ſay it is good for me; and I deſign to drink ſome in the morning. Our ſociety meets next Thurſday, now the Queen is in town; and Lord Treaſurer aſſures me, that the ſociety for reforming the language ſhall ſoon be eſtabliſhed. I have given away ten ſhillings this day to ſervants. What a ſtir about company? I kept no company at all, nor have I any deſire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-houſe, nor a tavern, nor have touched a card ſince I left Windſor. I make few viſits, nor go to levees; my only debauching, is ſitting late where I dine,

if I like the company. I have almoſt dropped the Ducheſſes of Shrewſbury and Hamilton, and ſeveral others. Lord Treaſurer, the Duke of Ormond, and Lady Orkney, are all that I ſee very often. O yes, Lady Maſham and Lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at Court, where I affect to turn from a Lord to the meaneſt of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays, to ſee the world; but, to ſay the truth, I am growing weary of it. I diſlike a million of things in the courſe of public affairs; and if I were to ſtay here much longer, I am ſure I ſhould ruin myſelf, with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into ſchemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will probably ſucceed. It is impoſſible to ſave people againſt their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patch-work already. Do you underſtand all this ſtuff? No. Well, then, you are now returned to ombre and the Dean, and Chriſtmas; I wiſh you a very good merry one. It is late, I'll go to ſleep, I don't ſleep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner.

13. Morning. I am ſo very ſleepy in the mornings, that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. Here is a reſtleſs dog, crying cabbages and ſavoys, plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wiſh his largeſt cabbage were ſticking in his throat. I lodge over againſt the

houſe

houſe in Little Rider-ſtreet, where D. D. lodged. To-night I muſt ſee the Abbe Gautier, to get ſome particulars for my hiſtory *. It was he, who was firſt employed by France, in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to ſee him; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has juſt ſent to invite me to dinner; ſhe has not yet given me the bed night-gown; beſides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I ſtay till my fire is burned up. Lord Abercorn is come to London, and will plague me, and I can do him no ſervice. The Duke of Shrewſbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We ſhall have a peace very ſoon; the Dutch are almoſt entirely agreed, and if they ſtop, we ſhall make it without them. That has been reſolved. This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelve-penny weather. I muſt ſee my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the Ducheſs of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in diſgrace, not having ſeen her theſe ten days. Abbe Gautier ſends me word, I cannot ſee him to-night. I don't value any thing, but one letter he has of P. ſhewing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not the *Conduct of the Allies* make you great politicians? Here is ſomebody coming, that I muſt ſee, that wants a little place; the ſon of couſin Rooke's eldeſt daughter, that died many years ago. Farewell.

* Probably that of the Peace of Utrecht.

LETTER CXXXV.

THOMAS HARRISON, ESQ; * SECRETARY OF THE EMBASSY AT UTRECHT, TO DR SWIFT.

Utrecht, Dec. 16, 1712.

YOUR thanks of the 25th of November, Sir, come before their time; the condition of the obligation being, that you ſhould receive twelve ſhirts, which number ſhall be compleated

* This Gentleman, who owed his poſt of Secretary to the Britiſh Embaſſy at Utrecht, to the recommendation of Dr Swift, and was eminent for his genius and learning, was educated at Queen's College in Oxford, where he took the degree of Maſter of Arts, December 15, 1705. Mr Tickell, who was of the ſame college, in his "Poem to his Excellency the Lord Privy Seal, on the proſpect of Peace," pays a compliment to his friend Mr Harriſon, in theſe lines:

"That much lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
"To Briſtol's praiſes ſhall his Strafford's join."

The reader will find ſome circumſtances relating to him, and his laſt ſickneſs, in Dr Swift's Letter or Journal, written to Mrs Dingley, beginning January 25, 1712-13; by which it appears, that Mr Harriſon, coming over to England, from Utrecht, with the barrier treaty, died on February 14, 1712-13. Mr Jacob, in his *Lives and Characters of all the Engliſh Poets*, Vol. I. p. 70, has committed two miſtakes, in calling him William, inſtead of Thomas; and in ſaying, that he died in Holland in 1713. He mentions, among Mr Harriſon's Works, Woodſtock Park, inſcribed to the Lord Chancellor Cowper.

compleated by the firſt proper occaſion. Your kind letter, however, is extremely ſeaſonable; and (next to a note from the Treaſury) has proved the moſt vivifying cordial in the world. If you pleaſe to ſend me, now and then, as much of the ſame as will lie upon the top of your pen, I ſhall be contented to take ſheets for ſhirts to the end of the chapter.

Since you are ſo good as to enter into my affairs, I ſhall trouble you with a detail of them, as well as of my conduct ſince I left England; which, in my opinion, you have a right to inſpect, and approve or condemn, as you think fit. During my ſtate of probation with the Earl of Strafford, it was my endeavour to recommend myſelf to his Excellency, by fidelity, ſilence, and an entire ſubmiſſion, more than by an affectation to ſhine in his ſervice: And whatever difficulties, whatever diſcouragements fell in my way, I think it appears that they were ſurmounted in the end, and my advancement followed upon it ſooner than I expected; another would ſay, much ſooner than I deſerved, which I ſhould eaſily agree to, were it not that I flatter myſelf there is ſome merit in the behaviour I kept, when the hopes and temptation of being preferred glittered in my eyes. All the world knows upon what footing Mr Watkins * thought himſelf with my Lord Strafford †; and though

* Henry Watkins, Eſq; late ſecretary.

† Thomas, Earl of Strafford, Ambaſſador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General.

all the world does not know what I am going to tell you, yet Mr Watkins does on one hand, and my S—— on the other, that all the credit I had with either, was heartily, and without reſerve, employed to make matters eaſy; and to cultivate, in my humble ſtation, that good underſtanding, which our Court deſired ſhould be between them. I had my reaſons for this, and ſuch perhaps as flowed from an inclination to promote my own intereſt. I knew, as well as any man living almoſt, how much Mr Watkins was valued by my Lord Bolingbroke and others. I foreſaw the danger of ſtanding in competition with him, if that caſe ſhould happen: And, to tell you the truth, I did not think myſelf ripe in regard to intereſt at home, or of any ſervice I could pretend to have done abroad, to ſucceed Mr Watkins in ſo good an employment. Above all, I proteſt to you, Sir, that, if I know my own heart, I am capable of ſuffering the utmoſt extremities, rather than violate the infinite duty and gratitude I owe my Lord Bolingbroke, by doing an ill office to a perſon honoured with ſuch particular marks of his Lordſhip's eſteem. I might add to this, that I really loved Mr Watkins; and I beg you, Sir, to urge him to the proof, whether my whole behaviour was not ſuch as might juſtify the warmeſt profeſſions I can make of that kind. After all this, how comes it, that he, either in raillery or good earneſt, accuſes me of having any reſentment

againſt

againſt him? By word of mouth when he left us, by letters ſo long as he allowed me to correſpond with him, and by all the people that ever went from Utrecht to Flanders, have I importuned him for the continuance of his friendſhip; and, perhaps, even in his abſence, (if he pleaſes to reflect) giving him a very eſſential proof of mine. If any body has thought it worth their while to ſow a diviſion between us, I wiſh he thought it worth his to let me into the ſecret; and nothing, he may be ſure, ſhall be wanting on my ſide, to defeat a ſtratagem, which, for ought I know, may end in the ſtarving of his humble ſervant.

Which leads me naturally to the ſecond thing propoſed to be ſpoken to in my text; namely, my circumſtances. For, between you and me, Sir, I apprehend the Treaſury will iſſue out no money on my account, till they know what is due on that of Mr Watkins. And if he has any pretenſions, I have none that I know of, but what are as precarious to me, as a ſtiver, I gave away but now to a beggar, was to him. Is it poſſible that Mr Watkins can demand the pay of a commiſſion, which is by the Queen herſelf actually ſuperſeded, during his abſence from his poſt? Or is it not as plainly ſaid in mine, that I am her Majeſty's ſecretary during ſuch his abſence, as in his, that he was ſo, whilſt he reſided here? If I muſt be cruſhed, Sir, for God's ſake let ſome reaſon be alledged for it; or elſe an ingenuous

confeſſion

confeſſion made, that " ſtat pro ratione volun-
" tas." If you can fix Mr Watkins to any final determination on this ſubject, you will do me a ſingular ſervice, and I ſhall take my meaſures accordingly. Though I know your power, I cannot help diſtruſting it on this occaſion. Before I conclude, give me leave to put you in mind of beating my thanks into Lord Bolingbroke's ears, for his late generoſity, to the end that his Lordſhip may be wearied out of the evil habit he has got, of heaping more obligations and goodneſs on thoſe he is pleaſed to favour, than their ſhoulders are able to bear. For my own part, I have ſo often thanked his Lordſhip, that I have now no more ways left to turn my thoughts; and beg, if you have any right good compliments neat and fine by you, that you will advance the neceſſary, and place them, with the other helps you have given me, to my account; which I queſtion not but I ſhall be able to acknowledge at one and the ſame time, viz. " ad
" Græcas calendas."

In the mean time, I ſhall do my beſt to give you juſt ſuch hints as you deſire by the next poſt; though I cannot but think there are ſome letters in the office, which would ſerve your turn a good deal better, than any thing I can tell you about the people at the Hague. Your acceſs there, abundantly prevents my attempting to write you any news from hence. And I aſſure you, Sir, you can write me none from England

(however

(however uneaſy my circumſtances are) which will be ſo agreeable, as that of your long expected advancement. It grieves me to the ſoul, that a perſon, who has been ſo inſtrumental to the raiſing of me from obſcurity and diſtreſs, ſhould not be yet ſet above the power of fortune, and the malice of thoſe enemies your real merit has created. I beg, dear Sir, the continuance of your kind care and inſpection over me; and that you would in all reſpects command, reprove, or inſtruct me as a father. For I proteſt to you, Sir, I do, and ever ſhall honour and regard you with the affection of a ſon. I am, &c.

LETTER CXXXVI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, Dec. 18, 1712.

OUR ſociety was to meet to-day; but Lord Harley, who was preſident this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbleton, with his new brother-in-law, the young Marquis of Caermarthen, who married Lady Betty Harley on Monday laſt; and Lord Treaſurer is at Wimbleton too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propoſed our meetings ſhould be only once a-fortnight; for, betwixt you and me, we do no good. It coſt me nineteen ſhillings to-day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We

have

have terrible ſlobbery-weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will ſee me whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a duke-dom * in France, which Duke Hamilton was ſoliciting for; but Abercorn reſolves to ſpoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have adviſed the Ducheſs to com-pound with him, and have made the miniſtry of my opinion.

19. Lord Treaſurer is returned from Wimble-ton. 'Tis not above eight miles off, and he ſent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with another, with honeſt Ben. Tooke, by invitation. The Ducheſs of Ormond promiſed me her picture; and coming home to-night, I found her's and the Duke's, both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil ſurprize? They are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her. I will tell her ſhe is ſuch a prude, that ſhe will not let ſo much as her picture be alone in a room with a man, unleſs the Duke's be with it; and ſo forth. We are full of ſnow and dabbling. Lady Maſham has come abroad theſe three days, and ſeen the Queen. I dined with her the other day at her ſiſter Hill's. I hope ſhe will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St James's, from Kenſington.

20. I deny myſelf to every body almoſt, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are loſt with

* Of Chaſtleherauld.

with people who will not take anſwers below ſtairs; ſuch as Dilly, and the Biſhop, and the Provoſt, &c. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with Lord Treaſurer. This is his day, that his chief friends in the miniſtry dine with him. However, I went there about ſix, and ſat with him till paſt nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumſtances of Lady Betty's match. The young fellow has 60,000l. ready money, three great houſes furniſhed, 7,000l. a-year at preſent, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think Lady Betty's portion is not above 8000l. Pray tell Mr Wall, that Lord Angleſea thanked me for recommending Clements to him; that he ſays he is 20,000l. the better for knowing him. But pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my Lord, that he hears ſo and ſo, &c. Sad weather; two ſhillings in coaches to-day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over ſomething, and correct it.

21. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at Lord Treaſurer's, ſometimes with incloſed ones to him, and ſometimes with projects, and ſometimes with libels. I uſually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at Court to-day, as I always am on Sundays, inſtead of a coffee-houſe, to ſee my acquaintance. This day ſe'nnight, after I had been talking at Court with Sir William

liam Wyndham, the Spaniſh ambaſſador came to him, and ſaid, he heard that was Dr Swift; and deſired him to tell me, that his maſter, and the King of France, and the Queen, were obliged to me more than to any man in Europe; ſo we bowed, and ſhook hands, &c. I took it very well of him *. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and muſt again to-morrow, though I had rather not; but now the Queen is in town, he does not keep me ſo late. Our peace now will ſoon be determined; for Lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning, that four provinces of Holland have complied with the Queen, and we expect the reſt will do ſo immediately.

22. Lord Keeper promiſed me yeſterday the firſt convenient living to poor Grey †, who is married, and wants ſome addition to what he had. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter ſome weeks ago from Elnick, who married Betty Grey. It ſeems the poor woman died ſome time laſt Summer. Elnick grows rich, and purchaſes lands. I dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of

* It may, perhaps, be thought ſtrange, that Swift ſhould be gratified, by being told he was the beſt friend of the enemies of his country.

† 'Mr Grey, rector of Letcombe, in Berks, to whoſe houſe Dr Swift retired about ten weeks before Queen Anne's death, upon occaſion of the incurable breach between the Earl of Oxford and Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke.'

Parnell's *. I made Parnell inſert ſome compliments in it to his Lordſhip. He is extremely pleaſed with it, and read ſome parts of it to-day to Lord Treaſurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he out-does all our poets here at bar's-length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Chriſtmas-day, and I made Lord Treaſurer promiſe to ſee him. It may one day do Parnell a kindneſs. You know Parnell? I believe I have told you of that.

23. This morning I preſented one Diaper †, a poet, to Lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem ‡, which is a very good one; and I am to give him a ſum of money from my Lord. I have contrived to make a parſon of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and ſerves a ſmall cure in the country; but has a ſword at his tail here in town. 'Tis a poor, little, ſhort wretch, but will do beſt in a gown, and we will make Lord Keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to Lord Treaſurer to-day, to excuſe me; ſo I dined with the former, and Monteleon the Spaniſh ambaſſador, who made me many compliments. I ſtayed till nine, and now it is paſt ten, and my man has locked me up;

* 'It is not in the collection publiſhed by Mr Pope in 1726; but it is printed in Dr Parnell's Poſthumous Works, p. 248, publiſhed at Dublin in 1758, and intitled, 'On Queen Anne's Peace,' 1713.'

† Author of the Sea Eclogues mentioned before.

‡ Intitled, 'Dryades, or the Nymphs Prophecy,' printed in 1713, in folio.

up; and I have juſt called to mind, that I ſhall be in diſgrace with Tom Leigh. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckerſall, clerk of the kitchen to the Queen, who was civil to him at Windſor on my account; for I had done ſome ſervice to Eckerſall. Leigh teazes me to paſs an evening at his lodgings with Eckerſall. I put it off ſeveral times, but was forced at laſt to promiſe I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called, and called, but my man is gone to bed; ſo I will write an excuſe to-morrow. I deteſt that Tom Leigh, and am as formal to him as I can, when I happen to meet him in the Park. The rogue frets me, if he knew it. He aſked me, why I did not wait on the biſhop of Dromore *? I anſwered, I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not preſume, &c. He takes me ſeriouſly, and ſays, the biſhop is no proud man, &c. He tells me of a judge in Ireland, that has done ill things. I aſk, Why he is not out? Says he, I think the biſhops, and you, and I, and the reſt of the clergy, ſhould meet and conſult about it. I beg his pardon, and ſay, I cannot be ſerviceable that way. He anſwers, Yes, every body may help ſomething. Don't you ſee how curiouſly he

continues

* 'Dr Tobias Pullen, tranſlated to that ſee, from Cloyne, May 7, 1695. He died in 1713, and was ſucceeded, in May that year, by Dr John Sterne, dean of St Patrick's, to which deanry Dr Swift was then promoted.'

continues to vex me? for the dog knows, that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous deſign of teazing. He is one of thoſe, that would rather a ſervice ſhould not be done, than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this; don't you?

24. I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer †, in order to look over ſome of my papers; but nothing was done.

I have been alſo mediating between the Hamilton family and Lord Abercorn, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk, the late Duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France, to make the demands; and the miniſtry are of opinion, they will get ſome ſatisfaction, and they empowered me to adviſe the Hamilton ſide to agree with Abercorn, who aſks a fourth part, and will go to France, and ſpoil all, if they don't yield it.

25. I carried Parnell to dine at Lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himſelf very well; and Lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleaſed with him. I was at St James's Chapel by eight this morning; and church and ſacrament were done by ten. The Queen has the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I ſtayed ſo long in my chamber, that I miſſed going to Court.

† Robert Benſon, Eſq;

Did I tell you that the Queen deſigns to have a drawing-room and company every day?

26. I was to wiſh the Duke of Ormond a happy Chriſtmas, and gave half a crown to his porter. It will coſt me a dozen half crowns among ſuch fellows. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, who chid me for being abſent three days. We hear Maccartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be ſet upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Maccartney *? Upon which they brought him to a juſtice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were ſent to gaol. Was it not great preſence of mind? But may be you heard of this already; for there was a Grubſtreet of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I muſt walk away to-day after dinner, becauſe Lord Treaſurer and he, and another, were to enter upon buſineſs; but I ſaid, it was as fit I ſhould know their buſineſs as any body, for I was to juſtify. So the reſt went, and I ſtayed; and it was ſo important, I was like to ſleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve.

27. I dined to-day with General Hill, governor of Dunkirk. Lady Maſham and Mrs Hill, his two ſiſters, were of the company, and there have I been ſitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myſelf. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them ſeldom, and therefore

* Maccartney was Lord Mohun's ſecond in the duel between him and Duke Hamilton; and fled on that occaſion.

therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr Addiſon and paſtoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them, but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curſe of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig Wits to the favour and mercy of the miniſters, than any other people? Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be uſed kindly, and ſecured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promiſe of a place. Philips I ſhould certainly have provided for, if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I ſet Addiſon ſo right at firſt, that he might have been employed, and have partly ſecured him the place he has *; yet I am worſe uſed by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, and dreſs the wine and orange.

28. My cold is ſo bad, that I could not go to church to-day, nor to Court; but I was engaged to Lord Orkney's, with the Duke of Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, becauſe I could cough and ſpit there as I pleaſed. The Duke and Lord Arran left us, and I have been ſitting ever ſince with Lord and Lady Orkney till paſt eleven; and my cold is worſe, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold, and no more; but I'll go to-bed, for the fellow has bawled *paſt twelve*.

* It was a uſual ſubject of raillery towards him among the miniſters, that he never came to them without a Whig in his ſleeve. See his life prefixed to Bathurſt's edition.

29. I got out early to-day, and eſcaped all my duns. I went to ſee Lord Bolingbroke about ſome buſineſs, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city, upon the broiled leg of a gooſe, and a bit of bacon, with my printer. Did I tell you, that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the Court decides ſomething about me? I will contract no more enemies, at leaſt I will not imbitter worſe thoſe I have already, till I have got under ſhelter; and the miniſters know my reſolution, ſo that you may be diſappointed in ſeeing this thing as ſoon as you expected. I hear Lord Treaſurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every body has one.

30. I ſuppoſe this will be full by Saturday. Duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at an old ſervant's houſe of his. The Council made us part at ſix. One Mrs Ramſay dined with us; an old Lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at Lord Treaſurer's, and ſat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at Lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow; but ſays, he will ſee Parnell ſome other time. I hoiſt up Parnell, partly to ſpite the envious Iriſh folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I ſaw the biſhop of Clogher's family to-day. Miſs is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs inceſſantly.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with Lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him

him ſhew all the places he diſliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully, he ſhall print it. I went this evening to ſit with Lord Treaſurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I ſat with him while the young folks went to ſupper, and then went down where they were all merry together, having turned Lady Oxford up to my Lord, and I ſtaid with them till twelve. There was the young couple, Lord and Lady Caermarthen, Lord and Lady Dupplin, and Lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done ſo often; ſtealing together from the old folks, tho' indeed it was not from poor Lord Treaſurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: But Lady Oxford is a mere old woman. My cold is ſtill ſo bad, that I have not the leaſt ſmelling. I am juſt got home, and 'tis paſt twelve; and I'll go to-bed, and ſettle my head, heavy as lead.

Jan. 1. I forgot to tell you, that yeſterday Lord Abercorn was here, teazing me about his French duchy, and ſuſpecting my partiality to the Hamilton family, in ſuch a whimſical manner, that Dr Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no ſooner gone, but Lord Orkney ſent to know, whether he might come and ſit with me half an hour upon ſome buſineſs. I returned anſwer, that I would wait on him; which I did. We diſcourſed a-while, and he left me with Lady Orkney; and in came Lord Selkirk,

Selkirk, whom I had never ſeen before. He is another brother of Duke Hamilton's, and is going to France, by a power from his mother the old Ducheſs, to negociate their pretenſions to this duchy of Chaſtleherauld. He teazed me for two hours in ſpite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to ſtir; would have had me engage the miniſtry to favour him againſt Lord Abercorn, and to convince them that Lord Abercorn had no pretenſions; and deſired I would alſo convince Lord Abercorn himſelf ſo; and concluded, he was ſorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and uſed him with ſome plainneſs. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies? Aye, ſays Ppt. you muſt be meddling in other people's affairs. I appeal to the biſhop of Clogher, whether Abercorn did not complain that I would not let him ſee me laſt year, and that he ſwore he would take no denial from my ſervant when he came again. The miniſters gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family, it was their opinion, that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Angleſea was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me, I was commiſſioned by the miniſters, and ought to perform my commiſſion, &c. But I'll have done with them. I have warned Lord Treaſurer, and Lord Bolingbroke, to beware of Selkirk's teazing; yet Abercorn vexes me more. He owes me all the kind receptions he has had from

from the miniſtry. I dined to-day at Lord Treaſurer's, with the young folks, and ſat with Lord Treaſurer till nine, and then was forced to go to Lady Maſham's, and ſat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one muſt that knows them inwardly. A thouſand things wrong, moſt of them eaſy to mend; yet our ſchemes availing at beſt but little, and ſometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I patched up twice, with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now ſpread more than ever. But burn politics, and ſend me from Courts and miniſters!

2. I ſauntered about this morning, and went with Dr Pratt to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture that I was fond of, but it ſeems was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy ſome pictures for the biſhop of Clogher, who reſolves to lay out ten pounds to furniſh his houſe with curious pictures. We dined with the biſhop, I being by chance diſengaged. And this evening I ſat with the biſhop of Oſſory *, who is laid up with the gout. The French Ambaſſador, Duke D'Aumont, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with ſhouts. I cannot ſmell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard froſty weather.

3. Lord Dupplin and I went with Lord and Lady Orkney, this morning at ten, to Wimbleton, ſix

* Dr John Hartſtrong, tranſlated from that ſee, to Derry, March 3, 1713-14.

ſix miles off, to ſee Lord and Lady Caermarthen. It is much the fineſt place about this town. Did you never ſee it? I was once there before, about five years ago. I came back juſt by night-fall, and felt cruel cold weather. I am juſt now told, that poor Lady Aſhburnham, the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yeſterday at her country-houſe. The poor creature was with child. She was my greateſt favourite, and I am in exceſſive concern for her death. I hardly knew a more valuable perſon on all accounts. You muſt have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to ſee the Duke and Ducheſs. She was naturally very healthy, and I fear has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving *. I hate life, when I think it expoſed to ſuch accidents; and to ſee ſo many thouſand wretches burthening the earth, while ſuch as ſhe dies, makes me think, God did never intend life for a bleſſing. Farewell.

LET-

* From theſe expreſſions, and thoſe he uſes in the account of the Ducheſs of Hamilton's affliction on the death of her huſband, Swift appears to have had a ſtrong ſympathy in the diſtreſs of others; which he has generally, even by his advocates, been ſuppoſed to want. See his letter to Mrs Dingley, dated November 15, 1712.

LETTER CXXXVII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ENDED my laſt with the melancholy news of poor Lady Aſhburnham's death. The biſhop of Clogher, and Dr Pratt, made me dine with them to-day, at Lord Mountjoy's, purſuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady Mountjoy told me, that Maccartney was got ſafe out of our clutches, for ſhe had ſpoke with one who had a letter from him from Holland. Others ſay the ſame thing. As I left Lord Mountjoy's, I ſaw the Duke D'Aumont, the French ambaſſador, going from Lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the Queen. I followed, and went up to Court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the Duke of Argyll, by the fire-ſide, in the bed-chamber, when the ambaſſador came out from the Queen. Argyll preſented me to him, and Lord Bolingbroke and we talked together a-while. He is a fine gentleman, ſomething like the Duke of Ormond, and juſt ſuch an expenſive man. After church to-day, I ſhewed the biſhop of Clogher, at Court, who was who.

5. Our froſt is broke, but it is very cold. Lord Treaſurer is recovered, and went out this evening

evening to the Queen. I dined with Lady Oxford. Lord Treaſurer gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr Brown, biſhop of Cork, recommending him to a better biſhoprick, as a perſon who oppoſed Lord Wharton, and was made a biſhop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c. In ſhort, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the the world! I was to ſee the poor Duke and Ducheſs of Ormond this morning. The Duke was in his public room, with Mr Southwell and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him, we talked ſomething of Lord Aſhburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could; but ſomething falling accidentally in diſcourſe, the tears were juſt falling out of his eyes, and I looked off, to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never ſaw any thing ſo moving, nor ſuch a mixture of greatneſs of mind, and tenderneſs and diſcretion.

6. Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I, dined, by invitation, with my friend Dartineuf *, whom you have heard me talk off. Lord Bolingbroke

* This Gentleman, whoſe name was ſpelt Dartiquenave, is mentioned, on account of his taſte for good eating, by Mr Pope, in his *Imitation of the Second Epiſtle of the Second Book of Horace*, ver. 87.

" When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf deteſts."

likes Parnell mightily; and it is pleaſant to ſee, that one, who hardly paſſed for any thing in Ireland, makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is ſcurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know any thing that paſſes. Lord Treaſurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himſelf well. The Ducheſs of Marlborough is leaving England, to go to her Duke; and makes preſents of rings to ſeveral friends, they ſay, with two hundred pounds a-piece. I am ſure ſhe ought to give me one, though the Duke pretended to think me his greateſt enemy, and got people to tell me ſo, and very mildly to let me know, how gladly he would have me ſoftened towards him. I bid a Lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know, that I had hindered many a bitter thing againſt him; not for his own ſake, but becauſe I thought it looked baſe; and I deſired every thing ſhould be left him, except power.

7. I dined with Lord and Lady Maſham to-day, and, this evening, played at ombre with Mrs Vanhomrigh, merely for amuſement. The miniſters have got my papers, and will neither read them, nor give them to me; I can hardly do any thing. Very warm ſlabby weather, but I made a ſhift to get a walk; yet I loſt half of it, by ſhaking off Lord Rocheſter *, who is a good civil

* Henry Hyde, ſon of Laurence Earl of Rocheſter, younger ſon of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon. This Henry ſucceeded to the title of Earl of Clarendon, March 31. 1723, on the death of Edward the third Earl of Clarendon.

ſimple man. The biſhop of Oſſory will not be biſhop of Hereford, to the great grief of himſelf and his wife. I think it is not certain yet, that Maccartney is eſcaped. I am plagued with bad authors in verſe and proſe, who ſend me their books and poems, the vileſt traſh I ever ſaw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them ſee me.

S. You muſt underſtand, that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a preſent from Mrs Aſh of Clogher, and ſome chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks ſometimes. I dined with Lord Treaſurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by, while he and Lord Bolingbroke were at buſineſs; for it is fit I ſhould know all that paſſes now, becauſe, &c. The Duke of Ormond employed me to ſpeak to Lord Treaſurer to-day, about an affair, and I did ſo; and the Duke had ſpoke himſelf, two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the Duke about it. I tell you a good thing; there is not one of the miniſtry but what will employ me, as gravely, to ſpeak for them to Lord Treaſurer, as if I were their brother, or his; and I do it as gravely, though I know they do it, only becauſe they will not make themſelves uneaſy, or had rather I ſhould be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finiſhed theſe two months; for I think we muſt have a return from Spain, by a meſſenger, who will not go till Sunday next. Lord Treaſurer has invited me to dine with him again

again to-morrow. Your commiſſioner, Knightly, is to be there.

9. Dr Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yeſterday with him, to ſee Lady Betty Butler, grieving for her ſiſter Aſhburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and ſhe did ſo cant, ſhe made me ſick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the Park, to preſerve his health. He is as ruddy as a roſe, and tells me, his biſhop of Dromore recovers very much. That biſhop has been very near dying. This day's Examiner talks of the play of *What is it like?* and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in theſe papers at all. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and ſhall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the miniſters dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed equally raily him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor Lord Rivers, Lord Keeper, and Lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Angleſey, Lord Steward, Dartmouth, and others, intrude, and I ſcold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and indeed many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it.

10. At ſeven this evening, as we ſat after dinner at Lord Treaſurer's, a ſervant ſaid, Lord Peterborough was at the door. Lord Treaſurer, and Lord Bolingbroke, went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was juſt returned from

abroad, where he has been above a year. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he left the Duke of Ormond and other Lords, and ran and kiſſed me before he ſpoke to them *; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this laſt time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places ſo often, it was impoſſible a letter ſhould overtake him. He left England with a pluriſy, by his coach overturning, that made him ſpit blood, and was ſo ill, we expected every poſt to hear of his death; but he out-rode it, out-drank it, or ſomething; and he is come home luſtier than ever. He is at leaſt ſixty, and has more ſpirits than any young fellow I know in England. He has got the old Lord Oxford's regiment of horſe, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly.

11. The Court was crammed to-day, to ſee the French ambaſſador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you, that I go to Court on Sundays, as to a coffee-houſe, to ſee acquaintance, whom I ſhould not otherwiſe ſee twice a-year? The provoſt and I dine with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to ſettle your kingdom, if my ſcheme can be followed; but I doubt our miniſtry will be too tedious. You muſt certainly have a new Parliament; but they would have that a ſecret yet. Our Parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Thoſe puppies will not yet

* The Dean had addreſſed ſome verſes to him, in the year 1706. See Vol. VII. of Bathurſt's edition, 8vo.

yet come in, though they pretend to ſubmit to the Queen in every thing; but they would fain try firſt how our Seſſion begins, in hopes to embroil us in the Houſe of Lords; and if my advice had been taken, the Seſſion ſhould have begun, and we would have truſted the Parliament, to approve the ſteps already made towards the peace; and had an addreſs, perhaps, from them, to conclude without the Dutch, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned ſo ſafe, it ſeems: Yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready ſo ſoon as three weeks, but that is a ſecret.

12. Pratt and I walked into the city, to one Bateman's, a famous bookſeller for old books. There I layed out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge alehouſe, for two ſhillings and two-pence, like emperors. Let me ſee, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty ſhillings, &c. We have no news, and I have nothing more to ſay to-day, and I can't finiſh my work. Theſe miniſters will not find time to do what I would have them.

13. I was to have dined to-day with Lord Keeper; but would not, becauſe that brute, Sir John Walter, was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me laſt Summer was twelve months, at Windſor, and has never begged my pardon, though he promiſed to do it; and Lord Manſel, who was one of the company, would certainly have ſet us together by the ears,

out of pure roguiſh miſchief. So I dined with Lord Treaſurer, where there was none but Lord Bolingbroke. I ſtayed till eight, and then went to Lady Orkney's, who has been ſick, and ſat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad, and ſlabbery, and I ſhall ſpoil my new hat, or empty my pockets. Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above ſix people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many, that I will do nothing for.

14. To-day I took the circle of morning viſits. I went to the Ducheſs of Ormond, and there was ſhe, and Lady Betty, and Lord Aſhburnham together. That was the firſt time the mother and daughter ſaw each other ſince Lady Aſhburnham's death. They were both in tears; and I chid them for being together, and made Lady Betty go to her own chamber; then ſat a while with the Ducheſs, and went after Lady Betty, and all was well. There is ſomething of farce in all theſe mournings, let them be ever ſo ſerious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the Ducheſs of Hamilton, who never grieved *, but raged, and ſtormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical

* The Dean expreſſes different ſentiments of this Lady, in his letter to Mrs Dingley, dated November 15. 1772; but it is probable, he had then very little acquaintance with her.

diabolical temper. Lord Keeper and his ſon, and their two Ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr Cæſar, Treaſurer of the Navy, at his houſe in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I ſaid ſomething in his praiſe; when it ſtruck me immediately, that I had made a blunder in doing ſo, and therefore recollected myſelf, and ſaid, Mr Cæſar, I beg your pardon. So we laughed, &c.

15. I forgot to tell you, that laſt night I had a preſent ſent me, (I found it when I came home in my chamber), of the fineſt wild-fowl I ever ſaw, with the vileſt letter, and from the vileſt poet in the world, who ſent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I know not were the ſcoundrel lived, ſo I could not ſend them back; and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue ſhould have kept the wings at leaſt for his muſe. One of his fowls was a large capon pheaſant, as fat as a pullet. I ate ſhare of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing-room every Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Saturday, at one o'clock. The Queen does not come out; but all her miniſters, foreigners, and perſons of quality, are at it. I was there to-day, and Lord Treaſurer came towards me; I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affected never to take notice of him at church, or court. He knows it, for I have told him ſo; and to-night, at Lord Maſham's, he gave

gave an account of it to the company; but my reaſons are, that people ſeeing me ſpeak to him, cauſes a great deal of teazing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were Whigs or Tories; and I value our converſation the more, that it never turned on that ſubject. I have a fancy that Ppt. is a Tory, and a rigid one. I don't know why; but methinks ſhe looks like one, and D. D. a ſort of a trimmer. Am I right? I gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation, and to praiſe the Queen for her tenderneſs to the Dutch, in giving them ſtill more time to ſubmit. It fitted the occaſions at preſent.

16. I was buſy to-day at the ſecretary's office, and ſtaid till paſt three. The Duke of Ormond and I were to dine at Lord Orkney's. The Duke was at the committee, ſo I thought all was ſafe. When I went there, they had almoſt dined; for the Duke had ſent to excuſe himſelf, which I never knew. I came home at ſeven, and began a little whim, which juſt came into my head, and will make a three-penny pamphlet. It ſhall be finiſhed and out in a week; and if it ſucceeds, you ſhall know what it is; otherwiſe not. I I cannot ſend this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday, becauſe I have much buſineſs. So my journals ſhall be ſhort, and Ppt. muſt have patience.

17. This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday's company;

company; nine of us in all. They went away at ſeven, and Lord Treaſurer and I ſat talking an hour after. After dinner, he was talking to the Lords, about the ſpeech the Queen muſt make when the parliament meets. He aſked me, how I would make it. I was going to be ſerious, becauſe it was ſeriouſly put; but I turned it to a jeſt. And becauſe they had been ſpeaking of the Ducheſs of Marlborough going to Flanders after the Duke, I ſaid, the ſpeech ſhould begin thus: My Lords and Gentlemen, in order to my own quiet, and that of my ſubjects, I have thought fit to ſend the Ducheſs of Marlborough abroad after the Duke. This took well, and turned off the diſcourſe. I muſt tell you, I do not at all like the preſent ſituation of affairs, and remember I tell you ſo. Things muſt be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch.

18. We had a mighty full Court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French church, and edified mightily. Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Orkney's; but I left them at ſeven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progreſs. My large treatiſe * ſtands ſtock-ſtill. Some think it too dangerous to publiſh, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I ſhall do. The biſhop of Dromore is dying. They thought yeſterday he could not live two hours; yet he is ſtill alive, but is utterly paſt all hopes.

19. I

* His Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht.

19. I was this morning to ſee the Duke and Ducheſs of Ormond. The Duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the Duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a preſent for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence he came. He ſent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was buſy, and he could not ſpeak to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am ſure I never heard the name, and I ſhall take no ſuch preſents from ſtrangers. Perhaps he might be only ſome beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be ſomething worſe. Let them keep their poiſon for their rats: I don't love it.

20. A committee of our ſociety dined to-day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Our ſociety does not meet now as uſual, for which I am blamed; but, till Lord Treaſurer will agree to give us money and employments to beſtow, I am againſt it; and he gives us nothing but promiſes. Biſhop of Dromore is ſtill alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh muſt go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of theſe biſhopricks. Our Engliſh biſhoprick * is not yet diſpoſed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the ſeſſion.

21. I

* Probably that of Hereford, vacant by the death of Dr Humphry Humphreys, on the 20th of November 1712, who was

21. I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it ſucceeds, I will tell you of it; otherwiſe not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked, like a good boy, all the way. The biſhop of Dromore ſtill draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you ſo before. This letter ſhall not go till Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow ſix weeks.

22. This is one of our Court days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons, and Abercorns, have done teazing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord Treaſurer quarrelled with me at Court, for being four days without dining with him; ſo I dined there to-day, and he has at laſt fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and farthings with devices, like medals, in honour of the Queen, every year changing the device. I wiſh it may be done.

23. Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of ſettling your affairs of parliament in Ireland; but there was a mixture of company, and the Duke of Ormond

was ſucceeded by Dr Philip Biſſe, tranſlated from the ſee of St David's.

Ormond was in haſte, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this Summer, it muſt be a new one; but I find ſome are of opinion, there ſhould be none at all theſe two years. I will trouble myſelf no more about it. My deſign was to ſerve the Duke of Ormond. Dr Pratt and I ſat this evening with the biſhop of Clogher, and played at ombre for three-pence. That I ſuppoſe is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from M. No. 37. I ſhall not anſwer it this bout, but will the next. I have got a terrible new cold, before my old was quite gone, and don't know how. I ſhall have D. D.'s money ſoon from the exchequer. The biſhop of Dromore is dead now at laſt.

24. I was at Court to-day, and it was comical to ſee Lord Abercorn bowing to me, but not ſpeaking, and Lord Selkirk the ſame. I dined with Lord Treaſurer and his Saturday club, and ſat with him two hours after the reſt were gone, and ſpoke freer to him of affairs, than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and ſhrug their ſhoulders; but will not deal with him ſo freely as they ought. It is an odd buſineſs; the parliament juſt going to ſit, and no employments given. They ſay they will give them in a few days. There is a new biſhop made of Hereford; ſo Oſſory is diſappointed. I hinted ſo to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himſelf, and being indiſcreet, as he was.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, Jan. 25, 1712-13.

WE had ſuch a terrible ſtorm to-day, that going to Lord Bolingbroke's, I ſaw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one ſwinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horſe: So, after church and court, I walked through the Park, and took a chair to Lord Treaſurer's. Next door to his houſe, a tin chimney-top had fallen down, with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you ſuch a wind to day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord Treaſurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has thoſe tricks, ſometimes, of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out; 'tis not politics.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddineſs, which has diſordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at Lord Treaſurer's, the French ambaſſador, Duke d'Aumont, ſent Lord Treaſurer word, that his houſe was burned down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with Monteleon, the Spaniſh ambaſſador, and other perſons; and ſoon after, Lord Boling-

broke came to us with the ſame ſtory. We are full of ſpeculation upon it; but I believe it was the careleſſneſs of his French raſcally ſervants. 'Tis odd, that this very day Lord Sommers, Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax, and the whole club of Whig Lords, dined at Pontac's in the city, as I received private notice they have ſome damned deſign. I tell you another odd thing; I was obſerving it to Lord Treaſurer, that he was ſtabbed on the day King William died; and the day I ſaved his life, by opening the band-box, was King William's birth-day. My friend Mr Lewis * has had a lye ſpread on him, by the miſtake of a man who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for paſſing his privy ſeal to come from France. That other Lewis ſpread about, that the man brought him thanks from Lord Perth and Lord Melfort (now Lords with the Pretender) for his great ſervices, &c. The Lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in Council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it.

27. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer: This makes four days together; and he has invited me

* Eraſmus Lewis, ſecretary to the Earl of Dartmouth one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, and afterwards to the Earl of Oxford Lord High Treaſurer. He was member for Leſtwithiel, in Cornwall, in the parliament, which began April 9, 1713. A particular account of this affair, may be ſeen in the Examiner, Vol. III. No. 21, for February 2, 1712-13, and in Boyer's Political Sate, Vol. V. p. 25, *et ſeq.*

me again to-morrow, but I abſolutely refuſed him. I was this evening at a chriſtening with him, of Lord Dupplin's daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me, and ſome others, till paſt twelve; ſo you may be ſure 'tis late, as they ſay. We have now ſtronger ſuſpicions, that the Duke d'Aumont's houſe was ſet on fire by malice. I was to-day to ſee Lord Keeper, who has quite loſt his voice with a cold. There Dr Ratcliffe told me, that it was the ambaſſador's confectioner ſet the houſe on fire, by boiling ſugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others ſtill think differently; ſo I know not what to judge.

28. I was to-day at Court, where the Spaniſh ambaſſador talked to me, as if he did not ſuſpect any deſign in burning d'Aumont's houſe; but the Abbe Gautier, ſecretary for France here, ſaid quite otherwiſe; and that d'Aumont had a letter the very ſame day, to let him know his houſe ſhould be burned, and tells ſeveral other circumſtances too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles juſt when the fire broke out, ſaw a pot with wild-fire in the room. I dined with Lord Orkney. Neither Lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now ſpeak with me. I have diſobliged both ſides.

29. Our ſociety met to-day, fourteen of us, and at the tavern. We now reſolve to meet but once a-fortnight, and have a committee every other week of ſix or ſeven to conſult about do-

ing ſome good. I propoſed another meſſage to Lord Treaſurer by three principal members, to give one hundred guineas to a certain perſon, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We alſo raiſed ſixty guineas upon our own ſociety; but I made them do it by aſſeſſors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the ſeveral eſtates. The Duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate they may tax as often as they pleaſe.

30. I have drank Spa waters theſe two or three days; but they do not paſs, and make me very giddy. I am not well; I will take them no more.

I ſauntered, after church to-day, with the Provoſt, to ſee a library to be ſold, and dined at five with Lord Orkney. We ſtill think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's houſe. I hear little Harriſon is come over; it was he I ſent to Utrecht. He is now Queen's ſecretary to the embaſſy, and has brought with him the barrier treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch, which was the greateſt difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will ſend him back as ſoon as poſſible. I long to ſee the little brat my own creature. His pay is in all a thouſand pounds a-year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teazed their hearts out. He muſt be three or four hundred pounds in debt at leaſt.

31. Har-

31. Harriſon was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to Court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it; but he whiſpered me, it was impoſſible to do otherwiſe; and in the coach he told me, he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money ſome where or other. So there was the Queen's miniſter intruſted in affairs of the greateſt importance, without a ſhilling in his pocket to pay a coach. I paid him while he was with me ſeven guineas, in part of a dozen of ſhirts he bought me in Holland. I preſented him to the Duke of Ormond, and ſeveral Lords at Court; and I contrived it ſo, that Lord Treaſurer came to me, and aſked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr Parnell, and came up and ſpoke to him with great kindneſs, and invited him to his houſe. I value myſelf upon making the miniſtry deſire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the miniſtry. His poem is almoſt fully corrected, and ſhall be ſoon out. Here is enough for to-day; only to tell you, that I was in the city with my printer, to alter an Examiner *, about my friend Lewis's ſtory, which will be told with remarks.

Feb. 1. I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner; but the printer came this morn-

* See Examiner, Vol. III. No. 21.

ing, and I dictated to him what was fit to be ſaid, and then Mr Lewis came and corrected it as he would have it; ſo I was neither at church nor court. The Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Orkney's. I left them at ſeven, and ſat with Sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad ſore leg, for which he deſigns to go to France. The parliament is to ſit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days; for the Queen is laid up with the gout, and both ſpeakers out of order, though one of them, Lord-Keeper, is almoſt well. I ſpoke to the Duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Iriſh affairs; but I will ſpeak to Lord Treaſurer to-morrow, that we three may ſettle them ſome way or other.

2. It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the city; ſo I went with him for a ſhaking, becauſe it would not coſt me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged me I would dine with ſome merchant friends of our's there, becauſe it was the laſt time I ſhould ſee him: So I did, and thought to have ſeen Lord Treaſurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; ſo I viſited ſome friends, and came home. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which diſappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them,

them, though they are not Whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expence for nothing: But we want an anſwer from Spain, before we are ſure of every thing being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that anſwer this month. It is a moſt tickliſh juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it.

3. The parliament met, and was prorogued, as I ſaid; and I found ſome cloudy faces, and heard ſome grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now ſettled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much diſpoſed to play the rogue, if we had not held them to; and this buſineſs we wait for from Spain, is to prevent ſome other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evaſion to trade to the Spaniſh Weſt-Indies; but I hope we ſhall prevent it. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuſcript to read, where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the biſhop of St David's *(now removing to Hereford) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and ſat till twelve with the Provoſt and Biſhop of Clogher.

4. I was to-day at Court, but kept out of Lord Treaſurer's way, becauſe I was engaged to the

* Dr Philip Biſſe.

the Duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, eat and drank too much. I ſat this evening with Lady Maſham, and then with Lord Maſham and Lord Treaſurer at Lord Maſham's. It was laſt year, you may remember, my conſtant evening place. I ſaw Lady Jerſey, with Lady Maſham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promiſe from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I ſhall perform, for I do not much like her character; but ſhe is very malicious, and therefore I think I muſt keep fair with her. I did not write to Dr Coghill, that I would have nothing in Ireland; but that I was ſoliciting nothing any where, and that is true. I have named Dr Sterne * to Lord Treaſurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Ormond, for a biſhoprick, and I did it heartily: I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great ſecret, that I have made the Duke of Ormond promiſe me to recommend nobody till he tells me, and this for ſome reaſons too long to mention. My head is ſtill in no good order.

5. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and the Provoſt, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet Sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke came in, and I gave him three or four ſcurvy Dilly-puns, that begin with an *if*. I believe I ſhall write no more this good while, nor publiſh what I have done.

* Dean of St Patrick's.

done. Pray God mend Ppt.'s health; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my legs ſwell.

6. This is the Queen's birth-day, and I never ſaw it celebrated with ſo much luxury and fine cloaths. I went to Court to ſee them, and I dined with Lord-Keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I paſſed the evening at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early. Pray God keep the Queen; ſhe was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her ſtomach. When I came from Lord-Keeper's, I called at Lord Treaſurer's, becauſe I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing, and it was true; for his coat and waiſtcoat were embroidered. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parſons; for my livings are fallen much this year, by Parviſol's account.

7. I was at Court to-day, but ſaw no birth-day cloaths; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with Lord Orkney, and ſat the evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, whoſe leg is in a very dubious condition. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for being not very well, I dare not ſtudy much: So I let company come in a morning, and paſs the afternoon in dining and ſitting ſomewhere. Lord Treaſurer is angry if I don't dine with him every ſecond day, and I cannot part with him till late. He kept me laſt night till near twelve. Our weather is conſtant rain above theſe two months,

months, which hinders walking; ſo that our Spring is not like your's. I have not ſeen Fanny Manley yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Colds! why we are all dying with colds; but now they are a little over, and my ſecond is almoſt over.

8. It was terribly rainy to-day, from morning till night. I intended to have dined with Lord Treaſurer; but went to ſee Sir Andrew Fountaine, and he kept me to dinner, which ſaved coach-hire, and I ſtaid with him all the afternoon, and loſt thirteen ſhillings and ſixpence at ombre. There was management! and Lord Treaſurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The biſhop of Clogher's daughter has been ill ſome days, and it proves the ſmall-pox. She is very full; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture; a very fine original of Sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a-mending. He has favoured her ſquint admirably; and you know I love a caſt in the eye. I was to ſee Lady Worſley to-day, who is juſt come to town; ſhe is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and ſickly.

9. I thought to have dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's; ſo I dined at Lord Maſham's, and ſo was winning all I had loſt playing with Lady Maſham at crown piquet, when I went to Pool's, and

I loſt it again. Lord Treaſurer came to us, and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. I was this morning to ſee Lady Jerſey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I ſhall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced, after all her greatneſs, to ſeven ſervants, and a ſmall houſe, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet.

10. I made viſits this morning to the Duke and Ducheſs of Ormond, and Lady Betty, and the Ducheſs of Hamilton. When I was writing this near twelve o'clock, the Ducheſs of Hamilton ſent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my anſwer through the door, for my man has got the key, and is gone to bed; but I cannot obey her, for our ſociety meets to-morrow. I ſtole away from Lord Treaſurer by eight, and intended to have paſſed the evening with Sir Thomas Clarges and his Lady; but met them in another place, and have there ſat till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at Court, and made Lord Manſel walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner. Yeſterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all laſt night. I ſaw Sterne ſtaring at Court to-day. He has been often to ſee me, he ſays; but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not aſk him.

12. I have reckoned days wrong all this while; for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I loſt

loſt it. I dined to-day with our ſociety, the greateſt dinner I have ever ſeen. It was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of ſixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and Lord Treaſurer has promiſed me one hundred pounds, to reward ſome others. I found a letter on my table laſt night, to tell me, that poor little Harriſon, the Queen's ſecretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the barrier treaty, was ill, and deſired to ſee me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for one hundred pounds from the Treaſury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightſbridge, for air. He has a fever, and inflammation on his lungs; but I hope will do well.

13. I was to ſee a poor poet, one Mr Diaper, in a naſty garret, very ſick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and diſpoſed of the other ſixty to two other authors, and deſired a friend to receive the one hundred pounds for poor Harriſon, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I ſent to ſee how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, in a very honourable poſt, and very worthy of it. His

mother and ſiſter attend him, and he wants nothing. I dined in the city.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to ſee poor Harriſon. I had the one hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind miſgave me. I did knock; and his man, in tears, told his maſter was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral, with as little coſt as poſſible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord Treaſurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with Lord Treaſurer, nor any where elſe; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loſs ever grieved me ſo much: Poor creature! Pray God Almighty bleſs you. Adieu. I ſend this away to-night, and I am ſorry it muſt go while I am in ſo much grief.

LETTER CXXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, Feb. 15, [1712-13.]

I DINED to-day with Mr Rowe, and a projector, who has been teazing me with twenty ſchemes to get grants, and I don't like one of them; and, beſides, I was out of humour for the loſs of poor Harriſon. At ten this night, I

was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as poſſible. We had but one coach, with four of us; and when it was carrying us home, after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to ſit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed.

16. I dined to-day with Lord Dupplin, and ſome company, to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a fooliſh book for amuſement. I ſhall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which ſeveral of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though every thing about the peace is paſt all danger. I never ſaw ſuch a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together, theſe ten weeks. I have not dined with Lord Treaſurer theſe four days, nor can till Saturday; for I have ſeveral engagements till then, and he will chide me to ſome purpoſe. I am perplexed with this one hundred pounds of poor Harriſon's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they adminiſter, for he is much in debt; but I will have the ſtaff in my own hands, and venture nothing.

17. Lady Jerſey and I dined, by appointment, to-day, with Lord Bolingbroke. He is ſending his brother to ſucceed Mr Harriſon. It is the pret-

tieſt

tieſt poſt in Europe for a young Gentleman. I loſt my money ſadly at ombre; I make a thouſand blunders at it, and play but three-penny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady Clarges, and a drab I hate, won a dozen ſhillings off me laſt night. The parliament was prorogued to-day. People grumble; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finiſhed by the time they meet, there are ſo many fiddling things to do. I reckon you have all your cards from France, for our's pay ſixpence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my Spa-water, and take ſome naſty ſteel drops, and my head has been better this week paſt. I ſend every day to ſee how Miſs Aſhe does. She is very full, they ſay, but in no danger. I fear ſhe will loſe ſome of her beauty. The ſon lies out of the houſe. I wiſh he had them too, while he is ſo young.

18. The Earl of Abingdon has been teazing me, theſe three months, to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company; Lord Stawell, Colonel Diſney, and Dr Arbuthnott; but the two laſt flipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We did not dine till ſeven, becauſe it is Aſh-Wedneſday. We had nothing but fiſh, which Lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poiſon; yet the puppy has twelve thouſand pounds a-year. His carps were raw; and his candles tallow. He ſhall

not catch me in haſte again; and every body has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let Harriſon's mother know, I could not pay her till ſhe adminiſters; which ſhe will do. There were more Whigs to-day at Court, than Tories. I believe they think the peace muſt be made, and ſo come to pleaſe the Queen. She is ſtill lame with the gout.

19. I was at Court to-day, to ſpeak to Lord Bolingbroke, to look over Parnell's poem ſince it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has ſhewn him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell ſtared at her, as if ſhe were a goddeſs. I thought ſhe was like Parnell's wife, and he thought ſo too. Parnell is much pleaſed with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues raining, as freſh as if it had not rained at all. I ſat to-night at Lady Maſham's, where Lord Treaſurer came, and ſcolded me for not dining with him. I told him, I would not till Saturday. I have ſtayed there till paſt twelve; ſo good night.

20. Lady Jerſey, Lady Catharine Hyde *, the Spaniſh ambaſſador, the Duke D'Atree, another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day, by appointment, with Lord Bolingbroke; but they fell a drinking ſo many Spaniſh healths in champagne, that I ſtole

* The preſent Ducheſs of Queenſbury.

ſtole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went and loſt my money at ombre with Sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad leg. Miſs Aſhe is paſt all danger; and her eye, which was lately bad (I ſuppoſe one effect of her diſtemper) is now better. I do not let the biſhop ſee me, nor ſhall this good while. I will ſpeak to Mr Griffin to-morrow, about Ppt.'s brother Filly, and deſire, that his employment may be mended.

21. I ſaw Griffin at Court. He ſays he knows nothing of a ſalt-work at Recton; but that he will give Filly a better employment, and deſires Filly will write to him. If I knew where to write to Filly, I would; but pray do you. Bid him let Mr Griffin know, that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr Swift, &c. that he will endeavour to deſerve, &c. I think Mr Griffin lives in Bury-ſtreet, near St James's-ſtreet, hard by me; but I ſuppoſe your brother may direct to him, to the ſalt-office; and, as I remember, he knows his Chriſtian name, becauſe you ſent it to me in the liſt of the commiſſioners.

I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and ſeven Lords, to-day. You know Saturday is his great day. I ſat with him till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter directed for me at Lord Treaſurer's, for I would not own one ſhe ſent by poſt. She reproaches me for not writing to her theſe four years; and I have honeſtly told

her, it was my way never to write to thoſe whom I am never likely to ſee, unleſs I can ſerve them, which I cannot her, &c. Davis, the ſchool-maſter's widow.

22. I dined to-day at Lord Orkney's, with the Duke of Ormond, and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the Ducheſs of Grafton in his youth, (ſhe dined with us too.) He is the moſt conſiderable man in the Houſe of Commons. He went laſt Spring to Flanders, with the Duke of Ormond; from thence to France, and was going to Italy; but the miniſtry ſent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things. He thinks the peace is kept off too long, and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is deſigned for ſecretary of ſtate, inſtead of Lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted theſe two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I ſaw the biſhop of Clogher at Court. Miſs is recovering. I know not how much ſhe will be marked. The Queen is ſlowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to Parliament, when it meets, which will be the third of March; for I ſuppoſe they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be ſigned then, and we apprehend the Tories themſelves, will, many of them, be diſcontented.

23. It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine, and, in the evening, played

ed at ombre with him and the provoſt, and won twenty-five ſhillings; ſo I recovered myſelf pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to ſee Fanny Manley; but I have not yet been able to do it.

24. I walked this morning to Chelſea, to ſee Dr Atterbury, Dean of Chriſt-church. I had buſineſs, with him about entering Mr Fitz-Maurice, Lord Kerry's ſon, into his college; and Lady Kerry is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, Lord Dupplin, young Bromley the Speaker's ſon, and I, dined with Dr Stratford, and ſome other clergymen; but I left them at ſeven, to go to Lady Jerſey, to ſee Monteleon, the Spaniſh ambaſſador, play at ombre. Lady Jerſey was abroad, and I chid the ſervants, and made a rattle; but ſince I came home, ſhe ſent me a meſſage that I was miſtaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worſe memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for Lady Catharine Hyde, and Lady Bolingbroke, are to be there by my appointment.

25. Lord Treaſurer met me laſt night at Lord Maſham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, becauſe I had not dined with him in three days. He chides me if I ſtay but two days away together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grand-mother uſed to ſay, More of your lining, and leſs of your dining. However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight,

to

to go to Lady Jerſey's, where five or ſix foreign miniſters were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the Engliſh, and cried *gacco*, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at ſmall games like Ppt. Lady Jerſey whiſpered me to ſtay, and ſup with the ladies, when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not ſtay. Lady Catharine Hyde had a mighty mind I ſhould be acquainted with Lady Dalkieth, her ſiſter, the Duke of Monmouth's eldeſt ſon's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; ſhe paints too much.

26. This day our ſociety met at the Duke of Ormond's, but I had buſineſs that called me another way; ſo I ſent my excuſe, and dined privately with a friend. Beſides, Sir Thomas Hanmer whiſpered me laſt night, at Lady Jerſey's, that I muſt attend Lord Treaſurer, and Duke of Ormond, at ſupper at his houſe, to-night; which I did, at eleven, and ſtayed till one. There was the Ducheſs of Grafton, and the Duke her ſon; nine of us in all. Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the ſociety to-day, and ſaid ſixteen were there. I ſaid, I never knew ſixteen people good company in my life; no, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know leſs of what paſſes than any body, becauſe I go to no coffee-houſe, nor ſee any but miniſters, and ſuch people; and miniſters never talk politics in converſation.

tion. The Whigs are forming great ſchemes againſt the meeting of parliament, which will be next Tueſday, I ſtill think, without fail; and we hope to hear, by then, that the peace is ready to ſign. The Queen's gout mends daily.

27. I paſſed a very inſipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you, that I have a very fine picture of Lady Orkney, an original by Sir Godfrey Kneller, three quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke, and Lady Maſham, have promiſed to ſit for me; but I deſpair of Lord Treaſurer only. I hope he will give me a copy, and then I ſhall have all the pictures of thoſe I really love here; juſt half a dozen; only I'll make Lord Keeper give me his print in a frame. I have little to do now with my pen, for my grand buſineſs * ſtops, till they are more preſſing, and till ſomething or other happens; and I believe I ſhall, with diſguſt, return to finiſh it, it is ſo very laborious. Sir Thomas Hanmer has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the Dean, always on Friday night. I ſtood by the other night, while the Duke D'Atree loſt ſix times with Manille, Baſto, and three ſmall trumps; and Lady Jerſey won above twenty pounds.

28. I was at Court to-day, when the Abbe Gautier whiſpered me, that a courier was juſt come, with an account, that the French King had conſented

* His Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht.

conſented to all the Queen's demands, and his conſent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be ſigned in a few days. I ſuppoſe the general peace cannot be ſo ſoon ready; but that is no matter. The news preſently ran about the Court. I ſaw the Queen carried out in her chair, to take the air in the garden. I met Griffin at Court; and he told me, that orders were ſent to examine Filly; and, if he be fit, to make him, I don't know what, ſuperviſor. It is ſome employment, a good deal better than his own. The parliament will have another ſhort prorogation; though it is not known yet. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday company, and left him at eight. Farewell.

LETTER CXL.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, March 1. 1712-13.

I SEE I anſwered a good deal of your laſt letter, about your brother, &c. I dined with Lady Orkney, and we talked politicks till eleven at night; and, as uſual, found every thing wrong, and put ourſelves out of humour. Yes, I have Lady Giffard's picture ſent me by your mother. It is bound up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get,

get, (for I always get ſome), and come naked into a new lodging; and ſo on. Talk not to me of deanries; I know leſs of that than ever, by much.

2. I went into the city to ſee P. at Rolt, who lodges with a city couſin, a daughter of couſin Clerk (you are much the wiſer). I had never been at her houſe before. My he couſin Thompſon is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to ſit with Lady Clarges. I found four of them, of which Lady Godolphin was one. I ſat by her, and talked of her cards, &c. But ſhe would not give one look, nor ſay a word to me. She refuſed ſome time ago to be acquainted with me. You know ſhe is Lord Marlborough's eldeſt daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr Smith's daughter's huſband? I have no perſonal credit with any of the commiſſioners. I will ſpeak to Keightley; but I believe it will ſignify nothing. In the cuſtoms people muſt riſe by degrees, and he muſt at firſt take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt. miſtakes me, I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my anſwer. Some things are in my way, and then I ſerve thoſe I can. But people will not diſtinguiſh, but take things ill, when I have no power; but Ppt. is wiſer, and employments in general are very hard to get.

3. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer, who chid me for my abſence, which was only from Saturday

Saturday laſt. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I ſuppoſe the peace will be ready by then, and the Queen will be able to be brought to the houſe, and make her ſpeech. I ſaw Dr Griffith two or three months ago at a Latin play at Weſtminſter, but did not ſpeak to him. I hope he will not die; I ſhould be ſorry for Ppt.'s ſake; he is very tender of her. I have long loſt all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take ſome ſteel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle, and not finiſhing my thing. I ramble abroad, and play at ombre. I ſhall be more careful in my phyſic, than Mrs Price: 'Tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and ſo I ſay no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go ſleep.

4. Mr Ford has been this half-year inviting me to dine at his lodgings; ſo I did to-day, and brought the Provoſt and Dr Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on, which I love, and would not play. Tiſdall is a pretty fellow, as you ſay; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing, he will condole me with abundance of ſecret pleaſure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, 'That I have ſaved England, and he Ireland:' But I can bear that. I have learned to hear and ſee, and ſay nothing. I was to ſee the Ducheſs of Hamilton to-day, and met Bligh of Ireland juſt

going out of her houſe into his coach. I aſked her, how ſhe came to receive young fellows? It ſeems he had a ball in the Duke of Hamilton's houſe when the Duke died; and the Ducheſs got an advertiſement put in the Poſt-boy, reflecting on the ball, becauſe the Marlborough daughters were there; and Bligh came to beg the Ducheſs's pardon, and clear himſelf.

5. Lady Maſham has miſcarried, but is almoſt well again. I have paid many viſits to-day. I met Bligh at the Duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the Ducheſs of Hamilton, to beg her pardon again. I did, on purpoſe to ſee how the blunderbuſs behaved himſelf; but I begged the Ducheſs to uſe him mercifully, for ſhe is the devil of a teazer. The good of it is, ſhe ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet ſhe would not allow him to put in an advertiſement to clear himſelf from her's, though her's was all a lye. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it againſt him. I was at Court to-day, and the foreign miniſters have got a trick of employing me to ſpeak for them to Lord Treaſurer and Lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the caſe is reaſonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with Sir Thomas Hanmer and his Ducheſs. The Duke of Ormond was there; but we parted ſoon, and went to viſit Lord Pembroke for the firſt time, but it was to ſee ſome curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt, and laid out two pounds four ſhillings for a picture of Titian; and if it were a Titian, it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to Lord Maſham: If it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myſelf. But I made Pratt buy ſeveral pictures for Lord Maſham. Pratt is a great virtuoſo that way. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, but made him go to Court at eight. I always teaze him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order, like mine, but more conſtant. Poor boy!—I was at Lord Treaſurer's levee with the Provoſt, to aſk a book of the college. I never go to his levee, unleſs it be to preſent ſomebody.

7. Yes, I hope Leigh will ſoon be gone. A p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not ſeeing the Iriſh biſhops here, and the Iriſh gentlemen; but I believe my anſwers fretted him enough. I would not dine with Lord Treaſurer to-day, though it was Saturday, for he has engaged me for to-morrow; but went and dined with Lord Maſham, and played at ſixpenny running ombre for three hours. There were three voles againſt me, and I was once a great loſer, but came off for three ſhillings and ſixpence. One may eaſily loſe five guineas at it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not ſee her for lazineſs, but wrote to her. She has left me ſome phyſic. I never

never ſaw D. D.'s politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people converſed ſo much with ſo little politics. Parviſol has ſent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him; which, I hope, will ſerve me, and bring me over. I was not at Court to-day; a wonder!

8. You muſt know, I give chocolate almoſt every day to two or three people, that I ſuffer to come to ſee me in the morning. My man begins to lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will ſee, and denies me to every body elſe. This is the day of the Queen's coming to the Crown, and the day Lord Treaſurer was ſtabbed by Guiſcard. I was at Court, where every body had their birth-day cloaths on; and I dined with Lord Treaſurer, who was very fine. He ſhewed me ſome of the Queen's ſpeech, which I corrected in ſeveral places, and pen'd the vote of addreſs of thanks for the ſpeech *; but I was of opinion, the Houſe ſhould not ſit on Tueſday next, unleſs they hear the peace is ſigned; that is, provided they are ſure it will be ſigned the week after, and ſo have one ſcolding for all.

9. Lord Treaſurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he deſired me laſt night, but I refuſed, becauſe he would not keep the day of his ſtabbing with all the Cabinet, as he intended;

* See this addreſs in the volumes lately publiſhed by Mr Deane Swift.

ſo I dined with my friend Lewis; and the Provoſt, and Parnell, and Ford, were with us. I loſt ſixteen ſhillings at ombre; I don't like it. At night Lewis brought us word, that the parliament does not ſit to-morrow. I hope they are ſure of a peace by next week, and then they are right in my opinion: Otherwiſe I think they have done wrong, and might have ſat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but Lord Treaſurer cares not a ruſh. Lord-Keeper is ſuddenly taken ill of a quincy; and ſome Lords are in commiſſion. I think Lord Treaſurer is to prorogue the parliament in his ſtead. You never ſaw a town ſo full of ferment and expectation. Mr Pope has publiſhed a fine poem, called, *Windſor Foreſt*. Read it.

10. I was early this morning to ſee Lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the parliament ſhould ſit, and ſays, they are not ſure the peace will be ſigned next week. The prorogation is to this day ſe'nnight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered one hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will ſell ſome of them, and keep the reſt; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and ſat an hour in the evening with Lord Treaſurer, who was in a very good humour; but reproached me for not dining with him yeſterday, and to-day.

What

What will all this come to? Lord-Keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him.

11. I was this morning to viſit the Duke and Ducheſs of Ormond, and the Ducheſs of Hamilton, and went with the Provoſt to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen ſhillings. I am in for it, if I had money; but I doubt I ſhall be undone, for Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the Provoſt and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly loſt fourteen ſhillings. I am come home; 'tis late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to-bed, and writing there, and it is paſt twelve a good while. Went out four mattadores and a trump in black, and yet was baſted.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made Lord Maſham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures ſold of twice as much value a-piece. Our ſociety met to-day at the Duke of Beaufort's; a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did ſome buſineſs. Our printer was to attend us, as uſual; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer * ſent the author of the Examiner † twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the moſt confounded coxcomb in the world; ſo that I dare not let him ſee me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much diſcourſe with the Duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving

* Robert Benſon, Eſq; † Mr Oldiſworth.

ſome points, to ſecure, &c.——I left the ſociety at ſeven. I can't drink now at all with any pleaſure. I love white Portugal wine, better than Claret, Champagne, or Burgundy. I have a ſad vulgar appetite; I cannot endure above one diſh, nor ever could, ſince I was a boy, and loved ſtuffing. It was a fair day, which is a rarity with us, I aſſure you. Never fair two days together.

13. I had a rabble of Iriſh parſons this morning, drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have ſupped laſt night with the Swediſh envoy at his houſe, and ſome other company; but forgot it, and he rallied me to-day at Lord Bolingbroke's, who excuſed me, ſaying, The envoy ought not to be angry, becauſe I ſerve Lord Treaſurer and him the ſame way. For that reaſon I very ſeldom promiſe to go any where. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, who chid me for being abſent ſo long, as he always does, if I miſs a day. I ſat three hours this evening with Lady Jerſey; but the firſt two hours ſhe was at ombre with ſome company. I left Lord Treaſurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which I told him, among common men, looked like the ſpleen. I wiſh the peace may be ready; I mean, that we have notice it is ſigned before Tueſday, otherwiſe the grumbling will increaſe.

LET-

LETTER CXLI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, March 14, 1712-13.

IT was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the Park before I went to Court. Colonel Diſney, one of our ſociety, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loſs. I doubt I ſhall not buy the library; for a roguiſh bookſeller has offered ſixty pounds more than I deſigned to give. So you ſee I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday company; but there were but ſeven at table. Lord Peterborow is ill, and ſpits blood, with a bruiſe he got before he left England; but, I believe, an Italian Lady he has brought over, is the cauſe that his illneſs returns. You know old Lady Bellaſis is dead at laſt? She has left Lord Berkeley of Stratton, one of her executors; and it will be of great advantage to him, they ſay above ten thouſand pounds. I ſtaid with Lord Treaſurer, upon buſineſs, after the company was gone; but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs, if I durſt venture to ſay a thouſand things that paſs; but I hear ſo much of letters opening at your poſt-office, that I am fearful, &c.

15. Lord

15. Lord Treaſurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not ſee it, but put me off till to-morrow. The Queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on Tueſday, if the Houſes meet, which is not yet certain: Neither, indeed, can the miniſters themſelves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumſtances of negociation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at Lord Treaſurer's to-morrow, upon that ſuppoſition, to ſettle ſome things relating that way. Ppt. may underſtand me. The Doctor tells me, that if poor Colonel Diſney does not get ſome ſleep to-night, he muſt die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our ſociety; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake; but very honeſt. Not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that ſaid of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, that, ſince ſhe could not get a huſband, the Queen ſhould give her a brevet, to act as a married woman. You don't underſtand this. They give brevets to Majors and Captains, to act as Colonels in the army. Brevets are commiſſions. Aſk ſoldiers.

16. I was at Lord Treaſurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me, the parliament was prorogued till Thurſday ſe'nnight. They have had ſome expreſſes, by which they count,

count, that the peace will be ſigned by that time; at leaſt that France, Holland, and we, will ſign ſome articles, by which we ſhall engage to ſign the peace when it is ready. But Spain has no miniſter there; for Monteleon, who is to be their ambaſſador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence, and, till he is there, the Spaniards can ſign no peace. And one thing take notice of, that a general peace can hardly be finiſhed theſe two months, ſo as to be proclaimed here; for, after ſigning, it muſt be ratified; that is, confirmed by the ſeveral princes at their courts, which to Spain will coſt a month; for we muſt have notice, that it is ratified in all courts, before we can proclaim it. So be not in too much haſte.

17. The Iriſh folks were diſappointed, that the parliament did not meet to-day, becauſe it was St Patrick's-day; and the Mall was ſo full of croſſes, that I thought all the world was Iriſh. Miſs Aſhe is almoſt quite well, and I ſee the biſhop, but ſhall not yet go to his houſe *. I dined again with Lord Treaſurer; but the parliament being prorogued, I muſt keep what I have till next week; for I believe he will not ſee it till juſt the evening before the Seſſion. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to diſoblige him.

18. I have now dined ſix days ſucceſſively with Lord Treaſurer; but at night I ſtole away, while he

* This ſeems to indicate, that Swift never had the ſmall-pox.

he was talking with ſomebody elſe, and ſo am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report, of a general ceſſation of arms; every body had it at Court; but I believe, there is nothing in it. I aſked a certain French miniſter, how things went? and he whiſpered me in French, your plenipotentiaries and our's play the fool. None of us indeed approve of the conduct of either at this time, but Lord Treaſurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family, but myſelf. Diſney is recovering, though you don't care a ſtraw. Dilly murders us with his *if*-puns. You know them.

19. The Biſhop of Clogher has made an *if*-pun, that he is mighty proud of, and deſigns to ſend it over to his brother Tom; but Sir Andrew Fountaine has wrote to Tom Aſhe laſt poſt, and told him the pun, and deſired him to ſend it over to the biſhop as his own; and, if it ſucceeds, it will be a pure bite. The biſhop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother ſhould jump ſo exactly. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a hackney coach at Mr Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be Hecatompolis; Hac at Tom Pooley's. Silly! ſays Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our ſociety, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not ſeen Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town:

town: Why, ſhe was at her country-houſe; but what care you?

20. Dilly read me a letter to-day from Ppt. She ſeems to have ſcratched her head when ſhe wrote it. 'Tis a ſad thing to write to people without taſte. There you ſay, you hear I was going to Bath. No ſuch thing; I am pretty well, thank God. The town is now ſending me to Savoy; forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the leaſt truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was ſo glad of my liberty, that I would dine no where; but, the weather being fine, I ſauntered into the city, and eat a bit about five, and then ſupped at Mr Burke's, the accomptant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The Biſhop of Clogher was to have been there, but was hindered by Lord Paget's funeral. The Provoſt and I ſat till one o'clock; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be publiſhed on Monday; and to-morrow, I deſign, he ſhall preſent it to Lord Treaſurer, and Lord Bolingbroke, at Court. The poor lad is almoſt always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his ſiſter.

21. Morning. I will now finiſh my letter; for company will come, and a ſtir and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it in to the poſt, I muſt go to Court, and you know on Saturday I dine with Lord Treaſurer of courſe. Farewell.

LET-

LETTER CXLII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, March 21, 1712-13.

I DINED with Lord Treaſurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting, at Lord Halifax's houſe, with four principal Whigs; but he is reſolved to begin a ſpeech againſt them, when the parliament ſits; and I have begged, that the miniſters may have a meeting, on purpoſe to ſettle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to ſomething, for the Whigs intend to attack the miniſters: And if, inſtead of that, the miniſters attack the Whigs, it will be better. And further, I believe, we ſhall attack them on thoſe very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, becauſe of Paſſion-week. I forgot to tell you, that Mr Griffin has given Ppt.'s brother a new employment, better than his former; but more remote, and conſequently cheaper. I wiſh I could have done better, and hope, that you will take what can be done in good part, and that Ppt.'s brother will not diſlike it.

22. I dined to-day with Lord Steward. There Frank Anneſley (a parliament man) told me he had heard, that I had wrote to my friends in Ireland, to keep firm to the Whig intereſt; for

that Lord Treaſurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. Anneſley ſaid twenty people had told him this. You muſt know this is what they endeavour to report of Lord Treaſurer, that he deſigns to declare for the Whigs; and a Scotch fellow has wrote the ſame to Scotland; and his meeting with thoſe Lords gives occaſion to ſuch reports. Let me henceforth call Lord Treaſurer *Eltee*, becauſe poſſibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember L. T. and Eltee are pronounced the ſame way. You ſee why I cannot come over the beginning of April. Whoever has to do with this miniſtry, can fix no time.

23. I dined to-day at Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment: there was the Duke of Ormond, and Lord and Lady Orkney. I left them at ſix; every body is as ſour as vinegar. I endeavoured to keep a firm friendſhip between the Duke of Ormond and Eltee. I have great deſigns, if I can compaſs them; but delay is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there, that things are no better. Here is the curſedeſt libel in verſe come out, called, *The Ambaſſadreſs* *; it is very dull too; it has been printed in three or four different ways, and

* It was intituled, *The Britiſh Ambaſſadreſs's Speech to the French King*; for publiſhing of which, Mr William Hart, the printer of the *Flying Poſt*, was tried in the Court of King's Bench, June 27. 1713, and ſentenced to ſtand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of 50l. to her Majeſty, to be impriſoned two years, and till he ſhould pay the ſaid fine; and to find ſufficient ſureties for his good behaviour during life.

is handed about, but not ſold. It abuſes the Queen horribly. The Examiner † has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will ſtop people's mouths; if not, they muſt go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather, I'll go ſleep.

24. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to ſee Colonel Diſney, who is paſt danger. Then I viſited Lord Keeper, who was

† The paper is No. 35. Vol. III. and the paſſage as follows: "They have been a long time laying a load upon a gentleman "of the firſt character, for learning, good ſenſe, wit, and more "virtues than even they can ſet off and illuſtrate by all the op- "poſition and extremes of vice, which are the compounds of "their party. He is indeed fully accompliſhed, to be mortal- "ly hated by them; and they needed not to charge him with "writing the Examiner, as if that were a ſufficient revenge, "in which they ſhew as little judgment as truth. I here pro- "nounce him clear of that imputation; and, out of pure regard "to juſtice, ſtrip myſelf of all the honour that lucky untruth "did this paper; reſerving to myſelf the entertaining reflection, "that I was once taken for a man, who has a thouſand other "recommendations, beſides the malice of the worſt men, to "make him loved and eſteemed by the beſt. This is the ſe- "cond time I have humoured that party, by publicly declaring "who is not the author of the Examiner. I will lend them "no more light, becauſe they do not love it. I could only wiſh, "that their invectives againſt that gentleman had been conſider- "able enough to call forth his public reſentments; and I ſtand "amazed at their folly, in provoking ſo much ruin to their "party. Their intellectuals muſt be as ſtupid as their conſci- "ences, not to dread the terrors of his pen, though they met "him with all that ſpite to his perſon, which they ever ex- "preſſed againſt his order."

was at dinner. I would not dine with him, but drove to Lord Treaſurer, (Eltee I mean), paid the coachman, and went in: But he dined abroad; ſo I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to Lord Bolingbroke's. He dined abroad too; and at Lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Weſtminſter ſchool, acted by the boys; and Lord Treaſurer (Eltee I mean again) honoured them with his preſence. Lady Maſham's eldeſt ſon, about two years old, is ill, and am afraid will not live. She is full of grief, and I pity, and am angry with her. Four ſhillings to-day in coach-hire; it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thurſday fortnight; but our plenipotentiaries were to blame, that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to ſign the peace, unleſs every Prince was ready; which cannot yet be, for Spain has no miniſter yet at Utrecht; but now our's have new orders.

25. Weather worſe than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was reſolved I would ſpend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr Pratt, and there met the Duke of Beaufort, who promiſed to come with me to Court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to Court, and did ſome little buſineſs there; but was forced to go home, for you muſt underſtand I take a little phyſic over night, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my phyſician. It is hierapicra two

ſpoonfuls, deviliſh ſtuff! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to ſave a ſhilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won ſix ſhillings. Here are ſeveral people of quality lately dead of the ſmall pox. I have not yet ſeen Miſs Aſhe, but hear ſhe is well. The biſhop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr Pratt has got him very good penny-worths. I can get no walks, the weather is ſo bad.

26. Tho' it was ſhaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to ſee Lord Bolingbroke, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the Duke of Ormond, and ſo to Court, where the miniſters did not come, becauſe the Parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our ſociety met this day; but I left them before ſeven, and went to Sir Andrew Fountaine, and played at ombre with him and Sir Thomas Clarges till ten, and then went to Sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the Ducheſs of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I ſtayed with him about an hour upon ſome affairs, &c. Lord Bolingbroke left us at the ſociety before I went, for there is an expreſs from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only, I know the miniſters expect the peace will be ſigned in a week, which is a week before the Seſſion.

27. Parnell's poem is mightily eſteemed; but poetry ſells ill. I am plagued with poor Harriſon's mother: You would laugh to ſee how cautious

tions I am of paying her the 100l. I received for her ſon from the Treaſury. I have aſked every creature I know, whether I may do it ſafely? yet durſt not venture, till my Lord Keeper aſſured me there was no danger. Yet I have not payed her, but will in a day or two; though I have a great mind to ſtay till Ppt. ſends me her opinion, becauſe Ppt. is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr Lewis and me, and has ſome deſign upon us, which we know very well. I went afterwards to ſee a famous moving picture, and I never ſaw any thing ſo pretty. You ſee a ſea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ſhips ſailing in the ſea, and diſcharging their cannon. You ſee a great ſky, with moon and ſtars, &c. I am a fool.

28. I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myſelf to every body, except about half a dozen, and they were all here; and Mr Addiſon was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee, and his Saturday company, as uſual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in ſpite. Then I went to the biſhop of Oſſory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is gone to Ireland. The biſhop of Killaloe, and Tom Leigh, were with us. The latter had wholly changed his ſtile, by ſeeing how the biſhops behaved themſelves; and he ſeemed

to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the biſhops, about the firſt-fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, ſtrongly upon Killaloe, and ſhewed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called, *The Crown Rents*, which the Queen had promiſed. He had nothing to ſay, but was humble; and deſired my intereſt in that, and ſome other things.

29. I have been employed in endeavouring to ſave one of your *junior* fellows *, who came over here for a diſpenſation from taking orders, and, in ſoliciting it, has run out his time; and now his fellowſhip is void, if the college pleaſes, unleſs the Queen ſuſpends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I ſpoke to all the miniſters yeſterday about it; but they ſay the Queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and ſhe is poſitive, and ſo the man muſt be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never ſaw him in my life; but the caſe was ſo hard, that I could not forbear interpoſing. Your government recommended him to the Duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refuſed, the fellowſhip by rigour is forfeited. I dined with Dr Arbuthnott, (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in Chelſea, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of Tiſdal's outlandiſh mould at your hoſpital for ſoldiers. I was not at Court to-day, and I hear the Queen

* Mr Charles Grattan.

Queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has ſeized her again. Terrible rain all day.

30. Morning. I was naming ſome time ago, to a certain perſon, another certain perſon, that was very deſerving, and poor and ſickly; and the other, that firſt certain perſon, gave me 100l. to give the other, which I have not yet done. The perſon, who is to have it, never ſaw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the leaſt knowledge or imagination of it; ſo I believe it will be a very agreeable ſurpriſe; for I think it a handſome preſent enough.

At night I dined in the city, at Pontac's, with Lord Dupplin *, and ſome others. We were treated by one Colonel Cleland, who has a mind to be governor of Barbadoes, and is laying theſe long traps for me and others, to engage our intereſt for him. He is a true Scotchman. I payed the 100l. this evening, and it was a great ſurpriſe to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now ſigned, and that we ſhall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty ſure.

31. I thought to-day on Ppt. when ſhe told me, ſhe ſuppoſed I was acquainted with the ſteward, when I was giving myſelf airs of being at ſome Lord's houſe. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the biſhop of Clogher and me, and ſome others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the Duke of Kent's, who was gone out of town; but the ſteward treated us nobly, and ſhewed

* Then one of the Tellers of the Exchequer.

ſhewed us the fine pictures, &c. This evening, Lady Maſham, Dr Arbuthnott, and I, were contriving a lye for to-morrow, that Mr Noble *, who was hanged laſt Saturday, was recovered by his friends, and then ſeized again by the ſheriff, and is now in the meſſenger's hands, at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to ſend to our friends, to know whether they have heard any thing of it; and ſo we hope it will ſpread. However, we ſhall do our endeavours; nothing ſhall be wanting on our parts, and leave the reſt to fortune.

April 1. We had no ſucceſs in our ſtory, though I ſent my man to ſeveral houſes, to enquire among the footmen, without letting him into the ſecret; but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought. Parnell and I dined with Dartineuf to-day. You have heard of Dartineuf? I have told you of him. After dinner, we all went to Lord Bolingbroke's, who had deſired me to dine with him; but I would not, becauſe I heard it was to look over a dull poem, of one Parſon Trap, upon the peace. The Swediſh envoy told me to-day at Court, that he was in great apprehenſions about his maſter; and indeed we are afraid that Prince † is dead among thoſe Turkiſh dogs. I prevailed on Lord Bolingbroke to

* 'Richard Noble, an attorney at New-Inn, executed at Kingſton, for the murder of John Sayer, Eſq; whoſe wife, the daughter of Admiral Nevill, he had ſeduced from her huſband.'

† Charles the XII.

to invite Mr Addiſon to dine with him on Good Friday. I ſuppoſe we ſhall be mighty mannerly. Addiſon is to have a play on Friday, in Eaſter week: 'Tis a Tragedy, called *Cato*: I ſaw it unfiniſhed ſome years ago. Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper, called the *Guardian* †? they ſay good for nothing. I have not ſeen it.

2. I was this morning with Lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spaniſh courier is juſt come, with the news, that the King of Spain has agreed to every thing that the Queen deſires; and the Duke Oſſuna has left Paris, in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trap, and read his poem, and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was there employed, Sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber, and baulked me of a journey he and I intended this week to Lord Orkney's at Cliffden; but he is not well, and his phyſician will not let him undertake ſuch a journey. I intended to dine with Lord Treaſurer; but going to ſee Colonel Diſney, who lives with General Withers, I liked the General's little dinner ſo well, that I ſtayed and took ſhare of it, and did not go to Lord Treaſurer till ſix, where I found Dr Sacheverell, who told us, that the bookſeller had given him 100 l. for his * ſermon, preached laſt Sunday,

† 'That paper began to be publiſhed on Thurſday, March 12, 1712-13.'

* 'His (Sacheverell's) ſermon, preached at St Saviours-church,

Sunday, and intended to print 30,000; but I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly ſell above half. I have fire ſtill, though April is begun, againſt my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never ſaw ſuch a long run of ill weather in my life.

3. I was at the Queen's chapel to-day, but ſhe was not there. Mr St John, Lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon, with an expreſs from Utrecht, that the peace is ſigned by all the miniſters there, but thoſe of the Emperor, who will likewiſe ſign in a few days; ſo that now the great work is in effect done; and I believe, will appear a moſt excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addiſon and I, and ſome others, dined with Lord Bolingbroke, and ſat with him till twelve. We were very civil; but yet when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addiſon raiſed his objections, and Lord Bolingbroke anſwered them with great complaiſance. Addiſon began Lord Sommers's health, which went about; but I bid him not name Lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it;

church, in Southwark, of which he was one of the chaplains, on Luke xxiii. 34, on occaſion of the expiration of the three years ſilence impoſed upon him by the Houſe of Lords, in conſequence of his impeachment in 1709. The ſermon was publiſhed under the title of *The Chriſtian Triumph, or, The Duty of praying for our enemies.* In April 1713, he was preſented by the Queen to the rectory of St Andrew's, Holborn, which had been held in commendam by Dr Thomas Manningham, with the biſhoprick of Chicheſter.

it; and I told Lord Bolingbroke frankly, that Addiſon loved Lord Wharton as little as I did: So we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt. the trimmer, are not you? As for D. D. I don't doubt her.

4. This Paſſion-week, people are ſo demure, eſpecially this laſt day, that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and ſo I did; and had a ſmall ſhoulder of mutton, of my own beſpeaking. It rained all this day. I came home at ſeven, and have never ſtirred out; but have been reading Sacheverell's long dull ſermon, which he ſent me. It is the firſt ſermon ſince his ſuſpenſion is expired; but not a word in it upon the occaſion, except two or three remote hints. The biſhop of Clogher has been ſadly bit by Tom Aſhe, who ſent him a pun, which the biſhop had made, and deſigned to ſend him, but delayed it; and Lord Pembroke and I made Sir Andrew Fountaine write it to Tom. I believe I told you of it in my laſt; it ſucceeded right, and the biſhop was wondering to Lord Pembroke, how he and his brother could hit on the ſame thing. I'll go to bed ſoon, for I muſt be at church by eight to-morrow, Eaſter-day.

5. Warburton wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes, who is lately dead in the county of Meath. My anſwer is, that before I received the firſt letter, General George had recommended a friend of his to the Duke of Ormond,

mond, which was the firſt time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the Provoſt told me of it. I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead, when George recommended the other; for Warburton's laſt letter ſaid, that Foulkes was dead the day before the date. This has prevented me from ſerving Warburton, as I would have done, if I had received notice early enough. Pray, ſay, or write this to Warburton, to juſtify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and ſhaved and dreſſed after. I came back, but was too late at Court; and Lord Abingdon had like to have ſnapped me for dinner; and, I believe, will fall out with me for refuſing him: But I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the firſt we have had a great while. Remember, was Eaſter-day a fine day with you? I have ſat with Lady Worſley till late.

6. I was this morning, at ten, at the rehearſal of Mr Addiſon's play, called *Cato*, which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half a ſcore of us to ſee it. We ſtood on the ſtage; and it was fooliſh enough to ſee the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab, that acts Cato's daughter *, out in the midſt of a paſſionate part, and then calling out, what's next? The biſhop of Clogher was there too, but he ſtood privately in a gal-

* Mrs Oldfield.

lery. I went to dine with Lord Treaſurer, but he was gone to Wimbleton, his daughter Caermarthen's country-ſeat, ſeven miles off; ſo I went back, and dined privately with Mr Addiſon, whom I had left to go to Lord Treaſurer. I keep fire yet; I am very extravagant. I ſat this evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, and we amuſed ourſelves with making *if*-puns for Dilly. It is rainy weather, never ſaw the like. Pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to ſerve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more; and you know all employments in Ireland, at leaſt almoſt all, are engaged in reverſions. If I were on the ſpot, and had credit with a Lord Lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here, are no more in my power, than the monarchy itſelf.

7. Morning. I have had a viſiter here, that has taken up my time. I writ by this poſt, to the Dean, but it is not above two lines, and one incloſed to you; but that incloſed to you, is not above three lines; and then one incloſed to the Dean, which he muſt not have, but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are ſome things in it I would not have liable to accident. You ſhall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to ſerve him in his pretenſions on theſe vacancies, &c. But he muſt not know that you know ſo much.

LETTER CXLIII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, April 7, 1713.

I DINED with Lord Treaſurer; and though the buſineſs I had with him is ſomething againſt Thurſday, when the parliament is to meet, and this is Tueſday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, leſt this letter ſhould miſcarry, or be opened; but I never ſaw his fellow for delays. The parliament will now certainly ſit, and every body's expectations are ready to burſt. At a council to-night, the Lord Chief Juſtice Parker *, a Whig, ſpoke againſt the peace; ſo did Lord Cholmondeley, another Whig, who is Treaſurer of the Houſehold. My Lord-Keeper was this night made Lord Chancellor. We hope there will ſoon be ſome removes.

8. Lord Cholmondeley is this day removed from his employment, for his laſt night's ſpeech; and Sir Richard Temple, Lieutenant-General, the greateſt Whig in the army, is turned out; and Lieutenant-General Palmer will be obliged to ſell his regiment. This is the firſt-fruits of a friendſhip I have eſtabliſhed between two great men. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and did the buſineſs I had for him, to his ſatisfaction. I won't

* Afterwards Earl of Macclesfield.

won't tell you what it was. The parliament ſits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Maccartney's name, vindicating himſelf from the murder of Duke Hamilton. I muſt give ſome hints, to have it anſwered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of expoſing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at Weſtminſter. Lord Treaſurer is as eaſy as a lamb. They are muſtering up the proxies of the abſent Lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increaſed this year.

9. I was this morning with Lord Treaſurer, to preſent to him a young ſon of the late Earl of Jerſey, at the deſire of the widow. There I ſaw the mace and great coach ready for Lord Treaſurer, who was going to parliament. Our ſociety met to-day; but I expected the Houſes would ſit longer than I cared to faſt, ſo I dined with a friend, and never enquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to Lord Orkney's, where I found Sir Thomas Hanmer. The Queen delivered her ſpeech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vaſt. The order for an addreſs was moved, and oppoſed by Lords Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper. Lord Treaſurer ſpoke with great ſpirit and reſolution; Lord Peterborow flirted againſt the Duke of Marlborough, (who is in Germany, you know); but it was in anſwer to

one of Lord Halifax's impertinencies. The order for an addreſs paſſed by a majority of thirty-three, and the Houſes roſe before ſix. This is the account I heard at Lord Orkney's. The biſhop of Cheſter *, a High Tory, was againſt the Court. The Ducheſs of Marlborough ſent for him ſome months ago, to juſtify herſelf to him in relation to the Queen; and ſhewed him letters, and told him ſtories, which the weak man believed, and was perverted.

10. I dined with a couſin in the city, and poor Patty Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a huſband leave to come to England from Portmahon. The Whigs are much down, but I reckon they have ſome ſcheme in agitation. This Parliament-time hinders our Court-meetings on Wedneſdays, Thurſdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of buſineſs to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I loſt a dozen ſhillings at ombre with Dr Pratt and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over duſt. Lady Maſham's eldeſt boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live; and ſhe ſtays at Kenſington to nurſe him, which vexes us all. She is ſo exceſſively fond, it makes me mad. She ſhould never leave the Queen,—but leave every thing, to ſtick to what is ſo much the intereſt of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her; but talk to the winds.

11. I dined at Lord Treaſurer's with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all Lords but

* Dr Francis Gaſtrell, conſecrated to that ſee, April 4. 1713.

but myſelf, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Argyle went off at ſix, and was in very indifferent humour, as uſual. Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke were abſent. I ſtaid till near ten. Lord Treaſurer ſhewed us a ſmall picture, enamelled work, and ſet in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the Queen, which ſhe gave to the Ducheſs of M——gh, ſet in diamonds. - When the Ducheſs was leaving England, ſhe took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs Higgins, (an old intriguing woman, whom every body knows) bidding her make the beſt of it ſhe could. Lord Treaſurer ſent to Mrs Higgins for the picture, and gave her one hundred pounds for it. Was ever ſuch an ungrateful beaſt as that Ducheſs? or did you ever hear ſuch a ſtory? I ſuppoſe the Whigs will not believe it. Pray try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an inſignificant woman, as a thing of no conſequence; and gives it to her to ſell, like a piece of old-faſhioned plate.

12. I went to Court to-day, on purpoſe to preſent Mr Berkeley *, one of your fellows of Dublin college, to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr Berkeley is a very ingenious man, and a great philoſopher, and I have mentioned him to all the miniſters, and have given them ſome

* This Mr Berkeley was afterwards the celebrated biſhop of Cloyne. See a letter of Lord Bolingbroke, dated July 25, 1725, and note.

of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conſcience, to uſe all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world *. The Queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at Lord Orkney's, with the Duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr St John, ſecretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace.

13. This morning my friend, Mr Lewis, came to me, and ſhewed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant deanries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foreſaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mrs Lewis tell my Lord Treaſurer, that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promiſed to do, if he found the Queen would do nothing for me. At noon, Lord Treaſurer hearing I was in Mr Lewis's office, came to me, and ſaid many things, too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to do, but to go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, ſtay longer here, unleſs I had ſomething honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the Duke of Ormond's. He there told me, he had ſtopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me, might be at the ſame time, and

* Swift procured him to be ſent ſecretary and chaplain to Sicily, with the Earl of Peterborow.

and he hoped to compaſs it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the Duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne ſhould be a biſhop, and I have St Patrick's; but, I believe, nothing will come of it; for ſtay I will not; and ſo I believe you will ſee me in Dublin before April ends. I am leſs out of humour than you would imagine; and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they uſed to give me joy, I would value it leſs. But I will avoid company, and muſter up my baggage, and ſend them next Monday by the carrier to Cheſter, and go ſee my willows, againſt the expectation of all the world.

14. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me againſt I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town, as ſoon as ever the warrants for the deanries are out, which are yet ſtopped. Lord Treaſurer told Mr Lewis, that it ſhould be determined to-night; and ſo he will ſay an hundred nights; ſo he ſaid yeſterday, but I value it not. My daily journals ſhall be but ſhort, till I get into the city, and then I will ſend away this, and follow it myſelf; and deſign to walk it all the way to Cheſter, my man and I, by ten miles a-day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I ſhall do it in fourteen days.

15. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day, (I was as good company as ever) and told me the Queen would determine ſomething for

for me to-night. The diſpute is Windſor, or St Patrick's. I told him I would not ſtay for their diſputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Maſham told me, that Lady Maſham is angry I have not been to ſee her ſince this buſineſs, and deſires I will come to-morrow.

16. I was this noon at Lady Maſham's, who was juſt come from Kenſington, where her eldeſt ſon is ſick. She ſaid much to me of what ſhe had talked to the Queen, and Lord Treaſurer. The poor Lady fell a ſhedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St Patrick's, &c. I was never more moved than to ſee ſo much friendſhip. I would not ſtay with her, but went and dined with Dr Arbuthnott, with Mr Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor, &c. Mr Lewis tells me, that the Duke of Ormond has been to-day with the Queen; and ſhe was content, that Dr Sterne ſhould be biſhop of Dromore, and I dean of St Patrick's; but then out came Lord Treaſurer, and ſaid, he would not be ſatisfied, but that I muſt be a prebendary of Windſor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confeſs, as much as I love England, I am ſo angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St Patrick's. Lady Maſham ſays, ſhe will ſpeak to the purpoſe to the Queen to-morrow.

17. I went to dine at Lady Maſham's to-day, and ſhe was taken ill of a ſore throat, and is

aguiſh.

aguiſh. She ſpoke to the Queen laſt night, but had not much time. The Queen ſays, ſhe will determine to-morrow with Lord Treaſurer. The warrants for the deanries are ſtill ſtopped, for fear I ſhould be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and ſee no great people; nor will ſee Lord Treaſurer any more, if I go. Lord Treaſurer told Mr Lewis, it ſhould be done to-night; ſo he ſaid five nights ago.

18. This morning Mr Lewis ſent me word, that Lord Treaſurer told him the Queen would determine at noon. At three Lord Treaſurer ſent to me, to come to his lodgings at St James's; and told me, the Queen was at laſt reſolved, that Dr Sterne ſhould be biſhop of Dromore, and I dean of St Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant ſhould be drawn immediately. You know the deanry is in the Duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the Queen, Lord Treaſurer, and the Duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; ſome unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at paſſing my days in Ireland. And, I confeſs, I thought the miniſtry would not let me gō; but perhaps they can't help it.

19. I forgot to tell you, that Lord Treaſurer forced me to dine with him yeſterday, as uſual, with his Saturday company; which I did, after frequent refuſals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at Court. After dinner,

Mr

Mr Lewis ſent me word, that the Queen ſtayed till ſhe knew whether the Duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a biſhop. I went this evening, and found the Duke of Ormond at the Cockpit, and told him, and deſired he would go to the Queen, and approve of Sterne. He made objections, and deſired I would name any other deanry, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to ſee him; that he was influenced by the Archbiſhop of Dublin, &c. So all is now broken again. I ſent out for Lord Treaſurer, and told him this. He ſays all will do well; but I value not what he ſays. This ſuſpence vexes me worſe than any thing elſe.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the Cockpit, to talk with the Duke of Ormond. He repeated the ſame propoſals of any other deanry, &c. I deſired he would put me out of the caſe, and do as he pleaſed. Then, with great kindneſs, he ſaid he would conſent; but would do it for no man elſe but me, &c. And he will ſpeak to the Queen to-day, or to-morrow: So, perhaps, ſomething will come of it. I can't tell.

21. The Duke of Ormond has told the Queen, he is ſatisfied that Sterne ſhould be biſhop, and ſhe conſents I ſhall be dean; and I ſuppoſe the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an ale-houſe with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the miniſters; though Lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and Lord Treaſurer was to be there. I ſaid I would, if I were out of ſuſpence.

22. The

22. The Queen ſays warrants ſhall be drawn; but ſhe will diſpoſe of all England and Ireland at once, to be teazed no more. This will delay it ſome time; and, while it is delayed, I am not ſure of the Queen, my enemies being buſy. I hate this ſuſpence.

23. I dined yeſterday with General Hamilton. I forgot to tell you. I write ſhort journals now. I have eggs on the ſpit. This night the Queen has ſigned all the warrants, among which Sterne is biſhop of Dromore, and the Duke of Ormond is to ſend over an order for making me dean of St Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now paſt. But you ſee what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but ſix hundred pounds for the houſe, but the biſhop of Clogher ſays eight hundred pounds; firſt-fruits, about one hundred and fifty pounds Iriſh; and ſo, with a patent, &c. a thouſand pounds in all; ſo that I ſhall not be the better for the deanry theſe three years. I hope, in ſome time, they will be perſuaded here, to give me ſome money to pay off theſe debts. I muſt finiſh the book * I am writing, before I can go over; and they expect I ſhall paſs next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a ſum of money: However, I hope to paſs four or five months with you. I received your's to-night; juſt ten weeks ſince I had your laſt. I ſhall write next poſt to Biſhop Sterne. Never man

* The Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht.

man had ſo many enemies of Ireland, as he. I carried it with the ſtrongeſt hand poſſible. If he does not uſe me well, and gently, in what dealings I ſhall have with him, he will be the moſt ungrateful of mankind. The Archbiſhop of York †, my mortal enemy, has ſent, by the third hand, that he would be glad to ſee me. Shall I ſee him, or not? I hope to be over in a month. I ſhall anſwer your rattle ſoon; but no more journals. I ſhall be very buſy. Short letters from henceforward. I ſhall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanry be worth more than four hundred pounds a-year. Is it? Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever ſo ſhort. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they ſay here, it is much to my reputation, that I have made a biſhop, in ſpite of all the world, and got the beſt deanry in Ireland.

24. I forgot to tell you, I had Sterne's letter yeſterday, in anſwer to mine. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early; and am going to be buſy with my work. I will ſend this to-morrow, and I ſuppoſe the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr Coghill, to take care of paſſing my patent; and to Parviſol, to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow ſome where he can.

 25. Morn-

† Dr Sharp, who, with the Ducheſs of Somerſet, prevented the Queen from giving him a biſhoprick.

25. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the Duke of Ormond: I ſuppoſe it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unſealed, till I know whether all be finiſhed.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr Lewis ſent to Southwell's clerk at ten; and he ſaid, the biſhop of Killaloe had deſired they ſhould be ſtopped till next poſt. He ſent again, that the biſhop of Killaloe's * buſineſs had nothing to do with our's. Then I went myſelf, but it was paſt eleven, and aſked the reaſon. Killaloe is removed to Rapho, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Rapho, that have fallen due ſince the vacancy, and he would have all ſtop till he has gotten that. A pretty requeſt! But the clerk, at Mr Lewis's meſſage, ſent the warrants for Sterne and me; but then it was too late to ſend this, which frets me heartily.

26. I was at Court to-day, and a thouſand people gave me joy; ſo I ran out. I dined with Lady Orkney. Yeſterday I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday people, as uſual; and was ſo bedeaned, &c. The Archbiſhop of York ſays, he will never more ſpeak againſt me. Pray, ſee that Parviſol ſtirs about getting my patent. I have given Tooke D. D.'s note, to prove ſhe is alive.

* Dr Thomas Lindſay.

27. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, &c. I'll ſeal up this to-night. Pray write ſoon.

LETTER CXLIV.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

MADAM, *December*, 20, 1712.

ANY other perſon, of leſs refinement and prudence than myſelf, would be at a loſs how to thank your Grace, upon the ſurpriſe of coming home laſt night, and finding two pictures, where only one was demanded. But I underſtood your Grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greateſt prude upon earth. You will not ſo much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five and forty; and therefore reſolved my Lord Duke ſhould accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not preſume to look too often upon it. For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your Grace's picture; and could almoſt find in my heart to ſend it you back: For, although it be the moſt beautiful ſight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and reſpect it fills me with, will always make me think I am in your Grace's preſence; will hinder me from ſaying and writing twenty idle things, that uſed to divert me; will

will ſet me labouring upon majeſtic, ſublime ideas, at which I have no manner of talent; and will make thoſe who come to viſit me, think I am grown, on the ſudden, wonderful ſtately and reſerved. But, in life, we muſt take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort, that I know how to be revenged. For the ſight of your Grace's reſemblance, will perpetually remind me of paying my duty to your perſon; which will give your Grace the torment, and me the felicity, of a more frequent attendance.

But, after all, to deal plainly with your Grace, your picture (and I muſt ſay the ſame of my Lord Duke's) will be of very little uſe, further than to let others ſee the honour you are pleaſed to do me. For all the accompliſhments of your mind and perſon, are ſo deeply printed in my heart, and repreſent you ſo lively to my imagination, that I ſhould take it for a high affront, if you believed it in the power of colours to refreſh my memory: Almoſt as high a one, as if your Grace ſhould deny me the juſtice of being, with the moſt profound reſpect and gratitude,

MADAM,

Your Grace's, &c.

LETTER CXLV.

LORD CHANCELLOR PHIPPS TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin, Jan.* 15, 1713.

MANY of my letters from London, tell me how much I am obliged to you for your friendly ſolicitation on my ſon's behalf, which will be always remembered by us both, with the ſame gratitude as if it had ſucceeded. I had congratulations from the Duke of Ormond, my Lord Bolingbroke, and others, on account of my ſon's having the place; for they ſent me word it was actually done; and ſeveral others had letters of it, and our friends were extremely rejoiced at the well timing of it; and it was a great addition to the mortification of the Whigs, and the diſappointment will be a cauſe of great joy to them. But in this, and all other things, I ſubmit to the judgment of my ſuperiors, who know beſt what is fit to be done. As to looking out for any thing elſe for my ſon, there is nothing elſe here that I know is fit for him; and if any thing worth his having falls in England, it will be diſpoſed of before I can have notice of it.

We are told by every body, that the reſt of our vacant biſhopricks will be filled to our ſatiſfaction: If they are, you muſt be one of them. But if you are reſolved, that you will not yet epiſcopari there, give me leave to recommend to you an

an affair of my Lord Abercorn's, which the vicars choral have made with him for renewing his leaſe *. I am informed there are ſome miſunderſtandings between you. It is very unhappy there ſhould be any difference between two ſuch ſure and great friends to the common cauſe. I do aſſure you, we are very much obliged to my Lord Abercorn, for his great ſervice in theſe times of difficulty: He is as good a friend as any in the world, and as bad an enemy; and I am very ſure, if you would make him a compliment, and oblige him in this matter, you would gain an entire true friend of him for the future, and oblige a great many of your friends here, who have all a great value and eſteem for him.

I heartily congratulate you on her Majeſty's recovery, and the good effect it has had in uniting our friends. That, together with the reſolution that is taken to ſupport the church-intereſt, will, without doubt, in a little time, render all things eaſy and quiet in both kingdoms; though, as yet, our Whigs here are as obſtinate and perverſe as ever. The Commons are reſolved, they will give no money-bill, till I am removed: And the Aldermen will not own my Lord Mayor, nor proceed to any election, notwithſtanding the opinion of all the Judges here, and of the Attorney-

* This leaſe was for the greateſt part of York-ſtreet, in which Lord Abercorn lived; and by the terms of their charter, the vicars choral cannot make leaſes, without conſent of the Dean and Chapter.

General, and all the Queen's Council, (except Sir Joſeph Jekyll), in England.

I wiſh you many happy New-years, and ſhould be very proud to receive your commands here, being, with the utmoſt ſincerity and eſteem, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

CON. PHIPPS.

LETTER CXLVI.

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

My Lord, *Jan.* 20, 1712-13.

I Would myſelf have delivered the anſwer I ſent yeſterday to your Grace, at Court, by Dr Arbuthnott, if I had not thought the right of complaining to be on my ſide: For I think it was my due, that you ſhould have immediately told me, whatever you had heard amiſs of my conduct to your Grace. When I had the honour to be firſt known to thoſe in the miniſtry, I made it an expreſs condition, that whoever did me ill offices, they ſhould inform me of what was ſaid, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances eſtranged of a ſudden, and be at a loſs for the cauſe: And, I think, there is no perſon alive, whoſe favour or protection I would purchaſe at that expence. I could not ſpeak to the diſadvantage of your Grace, without being ungrateful, (which

is

is an ill word), ſince you were pleaſed, voluntarily, to make ſo many profeſſions of favour to me for ſome years paſt; and your being a Duke, and a General, would have ſwayed me not at all in my reſpect for your perſon, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities, which I wiſh were eaſier to be found in thoſe of your rank. I have indeed ſometimes heard what your Grace was told I reported; but, as I am a ſtranger to coffee-houſes, ſo it is a great deal below me to ſpread coffee-houſe reports. This accuſation is a little the harder upon me, becauſe I have always appeared fond of your Grace's character; and have, with great induſtry, related ſeveral of your generous actions, on purpoſe to remove the imputation of the only real fault (for I ſay nothing of common frailties) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confeſs, I have often thought that Homer's deſcription of Achilles bore ſome reſemblance to your Grace, but I do not remember that ever I ſaid ſo. At the ſame time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities, to fulfil and adorn every office of a ſubject, a friend, and a protector, &c.

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LETTER CXLVII.

ROBERT HUNTER *, ESQ; GOVERNOR OF NEW-YORK AND NEW-JERSEY, TO DR SWIFT.

New-York, March 1, 1712-13.

I THINK I am indebted to you for two letters, and ſhould have continued ſo, had it not been for the apprehenſion of your putting a wrong conſtruction upon my neglect. My friends being few in number, I would not willingly, or by any fault, neglect nor loſe thoſe I have. The true cauſe is this: My unhappy circumſtances have ſo ſoured me, that whatever I write, muſt be vinegar and gall to a man of your mirth. For the better underſtanding of which, be pleaſed to read them in the words of one of my moſt renowned predeceſſors: *Quando penſe venir a eſte govierno a comer caliente, y a bever frio, y a recrear il cuerpo entre ſabanas de Olanda, ſobre colchones de pluma, he venido a hazar penitencia, como ſe fuera Ermetanno, y como no la hago de me voluntad, penſo que al cabo al cabo, me ha de uevar el diablo.* This worthy indeed was but a type of me, of which I could fully convince you, by an exact parallel between our adminiſtrations and circumſtances, which I ſhall reſerve to another opportunity.

The

* Brigadier Hunter, who was afterwards appointed Governor and Captain-General of Jamaica, in the room of the Duke of Portland, who died there, July 4th, 1726.

The truth of the matter is this: I am uſed like a dog, after having done all that is in the power of man to deſerve a better treatment, ſo that I am now quite jaded. *Male vehi malo alio gubernante, quam tam malis rectoribus bene gubernare.*

The approaching peace will give leiſure to the miniſtry, to think of proper remedies for the diſtracted ſtate of all the provinces; but of this more particularly, the importance of it, by its ſituation being greater, and the danger of their conduct more imminent, than that of the reſt. I have done my duty, in repreſenting their proceedings, and warning them of the conſequences; and there I leave it. *Neque tam me* ευκτιςια *conſolatur ut antea quam* αδιαφορια, *qua nulla in re tam utor quam in hac civili et publica.*

I have purchaſed a ſeat for a biſhop, and, by orders from the ſociety, have given directions to prepare it for his reception. You, once upon a day, gave me hopes of ſeeing you there. It would be to me no ſmall relief, to have ſo good a friend to complain to. What it would be to you to hear me, when you could not help me, I know not. *Cætera deſunt*, for the poſt cannot ſtay. Adieu. I am, very ſincerely, your's,

R. HUNTER.

LET-

LETTER CXLVIII.

ROBERT HUNTER, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

New-York, March 14, 1712-13.

QUONOROGH *quaniou diadadega generogh-qua aquegon tchitchinàgaree*; or, leſt you ſhould not have your *Iroquoiſe* dictionary at hand, Brother, I honour you and all your tribe; tho' that it is to be taken *cum grano ſalis*. For one of them has done me much harm. God reward him, &c. For that, and what you want to know beſides, relating to me, I refer you to the bearer, Mr Sharp, our chaplain; a very worthy, ingenuous, and conſcientious clergyman. I wrote to you ſome time ago by a merchant-ſhip, and therein gave you ſome hints of my ſufferings, which are not diminiſhed ſince that time. In hopes of a better ſettlement, I wiſhed for your company. Until that comes, I can contribute to nothing but your ſpleen. Here is the fineſt air to live upon in the univerſe. And if our trees and birds could ſpeak, and our aſſembly-men be ſilent, the fineſt converſation too. *Fert omnia tellus*, but not for me. For you muſt underſtand, according to the cuſtom of our country, the Sachims are of the pooreſt of the people. I have got the wrong ſide of Sir Polidore's office; a great deal to do, and nothing to receive. In

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a word, and to be ſerious at laſt, I have ſpent three years of life in ſuch torment and vexation, that nothing in life can make me amends for it. *Tu interim ſis lætus, et memor noſtrûm. Vale.*

R. HUNTER.

LETTER CXLIX.

MATTHEW PRIOR *, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

Paris, April 8, 1713.

PRAY take this word, writ after our pacquets cloſed, and the meſſenger's ſtaying for it, as an equivalent for your diſpatches at midnight, when the writer was half aſleep. Hang me if I know how to go on, though I am in a country where every body does not only write letters, but print them. Our great affair goes on very ſucceſsfully. We tranſmit the Spaniſh treaty, concluded at Madrid, for your approbation in England, and tranſmiſſion to Utrecht; after which, I think, *pax ſit* will become authentic Latin: After which I ſuppoſe our ſociety will flouriſh, and I ſhall have nothing to do, but to partake of that univerſal protection, which it will receive. In the mean time, pray give my great reſpects to our brethren †; and tell them, that while, in hopes

* He was plenipotentiary to France.

† The Sixteen. See note to a letter from Lord Harley to Swift, dated July 17, 1714.

hopes of being favoured, they are ſpending their own money, I am advancing my intereſt in the French language, and forgetting my own mother tongue. But we ſhall have time enough to perfect our Engliſh, when we have done with other matters. I want mightily to hear from Lord Treaſurer. Tell him ſo. I owe brother Arbuthnott a letter. Excuſe me not writing to him, till I know what to ſay. I cannot find Vanhomrigh *, ſince he brought me your letter. I have a rarity of a book to ſend you by the firſt fair occaſion. It makes but little of the Engliſh wit, *The Guardian*; but, poſſibly, I do not yet enter into his deſign. Let Lord Bolingbroke know, I love him mightily; and pray you do as much for Dick Skelton. Adieu, my good friend. I am, very truly, your obedient and faithful ſervant,

M. PRIOR.

LETTER CL.

THE EARL OF POULET, LORD STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD, TO DR SWIFT.

Sunday afternoon, April , 1713.

I WAS called away, preſently after chappel, about ſome buſineſs, which hindered my going up ſtairs at St James's, and occaſions Dr

* One of the brothers of Vaneſſa. See the note prefixed to the Dean's letters to Miſs Eſther Vanhomrigh.

Swift the trouble of this, to write my excuſe, for not returning the paper which I here ſend you. And though it is not in my power to ſerve you, in any proportion to my unfeigned reſpects for you; yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity, where I can, to expreſs myſelf, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

POULET.

LETTER CLI.

DR ATTERBURY, AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, TO DR SWIFT.

MR DEAN,

Chelſea, Tueſday Morning,
[*April* 21, 1713.]

GIVE me leave to tell you, that there is no man in England more pleaſed with your being preferred, than I am. I would have told you ſo myſelf at your lodgings, but that my waiting confines me. I had heard a flying report of it before; but my Lord Bolingbroke, yeſterday, confirmed the welcome news to me. I could not excuſe myſelf, without ſaying thus much; and I have not time to ſay more, but that I am your moſt affectionate and faithful ſervant,

FR. ATTERBURY.

LETTER CLII.

TO LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT.

MY LORD, *May* 1713.

I WONDER your Lordſhip would preſume to go out of town, and leave me in fear that I ſhould not ſee you before I go to Ireland, which will be in a week. It is a ſtrange thing you ſhould prefer your own health, and eaſe and convenience, before my ſatisfaction. I want your Lordſhip for my ſolicitor: I want your letter to your younger brother of Ireland, to put him under my government: I want an opportunity of giving your Lord my humbleſt thanks, for a hundred favours you have done me: I wanted the ſight of your Lordſhip this day in York-buildings *. Pray, my Lord, come to town before I leave it, and ſupply all my wants. My Lord Treaſurer uſes me barbarouſly; appoints to carry me to Kenſington, and makes me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thouſand pound, which he gives me; though a thouſand pound is a very ſerious thing, &c.

LET-

* Lord Treaſurer Oxford then lived there.

LETTER CLIII.

TO MR ADDISON.

SIR, *May* 13, 1713.

I WAS told yeſterday, by ſeveral perſons, that Mr Steele had reflected upon me in his Guardian; which I could hardly believe, until, ſending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in ſeveral parts of it, inſinuated, with the utmoſt malice, that I was author of the Examiner; and abuſed me in the groſſeſt manner he could poſſibly invent, and ſet his name to what he had written. Now, Sir, if I am not author of the Examiner, how will Mr Steele be able to defend himſelf from the imputation of the higheſt degree of baſeneſs, ingratitude, and injuſtice? Is he ſo ignorant of my temper, and of my ſtyle? Has he never heard, that the author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a ſtranger *) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? Should not Mr Steele have firſt expoſtulated with me, as a friend? Have I deſerved this uſage from Mr Steele, who knows very well that my Lord Treaſurer has kept him in his employment upon my intreaty and interceſſion? My Lord Chancellor

* The reader will pleaſe to recollect, that Dr Swift never writ any Examiners after the 7th of June, 1711. He took up that paper at No. XIII. and laid it down at No. XLIV.

and Lord Bolingbroke will be witneſſes, how I was reproached by my Lord Treaſurer, upon the ill returns Mr Steele made to his Lordſhip's indulgence, &c.

LETTER CLIV.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

London, May 16, 1713.

YOUR new biſhop acts very ungratefully. I cannot ſay ſo bad of him, as he deſerves. I begged, by the ſame poſt his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave thoſe livings to my diſpoſal. I ſhall write this poſt to him, to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me, that I ought to think of employing ſomebody to ſet the tythes of the deanry. I know not what to do at this diſtance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders; one to Parviſol, and the other to Parviſol and ——; a blank for the fellow, whom the laſt Dean employed; and I would deſire you to adviſe with friends, which to make uſe of. If the latter, let the fellow's name be inſerted, and both may act by commiſſion. If the former, then ſpeak to Parviſol, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a ſtranger alone, as Parviſol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his intereſt with me; but that is needleſs, for

for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm. Pray adviſe with Walls and Raymond, and a little with Biſhop Sterne, for form. Tell Raymond, I cannot ſucceed to get him the living of Moymed. It is repreſented here as a great fine-cure. Several chaplains have ſolicited for it; and it has vexed me ſo, that, if I live, I will make it my buſineſs to ſerve him better in ſomething elſe. I am heartily ſorry for his illneſs. I thank Mr Walls for his letter. Tell him, that muſt ſerve for an anſwer, with my ſervice to him and her. I ſhall buy Biſhop Sterne's hair, as ſoon as his houſehold goods. I ſhall be ruined, or at leaſt ſadly cramped, unleſs the Queen will give me one thouſand pounds. I am ſure ſhe owes me a great deal more. Lord Treaſurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but, *quando?* I am adviſed to haſten over as ſoon as poſſible, and ſo I will, and hope to ſet out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me; I can lie ſomewhere after I land, and I care not where, nor how. Pray think immediately, and give me ſome commiſſions, and I will perform them. You did not write to the Dean, &c. and I think you might have had a Dean under your girdle for the ſubſcription. I have juſt finiſhed my Treatiſe *, and muſt be ten days in correcting it.

* His Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht.

LETTER CLV.

SIR THOMAS HANMER, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, TO DR SWIFT, AFTER PERUSING THE MANUSCRIPT HISTORY *.

SIR, *Tuesday.*

I KEEP only the last book, which I shall have gone through before night. The rest I send you, with the very few observations I made upon them, which yet were as many as I could see occasion for; though, I do assure you, I read with the same strictness, and ill nature, as in the former part. I am your most, &c.

THO. HANMER.

Indorsed, Received about May 1713.

LETTER CLVI.

FROM MR STEELE TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *May* 19, 1713.

MR Addison shewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have spoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have

* Of the Peace of Utrecht.

have always treated you with reſpect; though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiners. In the letter you are angry at, you ſee I have no reaſon for being ſo merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not, in direct terms, ſay you are not concerned with him; but make it an argument of your innocence, that the Examiner has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the Guardian, to ſay there was a miſtake in putting my name in his paper: But the Engliſh would laugh at us, ſhould we argue in ſo Iriſh a manner. I am heartily glad of your being made Dean of St Patrick's. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient
humble ſervant,
RICHARD STEELE.

LETTER CLVII.

TO MR STEELE.

SIR,

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

† I may probably know better when they are diſpoſed * * * * The caſe was thus:

† It has unluckily happened, that two or three lines have been torn by accident from the beginning of this letter; and, by the ſame

thus: I did, with the utmoſt application, and deſiring to lay all my credit upon it, deſire Mr Harley, (as he then was called), to ſhew you mercy. He ſaid he would, and wholly upon my account: That he would appoint you a day to ſee him: That he would not expect you ſhould quit any friend or principle. Some days after, he told me he had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it; upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could anſwer; and adviſed me to more caution another time. I told him, and defired my Lord Chancellor *, and Lord Bolingbroke, to be witneſſes, that I would never ſpeak for or againſt you as long as I lived; only I would, and that it was ſtill my opinion, you ſhould have mercy till you gave further provocations. This is the hiſtory of what you think fit to call, in the ſpirit of inſulting, *Their laughing at me:* And you may do it ſecurely; for, by the moſt inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Chriſtian, to do you the leaſt ill office. Next, I deſire to know, whether the greateſt ſervices ever done by one man to another, may not have the ſame turn as properly

ſame accident, two or three lines are miſſing towards the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper, which was torn off. But what remains of this letter, will, I preſume, be very ſatisfactory to the intelligent reader, upon many accounts, and eſpecially becauſe a light into this affair will juſtify the prodigious ſeverity of Dr Swift's pen againſt Mr Steele, in his Public Spirit of the Whigs.

* Lord Harcourt.

perly applied to them? And, once more, ſuppoſe they did laugh at me, I aſk, whether my inclinations to ſerve you, merit to be rewarded by the vileſt treatment, whether they ſucceeded or no? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your ſake; which, I think, is going pretty far to ſerve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your moſt partial friends, whether you ought not either to have aſked, or written to me, or deſired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner? And, if I had ſhuffled, or anſwered indirectly, or affirmed it, or ſaid I would not give you ſatisfaction; you might then have wreaked your revenge with ſome colour of juſtice. I have ſeveral times aſſured Mr Addiſon, and fifty others, that I had not the leaſt hand in writing any of thoſe papers; and that I had never exchanged one ſyllable with the ſuppoſed author in my life, that I can remember; nor even ſeen him above twice, and that in mixt company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance. One thing more I muſt obſerve to you, that, a year or two ago, when ſome printers uſed to bring me their papers in manuſcript, I abſolutely forbid them to give any hints againſt Mr Addiſon, and you, and ſome others; and have frequently ſtruck out reflections upon you in particular, and ſhould (I believe) have done it ſtill, if I had not wholly left off troubling myſelf about thoſe kind of things.

I proteſt I never ſaw any thing more liable to exception, than every part is of the letter you were pleaſed to write to me. You plead, that I do not, in mine to Mr Addiſon, in direct terms, ſay I am not concerned with the Examiner: And is that an excuſe for the moſt ſavage injuries in the world a week before? How far you can prevail with the Guardian, I ſhall not trouble myſelf to enquire; and am more concerned, how you will clear your own honour and conſcience, than my reputation. I ſhall hardly loſe one friend by what you † * * * * * * * I know not any * * * * * laugh at me for any * * * * * * abſurdity of your's. There are ſoleciſms in morals, as well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is paſt my imagination. Be pleaſed only to put theſe queſtions to yourſelf. If Dr Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuſe him, how ſhall I be able to make him ſatisfaction? And how do I know but he may be entirely innocent? If he was laughed at only becauſe he ſolicited for me, is that a ſufficient reaſon for me to ſay the vileſt things of one in print under my hand, without any provocation? And, how do I know but he may be in the right, when he ſays I was kept in my employment at his interpoſition? If he never once reflected on me the leaſt in any paper, and hath hindered many others from doing it; how can I juſtify myſelf, for endeavouring,

† Here the manuſcript is torn.

deavouring, in mine, to ruin his credit, as a Chriſtian, and a Clergyman? I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CLVIII.

MR STEELE TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Bloomſbury, May* 26, 1713.

I Have received your's, and find it is impoſſible for a man to judge in his own cauſe. For an alluſion to you as one under the imputation of helping the Examiner, and owning I was reſtrained out of reſpect to you, you tell Addiſon under your hand, you think me the vileſt of mankind, and bid him tell me ſo. I am obliged to you for any kind things ſaid in my behalf to the Treaſurer; and aſſure you, when you were in Ireland, you were the conſtant ſubject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vileſt of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were. For I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainſaid it, to be made the firſt man in the nation. This poſition, I know, will ever obſtruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my deſires accordingly. I have reſolved to content myſelf with what I can get by my

my own induſtry, and the improvement of a ſmall eſtate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a Court again or not. I do aſſure you, I do not ſpeak this calmly, after the ill uſage in your letter to Addiſon, out of terror of your wit, or my Lord Treaſurer's power, but pure kindneſs to the agreeable qualities, I once ſo paſſionately delighted in, in you. You know, I know no body, but one, that talked after you, could tell Addiſon had bridled me in point of party. This was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

I know no party; but the truth of the queſtion is what I will ſupport as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

LETTER CLIX.

TO MR STEELE.

SIR, *May* 27, 1713.

THE reaſon I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter, is becauſe I am going in a very few days to Ireland; and, although I intend to return towards Winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never ſee you again.

In your yeſterday's letter, you are pleaſed to take the complaining ſide, and think it hard I ſhould write to Mr Addiſon as I did, only for an alluſion. This alluſion was only calling a clergyman, of ſome little diſtinction, an infidel: A clergyman who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavoured at leaſt to ſerve you, and who, whenever he did write any thing, made it ſacred to himſelf never to fling out the leaſt hint againſt you.

One thing you are pleaſed to fix on me, as what you are ſure of; that the Examiner had talked after me, when he ſaid Mr Addiſon had bridled you in point of party. I do not read one in ſix of thoſe papers, nor ever knew he had ſuch a paſſage; and I am ſo ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means,—whether, that Mr Addiſon kept you cloſe to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talkt or writ to that author in my life; ſo that he could not have learned it from me. And, in ſhort, I ſolemnly affirm, that with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is poſſible for a human creature to be. And whether you believe me or not, I think, with ſubmiſſion, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonſtration to the contrary. I have all the miniſtry to be my witneſſes, that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverſe party, whom I have not been ſo bold as to recommend often, and with earneſtneſs, to them. For, I

think, principles at preſent are quite out of the caſe, and that we diſpute wholly about perſons. In theſe laſt you and I differ: But, in the other, I think, we agree; for I have, in print, profeſſed myſelf, in politics, to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man * whoſe defence you undertake; though I do not think ſo well of him as you do, yet I have been the cauſe of preventing five hundred hard things to be ſaid againſt him.

I am ſenſible I have talked too much, when myſelf is the ſubject; therefore I conclude with ſincere wiſhes for your health and proſperity, and am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

You cannot but remember, that, in the only thing I ever publiſhed with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could, and in as handſome a manner, though it was in a letter to the preſent Lord Treaſurer.

LET-

* Duke of Marlborough.

LETTER CLX.

ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ. *, TO DR SWIFT.

June 2, 1713.

I HOPE this will meet you at Cheſter, and that your paſſage at ſea will be favoured with as mild weather, as your journey by land has been theſe two firſt days. The diviſion, yeſterday, in the Houſe of Lords, was fifty-four againſt fifty-four. Proxies were called for, and we had ſeventeen to thirteen. This is the greateſt victory we ever had. The Duke of Argyle, and the Scotch, were againſt us to a man. The Lords Weymouth and Carteret were with them. It was very comical to ſee the Tories, who voted with Lord Treaſurer againſt the diſſolution of the union, under all the perplexities in the world, leſt they ſhould be victorious; and the Scotch, who voted for a bill of diſſolution, under agonies, leſt they themſelves ſhould carry the point they pretended to deſire. In all the time I have been converſant in buſineſs, I never before obſerved both ſides, at the ſame time, acting parts which they thought contrary to their intereſts. Let us hear from you ſometimes, and believe there is nobody with more ſincerity, your's, than, &c.

* Secretary to the Lord Treaſurer, the Earl of Oxford, and member for Leſtwithiel in Cornwall, in the parliament which met April 9, 1713.

LETTER CLXI.

THE REVEREND MR SHARPE * TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *London, June* 4, 1713.

I WAS commanded by his Excellency Brigadier Hunter, Governor of New-York, to deliver the incloſed with my own hand. Had I been ſo happy, for his ſervice, and my own ſatisfaction, as to have ſeen you at London, I am perſuaded your influence here might have contributed to create a better opinion of him, amongſt ſome leading men in the ſociety, for propagation of the goſpel in foreign parts, who have been much impoſed on by the clamorous memorials of ſome indiſcreet miſſionaries abroad. He has juſt the eſteem of two-thirds of the clergy in his government, and the greateſt part of the laity, who have either ſenſe, probity, or honour; but his adverſaries have made the church's cauſe a favourable handle for their repeated complaints, which, with the application of their friends here, makes them hopeful of ſucceſs.

I have been twelve years abroad, in the ſervice of the church in America: The laſt ten were in the ſtation of chaplain to her Majeſty's forces at New-York, where I had the opportunity of being very near to the ſeveral governors; and do aſſure you, that, if I had ever obſerved in him any inclination

* Chaplain to Brigadier Hunter, Governor of New-York.

nation to weaken the intereſt of the church there, I could not in conſcience offer to excuſe him; but he is better known to you, than that I, who am altogether unknown, ſhould preſume to give his character.

What I beg leave to entreat of you, is to recommend me, in my endeavours for his ſervice, to the advice and aſſiſtance of your friends.

The perplexity of all his affairs at this time, claims the good offices of all that wiſh him well. If, in favour to his Excellency, you are pleaſed to honour me with the pardon of this, and what return the incloſed may require, direct for me, to the care of Mr James Douglas in Fen-Court, Fenchurch-Street, London. I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, with great reſpect, Reverend Sir, your moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN SHARPE.

LETTER CLXII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS DINGLEY.

Cheſter, June 6. 1713.

I AM come here, after ſix days. I ſet out on Monday laſt, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning: A noble rider!—and all the ſhips and people went off yeſterday, with a rare wind. This was told me to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not been uſed to riding

theſe

theſe three years, it made me terrible weary; yet I reſolve on Monday to ſet out for Holyhead, as weary as I am: 'Tis good for my health. I will come when God pleaſes; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I ſhall be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faſter. You will ſay I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myſelf. I would fain eſcape this Holyhead journey; but I have no proſpect of ſhips, and it will be almoſt neceſſary I ſhould be in Dublin before the twenty-fifth inſtant, to take the oaths; otherwiſe I muſt wait to a quarter's ſeſſion. I will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my abſence. The poor Dean can't afford it. I ſpoke again to the Duke of Ormond, for Raymond, and hope he may have it; for I laid it ſtrongly to the Duke, and gave him the biſhop of Meath's memorial. I will ſpeak to Lord Treaſurer about Mrs South to-morrow.—Odſo! I forgot; I thought I had been in London. The letters to Ireland go at ſo uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewell.

LET-

LETTER CLXIII.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH *.

Laracor, July 8, 1713.

I STAYED but a fortnight in Dublin, very ſick; and returned not one viſit of a hundred, that were made me; but all to the Dean, and none to the Doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am ſomething better. I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field bed, and an earthen floor, before the great houſe there, which they ſay is mine. I had your laſt ſplenetic letter. I told you when I left England, I would endeavour to forget every thing there, and would write as ſeldom as I could. I did, indeed, deſign one general round of letters to my friends; but my health has not yet ſuffered me. I deſign to paſs the greateſt part of the time I ſtay in Ireland, here, in the cabin where I am now writing: Neither will I leave the kingdom till I am ſent for; and if they have no further ſervice for me, I will never ſee England again. At my firſt

* This is the Lady, whom the Dean has celebrated by the name of Vaneſſa. She was the eldeſt daughter of Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, firſt a merchant of Amſterdam, and afterwards of Dublin, who was appointed commiſſary of the ſtores by King William, upon his expedition into Ireland. Her mother was the daughter of Mr Stone the Commiſſioner, and niece to the Accountant-General of Ireland.

firſt coming, I thought I ſhould have died with diſcontent; and was horribly melancholy, while they were inſtalling me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dullneſs. My river-walk is extremely pretty, and my canal in great beauty; and I ſee trouts playing in it. I know not any one thing now in Dublin. But Mr Ford is very kind, and writes to me conſtantly what paſſes among you. I find you are likewiſe a good politician; and I will ſay ſo much to you, that I verily think, if the thing you know of had been publiſhed juſt upon the peace, the miniſtry might have avoided what had ſince happened: But I am now fitter to look after willows, and to cut hedges, than meddle with affairs of ſtate. I muſt order one of the workmen to drive thoſe cows out of my iſland, and make up the ditch again; a work much more proper for a country vicar, than driving out factions, and fencing againſt them. I muſt go and take my bitter draught to cure my head, which is ſpoiled by the bitter draughts the public hath given me. So go to your Dukes and Ducheſſes, and leave me to Goodman Bumford, and Patrick Dollan, of Glanduggan. Adieu.

END OF VOL. XIV.

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